JAN. 4,
1936

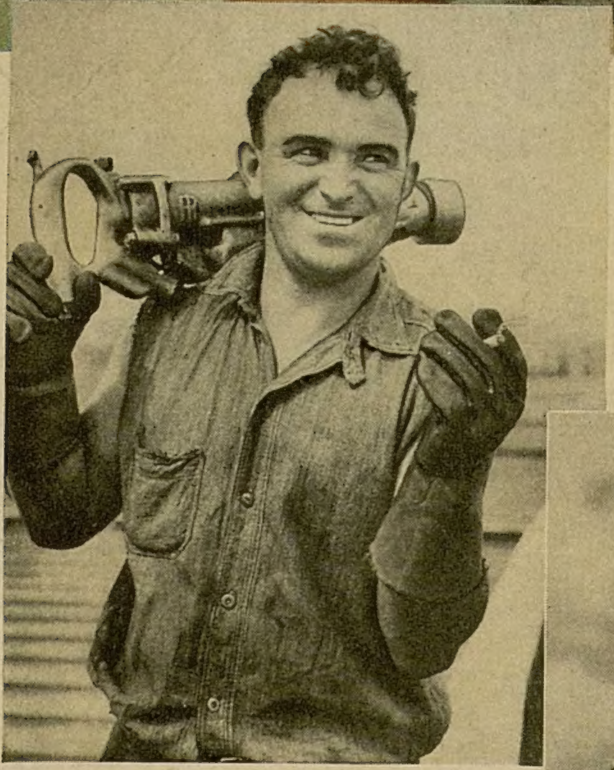
Liberty

5¢

FIFTY UNANSWERED QUESTIONS IN THE HAUPTMANN CASE

NURSE TELLS HIDDEN LIVES OF THE QUINTUP

"GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL"



THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN from a new angle—New York's new Triborough Bridge, which is rapidly being completed. In the foreground: Howard Hougland, McClintic-Marshall engineer, wearing the picturesque engineers' "hard hat," a necessary protection on big jobs. "An engineer's life is packed with action," he says. "It calls for physical fitness and energy to stand the strain. When my pep is at low ebb, there's nothing like a Camel, for smoking a Camel chases away all signs of tiredness. I always get a 'lift' with a Camel. I also prefer Camel's good taste."

"I AM A STEEL WORKER on the Triborough Bridge," says Ben Parsons (*above*). "When tired, I get a 'lift' with a Camel. Camels have all the full flavor anybody could want."

WINTER SPORTS TAKE ENERGY TOO. But to enjoy the fun you have to be fit. "That has a lot to do with why I prefer Camels," says Margaret Lynam (*left*). "I know that athletes approve of Camels, as they do not affect their wind or nerves. That goes for me too. And Camels renew my flow of energy."

TUNE IN! Camel Caravan, with Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis, Ted Husing, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. Tuesday and Thursday—9 p.m. E. S. T., 8 p.m. C. S. T., 9.30 p.m. M. S. T., 8.30 p.m. P. S. T.—over WABC-Columbia Network.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

A 30-year Head Start on Father—

Ipana plus Massage guards against "Pink Tooth Brush"

DENTAL PRACTICE TEACHES HOW TO AVOID DINGY TEETH, TENDER GUMS

TO ALL REASONABLE PEOPLE we suggest this modern method for the home care of teeth and gums—a method favored by your dentist, urged by your schools, approved by your common sense—Ipana Tooth Paste plus massage.

For modern gums need special care. The need is obvious. And the cause is right on your own dinner table—everyone's dinner table—every day of the year. The soft foods on which we moderns live do not give our gums enough work, enough stimulation, to keep them healthy. Our gums grow lazy. They grow flabby and tender. And finally that "tinge of pink" appears on your tooth brush—a protest and a warning that they are unhealthy.

When that happens—before it happens—do the sensible thing. Change to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Rub a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Make it a part of the daily routine for *all* the family. Remember that youth is no protection, and good health no bar, against "pink tooth brush."

With Ipana plus massage, you'll find your gums feel more alive... firmer, sounder... with a healthier circulation. They'll be safer from the really serious troubles of gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you will be richly repaid—in tooth cleanliness and gum health—for the faithful practice of Ipana plus massage.

247
+32
279
582
×9
5,238

● Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JANUARY 4, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 1

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Personal Jealousies May Disrupt Republican Ranks

BERNARR MACFADDEN

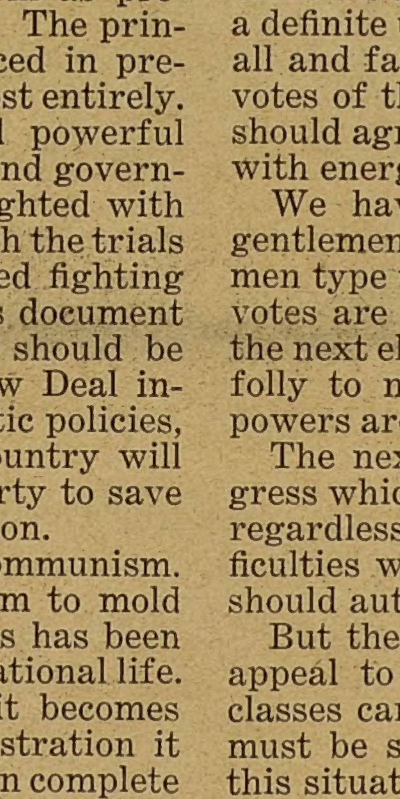
THE editorial viewpoint of Liberty favors neither candidates nor parties. We are wholly neutral politically. The ever-present desire of the editor when discussing politics is to present both sides without prejudice.

But personally I am not bound down by this rule. I retain the privilege of expressing my viewpoint, for which I am personally responsible.

It would be impossible to express appropriately my disappointment at the failure of the present administration to carry out the promises of the Democratic platform as presented to the voters previous to election. The principles of Democracy so clearly announced in pre-election pledges have been discarded almost entirely.

This country has become great and powerful through adhering to a fundamentally sound governmental system. Our Constitution is weighted with divine wisdom, brought into being through the trials and tribulations of our square-shouldered fighting ancestors. The procedure upheld by this document guarantees us personal liberty, and it should be maintained at any cost. And if the New Deal insists upon following the present Socialistic policies, it is my personal viewpoint that the country will have to depend upon the Republican Party to save us from the dangers that face us as a nation.

We do not want Fascism, Nazism, or Communism. We want Americanism, with the freedom to mold our careers along individualistic lines, as has been our privilege from the beginning of our national life. But we might as well realize that if it becomes necessary to replace the present administration it will be a Herculean job. The officials are in complete possession of our governmental resources. They have dipped heavily into the United States Treasury. They have added hundreds of thousands of employees, and millions more are tied to them through favors of various kinds. And the Republican leaders, if they have a minute atom of intelligence, will welcome with open arms every citizen, from the lowest to the highest, who may desire to join their ranks.



Republicans who assume a different attitude are just plain ninnies—enemies to the party—and they should be shorn of influence.

There are doubtless a few dozen of our citizens who believe they are Presidential timber. And there are several hundred who doubtless think they would make ideal Vice-Presidents. And all of them would doubtless like to be in the running in the great national conventions. And every one, without a single exception, should be encouraged. The party should accept their interest and assume an attitude of " the more the merrier," with a definite understanding there will be a fair field for all and favors for none. And at the end, when the votes of the delegates are counted, every candidate should agree to accept the party's decision and work with energy and enthusiasm to elect the nominee.

We have had all kinds of Presidents—fancy gentlemen, soldiers, farmers, and some of the he-men type whose social manners were atrocious. But votes are what the Republicans will badly need at the next election, and it would be the rankest kind of folly to nominate a candidate whose vote-pulling powers are inadequate.

The next election will doubtless give us a Congress which will not be dictated to by the President, regardless of who he may be, and many of the difficulties with which we are struggling at this time should automatically disappear.

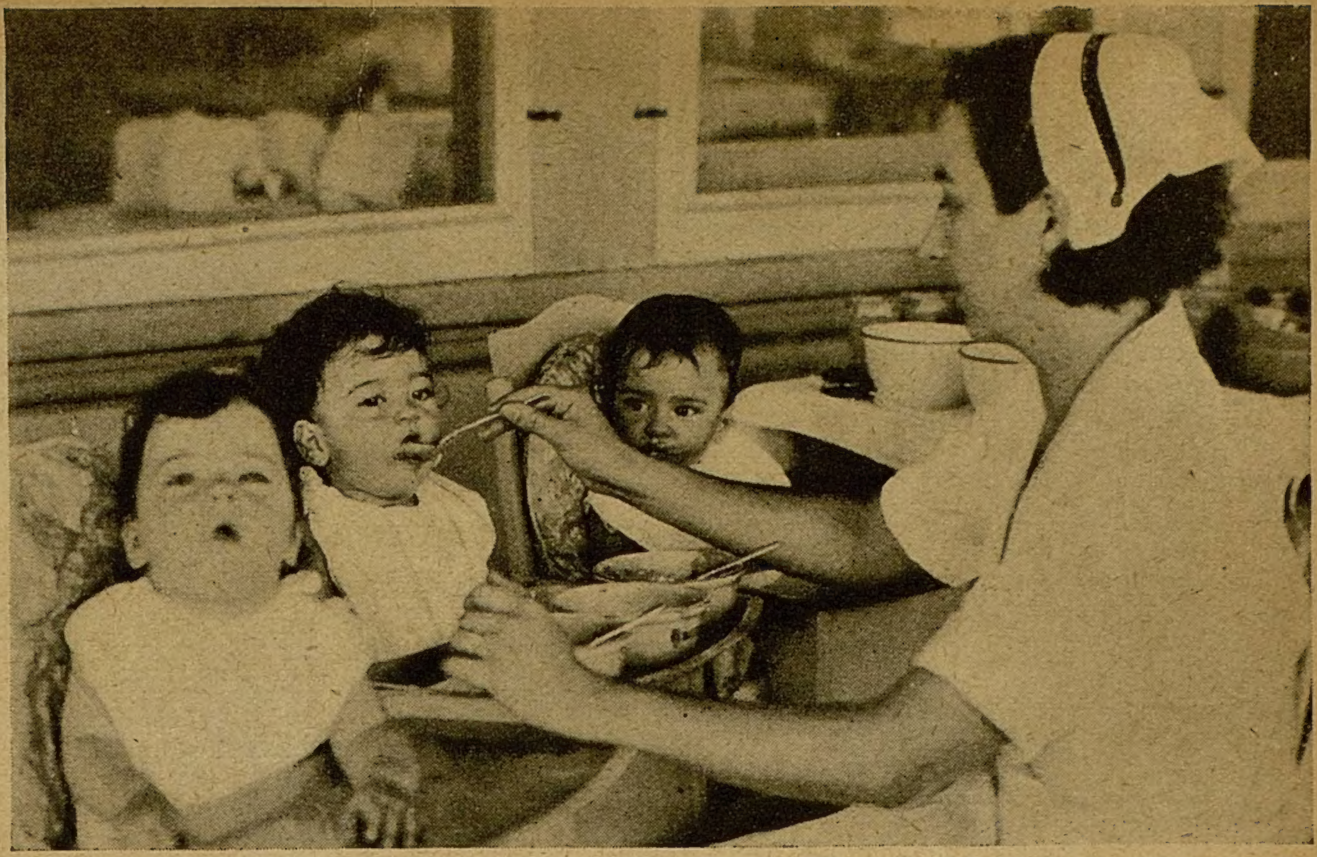
But the Republicans must make an appropriate appeal to the forgotten man. What we call the classes cannot elect a President, and the candidate must be selected with a thorough appreciation of this situation. All the forces which are against the dangerous trend in the activities of our present administration should join together wholeheartedly, and the more candidates we have the better, provided they are heartily welcomed as they should be, for their energies and backing can be profitably used in the final contest.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

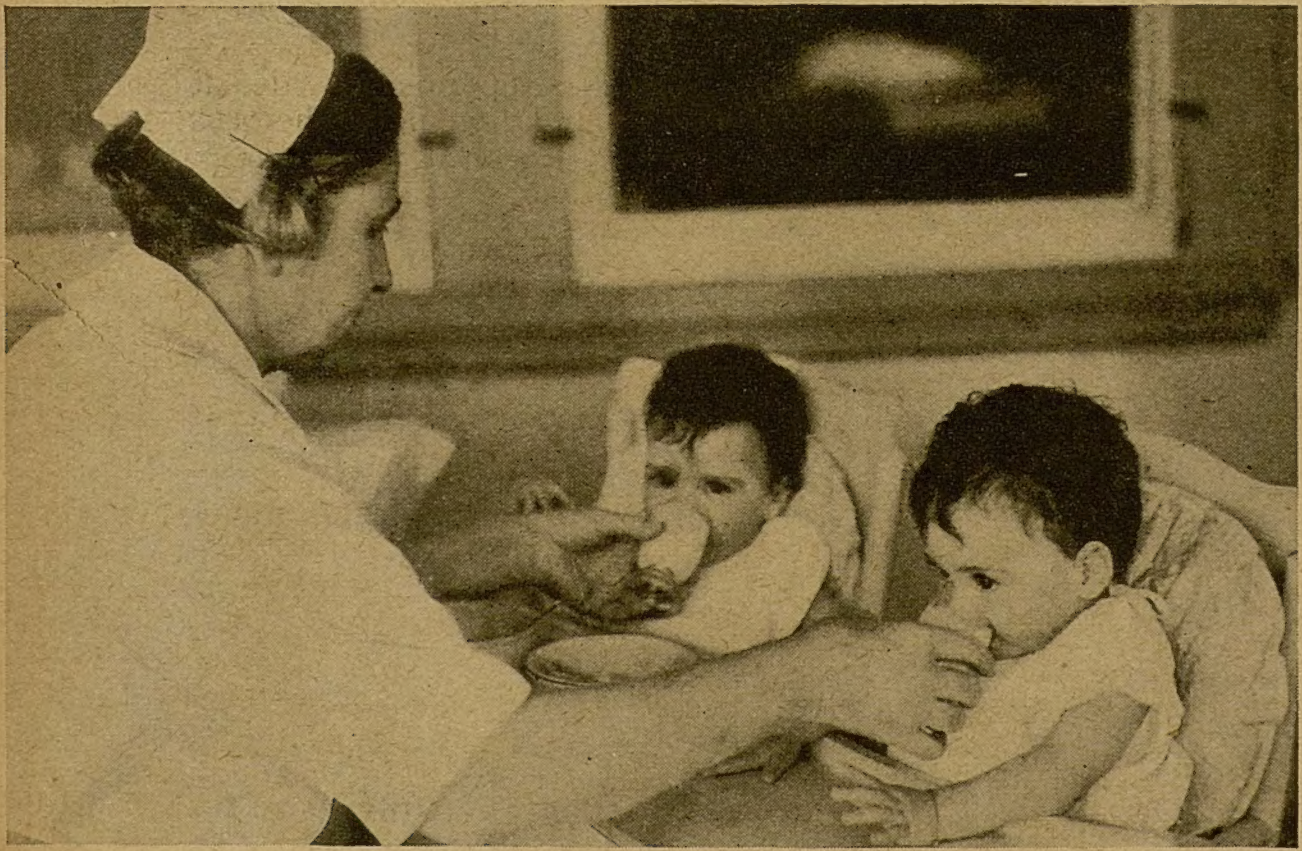
Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by Macfadde Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.0 a year. In U. S. possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, Britis Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $5.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise the are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will n be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

From BEHIND the SCENES... A NURSE'S VIEW of the



Photos World Copyright, 1936, NEA Service, Inc.

HIDDEN LIVES OF THE QUINTUPLETS



Mlle. Lamoureux, Cecile and Emilie. Above: Nurse Leroux, Yvonne, Annette and Marie.

They're PEOPLE Now—Growing Up! Here's Authentic News About Them

by Marguerite Mooers Marshall

READING TIME
13 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

ONE FIFTH of the Dionne quintuplets, round and plump, dimpled and smiling, and naked as the little god of love himself, lay on her back on the nursery dressing table kicking up pink heels. Before her stood the other Yvonne, the girlishly slender nurse, Yvonne Leroux, who came to the five famous babies a few hours after their birth and scarcely slept during their first critical week, tending day and night the feeble little life flames which dipped and flickered and all but went out.

Now Yvonne Leroux, holding in each hand a tiny perfectly formed foot of her namesake, Yvonne Dionne, softly patted together the soles. She sang an old local folk rhyme, the *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre* of French-Canadian nurseries.

The chubby baby on the table gurgled happily; in the long-lashed violet-gray eyes of the young woman bending over her shone all the love and tenderness and laughter which illumine the face of a youthful mother playing with her own little one.

A few feet away, in a high chair, Miss Cécile Dionne was having her breakfast of arrowroot biscuit crumbed in milk, a coddled egg mixed with it to fool Cécile, who is inclined to turn up her button nose at egg undisguised. The other Cécile—Head Nurse Cécile Lamoureux, who has sparkling brown eyes, a thick crop of prematurely gray hair, a Gallic vivacity, and a superb nursing record of a dozen years in Montreal—fed the baby as patiently and indefatigably as a mother bird who lives to fill the yawning yellow-lined beak of her nestling.

Into Cécile's bowl dipped a small plump fist, to emerge egg-smeared and defiant. Mlle. Lamoureux made shocked, expressive eyes of rebuke, but instead of " spatting " the naughty little hand, she sponged it off and gave a quick, emphatic, admonitory kiss to the center of the palm. Cécile the baby looked thoughtful. Then the hand thrust out once more, but not into the breakfast bowl. The rosy palm reached for the motherly nurse's lips—Cécile wanted another disciplinary kiss!

If the millions who have taken the quintuplets to their hearts could have watched with me these entirely typical nursery scenes, there would be less apprehension expressed as to whether the babies do not even now miss a mother's love and care. Never did children receive wiser, more affectionate day-and-night mothering than that given to Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie by the devoted women whose charge they are, under the vigilant and benevolent supervision of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe. So often, when I have questioned him as to the quins, he has replied frankly:

" The nurses know more about that than I do. Ask them! "

Mlles. Lamoureux and Leroux adore the babies; for their sake lead lives of the most arduous toil and self-denying restriction. On the other hand, there is nothing besotted and foolishly indulgent about their attitude. Here is a nursery where law and order reign; where good habits are in process of formation; where tears, tempers, and tantrums are forestalled or, when they do occur, firmly discouraged.

Both nurses seem to approach their task with almost a dedicated sense of responsibility, similar to that of a servant of the church or a passionate partisan of some great cause.

It is the nurses who can answer swiftly and in convincing detail the question not yet settled by the general public, the question on which even Dr. Dafoe recently admitted doubt—how to tell the babies apart?

YVONNE the biggest, Marie the littlest, Annette the prettiest, Cécile with the roundest and Emilie with the tiniest face—these, offhand, are the physical differentiations. But what the quins' nurses really go by is difference in expression: the outer stamp of the five emerging and distinctive personalities.

" That one's full o' pep! " I heard a man comment approvingly, as Yvonne, held in Nurse Leroux's arms, pat-a-caked with a fine fervor to a thousand people pressed against the nursery fence at one of the brief showings of the quins to visiting tourists. It is an unspoiled natural charm, according to the other Yvonne: a spontaneous effervescence without a trace of the show-off. Yvonne seems the born enthusiast among the quintuplets.

Annette's expression, Miss Leroux finds, is different but equally unmistakable in its appealing quality. " She has a way of looking so lonely," the sensitively responsive nurse explains. " I get the feeling that I haven't done enough for her, and want to pick her up and cuddle and console." In some ways Annette shows more initiative than her sisters; initiative, however, checked and balanced by imagination. She confronts the new with a speculative wariness which is almost, if not quite, fearful. When she was graduated from her small tub to a full-size one she looked very, very carefully at the shiny faucets before deciding that they wouldn't bite a baby!

Jolly, mischievous, impatient Cécile is a complete contrast. She is the child with whom Head Nurse Cécile Lamoureux struck up an instant intimacy. It should be emphasized at this point that there is no favoritism in the exquisite care and all-inclusive affection given to the quintuplets. To nip in the bud incipient jealousy, Dr. Dafoe has issued special instructions that the babies shall be fed and bathed in a different order each day. Babies and nurses alike are nevertheless individuals, and between all individuals varying degrees of natural attraction exist. Something of the same affinity seems to link the two Céciles, big and little, as forms a bond between the two Yvonnes.

The little Cécile, says the big one, even now displays the most marked individuality. She has a sense of humor and a memory already working. Taken to the sun porch to be exhibited to visitors by Nurse Lamoureux, Cécile " plays up " perfectly. She is a born coquette.

EMILIE is the other flirt in the family, the nurses agree, as well as the daredevil. Though next to Marie in size, it's a case of " Little, but oh, my! " with Emilie.

A perfect extravert—as Annette seems an introvert—Emilie proves herself adventurous and brave almost to foolhardiness. She is the one child who takes instantly to a new toy or game. A heartbreaker, just a bit of a show-off, quite recklessly plucky—that's Emilie's character as read by her nurses.

Wee Marie makes an especial claim on their sympathies because of her smallness and physical delicacy, yet they find in her, despite her diminutive body, the strongest will of any of the babies. Already she has learned the necessary lesson of how to stand up against her sisters' bullying. Marie, her nurses chuckle, can give as good as she gets! She is often socially inclined and pats cheeks affectionately, yet she has a curious, entirely individual little way of drawing into her shell of reserve when she has had enough companionship for the moment. She, too, is a personality in her own right.

Five such " little women " need more today than physical nursing; they need exactly what they get—social and emotional training well started, on the principle of " never too young to learn."

The nurses are alike in feeling that a little child should never be hurt or even frightened. As one of the two said to me earnestly: " It is necessary to control even your voice, your expression with a baby. That's not easy. Sometimes you forget. But you ought never to scowl and say sharply, ' Emilie, don't do that! ' You can use those very words, only speak them firmly, not crossly. You can hold her hand for a moment, to keep it from doing what it shouldn't, but to strike it would be horrible! "

Step by step the quins are growing in grace—or, in the terminology of the new child hygiene, " acquiring good behavior habits."

The children's ebullience at mealtimes is being directed to the constructive end of teaching them to feed themselves. To watch Nurse Leroux give a lesson in table etiquette is delightful. With flying fists, Emilie and Yvonne, their first hunger dulled, push away their spoonfuls of junket. Miss Leroux, with the dexterity of a prestidigitator, produces two spare spoons—result, a loud banging on the high-chair trays and occupation for one fist for each baby. Into the other, as it still tries to repel nourishment, she gently thrusts the spoon holding the milk pudding and firmly guides small fist toward small mouth. The baby looks pleased, proud, and interested—she eats—and she learns to be spoon-conscious!

Whenever the head nurse, Mlle. Lamoureux, has to take a spoon from the little fingers, she says very clearly, " Thank you! " She reasons that the babies will come to associate the polite phrase with the receiving of any object—and will be uttering their own " thank yous " presently.

As for the disciplinary rules for treating fretfulness, jealousy, temper, the first, most important, and almost always successful method is, " Laugh it off! "

I have watched the method's application when a baby started to whimper angrily over the business of being dressed, or became aggrieved because a sister was picked up for a petting party instead of herself. The nearest nurse would raise her eyebrows whimsically, purse her lips in a mute whistle, then smile, and make some jesting remark, even the voice pitched to a note of tolerant humor. Nor did she stop whatever she might be doing for this byplay; that would have made a fractious infant too self-important! As it was, you could see the Dionne crossness defeated by a desire to share with nurse an appreciation of the funny side of the thing. Even now, five little girls are learning one of life's most valuable lessons—to laugh away annoyance.

A similar technique is inculcating pluck and good sportsmanship. When somebody sits down hard on a hard floor, or bumps her head, the accident calls forth no unduly lavish sympathy, no dramatization of pain and pity. "Too bad—but these things will happen to all of us," the nurses say, in expression and intonation and almost in words. "Up again and take another!" That vice, perhaps peculiarly feminine, of being sorry for oneself gets no standing room in the quintuplets' nursery.

On the very rare occasions when a naughty quin can't be laughed out of an incipient tantrum, she is deposited gently upon her crib and left to cry it out all by herself. It doesn't hurt her, the nurses feel, and making a fuss would merely serve to fix the occasion in her mind and therefore invite repetition. The cure has worked marvels.

Some mothers think that the quintuplets are a special variety of baby, a law unto themselves rather than an object lesson to the usual one-of-a-kind-at-a-time family. This idea finds no support among the nurses of Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie. Their verdict is that the children are just about normal today, in their temperaments and general development, as well as in their physical condition; that their training can be adopted and carried out by any loving, intelligent mother with advantage to herself and to her child. In Dr. Dafoe's system his loyal lieutenants see a happy middle ground between pure theory which, by overcoddling babyhood, unfits it to enter the world outside the nursery; and that careless, slovenly ignorance which endangers infant life.

As one expressed it, "A baby ought to be kept clean, but he ought to get down on the floor now and then, even if it means a lot more work for his mother to clean him up afterward. He has to get used to life—and the floor is a part of life!"

Recipes in Rhyme

But, Sayadieh!—for this you fry a fish
  With onions, seed of caraway; these twain
You leave, but lift the sea food to a dish.

Wash clean a pound of rice, and slowly fry
Ten minutes with the sauce and onions; ply
  With water then, and cook until the steam
Forces from tempted lips a hungry sigh.

—*Mrs. A. Ayres.*

What are they themselves like, the quins' nurses? How many persons out of the depths of interest and affection must have asked that question!

The first nurse ever to hold them is with them still: Yvonne Leroux, who grew up in Callander and was only six months out of hospital and not yet of voting age when she hurried to the dark dingy Dionne farmhouse almost as soon as the babies were born. This slip of a girl, under Dr. Dafoe's direction, saved their lives over and over again. It was she who improvised an incubator out of a market basket lined with flannel-covered hot-water bottles, one of them her own. It was she who fed the babies literally a drop at a time, who bathed them in a saucer of olive oil, who helped them to breathe when they forgot; who fought alone—except of course for her general, Dr. Dafoe.

Only a born nurse could have won that struggle. When Yvonne Leroux was sixteen she went to a hospital to ask for training, but was refused on account of her youth. At seventeen she was accepted, and at twenty obtained her diploma from St. Joseph's Hospital in North Bay, about fifteen miles from Callander. After leaving the hospital she had cared only for her sister's baby before she went to "a maternity case at the Dionnes'." She never even knew there were five babies instead of one until after she entered the remote farmhouse!

A sharply fresh and new viewpoint on the quintuplets is that of Mlle. Cécile Lamoureux, who has been head nurse since their first birthday. She, too, is a winning personality, in the sunny thirties, who came to the hospital-nursery with the strongest recommendations from Montreal, where she was born of old French stock, although her father was an American citizen and several years of her childhood were spent in Michigan. She is convent-educated and received a particularly thorough training in leading Montreal hospitals. The doctors with whom she worked invariably summoned her to attend members of their own families—the acid test for a nurse!

When she first saw the daughters Dionne she was amazed at their size and development. Already so thrilled by her opportunity to nurse them that she could hardly sleep nights, she fell an instant victim to their baby helplessness and charm. She can talk and think of nothing else. Occasionally alone in the hospital during the evening, she will not read for fear lest she doze off and some kidnaper elude the constable on guard. She has a way of visiting each crib at night and touching its occupant with a careful hand, to make sure that a big doll has not been substituted for a baby!

Nurse Leroux rises with the babies, at five thirty; Mlle. Lamoureux half an hour later. From that moment until seven at night, taps in the nursery, the two have barely time to eat their own meals and—perhaps—to sit down and draw a long breath while the babies nap.

In the morning, after five baths, five toilets, five breakfasts, and Dr. Dafoe's daily visit and instructions, one nurse cleans the nursery—making the beds, wiping every article of furniture with a damp cloth, washing the toys, tidying. The other cooks the babies' vegetables, desserts, and porridge for the day, besides preparing the milk formula and washing the nursery dishes.

When the children wake from their morning nap they often get a second sponge bath and a change of clothing if the weather is hot. The nurses share their play hour before the noonday dinner; afterward the babies can sleep again, but the nurses have to darn the socks through which little feet so restlessly kick their way, mend the baby dresses or acknowledge many of the letters and gifts sent to the little ones from Canada and the United States.

By midafternoon five little girls are ready for more play and conversation. Another bath and a complete change of clothing come before the five suppers and bedtime. When the children are keeping visitors' hours, each must be taken to the sun porch from two to four times a day and smilingly exhibited in a nurse's arms—no matter how tired and nervous that nurse may feel!

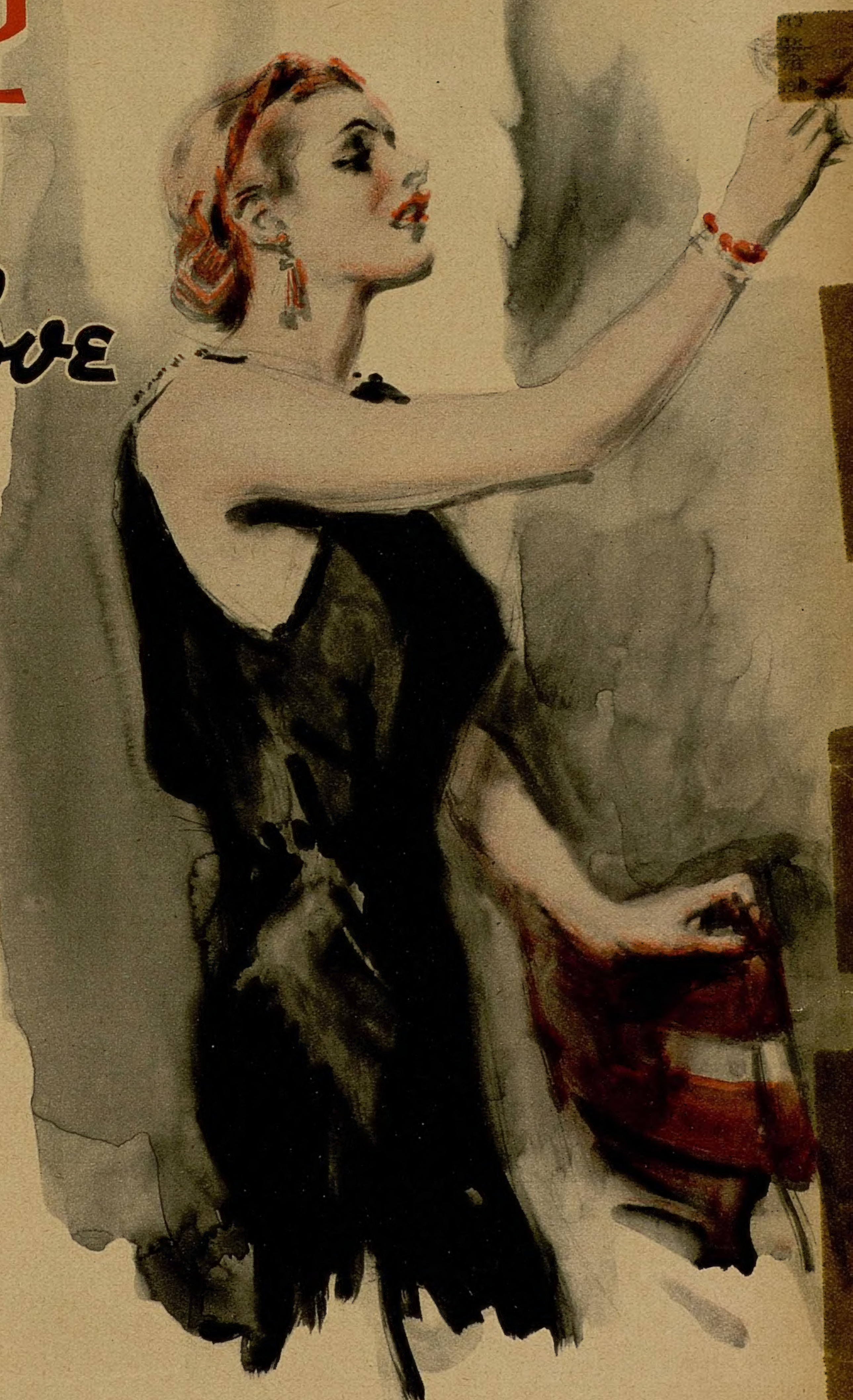
Two young, attractive, intelligent women at the hospital lead lives of hard labor and almost conventual seclusion and sacrifice for the sake of those five sweet little lassies. Yet the nurses would never use the term "sacrifice," and "complaint" is not in their vocabulary! They work for modest salaries, but they also work as all women work best—for love! And they enjoy hugely an experience which neither one of them would have missed, for all its hardships.

The nurses want the world's most talked-about nurslings to keep well, to grow fat and strong; but that is by no means all. Womanlike, each woman muses and wonders and dreams hopefully about the future of the famous five. Womanlike, there are smiles in anticipation of the fascinating feminine mystifications which sweet sixteen-year-old quintuplets can set going if they are half the good-looking imps then they are now. But also, womanlike, there is much earnest and enthusiastic faith in the children's ultimate destiny, whatever it may be. As one nurse said to me, her eyes shining:

"God saved them by a miracle—surely He must have saved them for some wonderful thing!"

THE END

RING OUT the Old Love



READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

AT about half past nine o'clock on New Year's Eve Tony Hewett spoke some polite hurried excuses and ducked nimbly out of a decorous family gathering at his grandfather's house in Ridgefield, Connecticut. He raced sixty-five cold starless miles to the hill country of northern New Jersey where Kitti Temple lived, sweeping up the driveway of her home before eleven thirty.

Light shone from every window. The carriage yard was choked with cars. Deep behind the glass of a cream-colored sedan a formless shadow moved and became two shadows. Sounds of a big party going strong reached Tony.

Tony hadn't expected to run into a riot like this. Kitti had said, "Oh, just some boys and girls that I asked months ago, Tony darling. We won't even know they're there, you and I," and gave him a tight hug that made his blood pound.

In the ten weeks he had known her Tony had met only a few of Kitti's friends. He had avoided meeting more. To be alone with Kitti he had dodged crowds and sought out intimately lit alcove tables and obscure inns on woody side roads, so tucked away that only lovers could find them.

This sequestering of Kitti and himself permitted Tony to play with the fantasy that Kitti had been newly and beautifully created expressly for him and at the very moment he first saw her. Getting to know her circle would have broken the spell. He found it almost torturing to reflect that Kitti must have been attractive to men ever since she was fifteen.

Within himself he denied violently that he was afraid to think about what other men might have meant to Kitti.

Tony locked his car and crossed to the house steps. He had an imperative midnight date with Kitti.

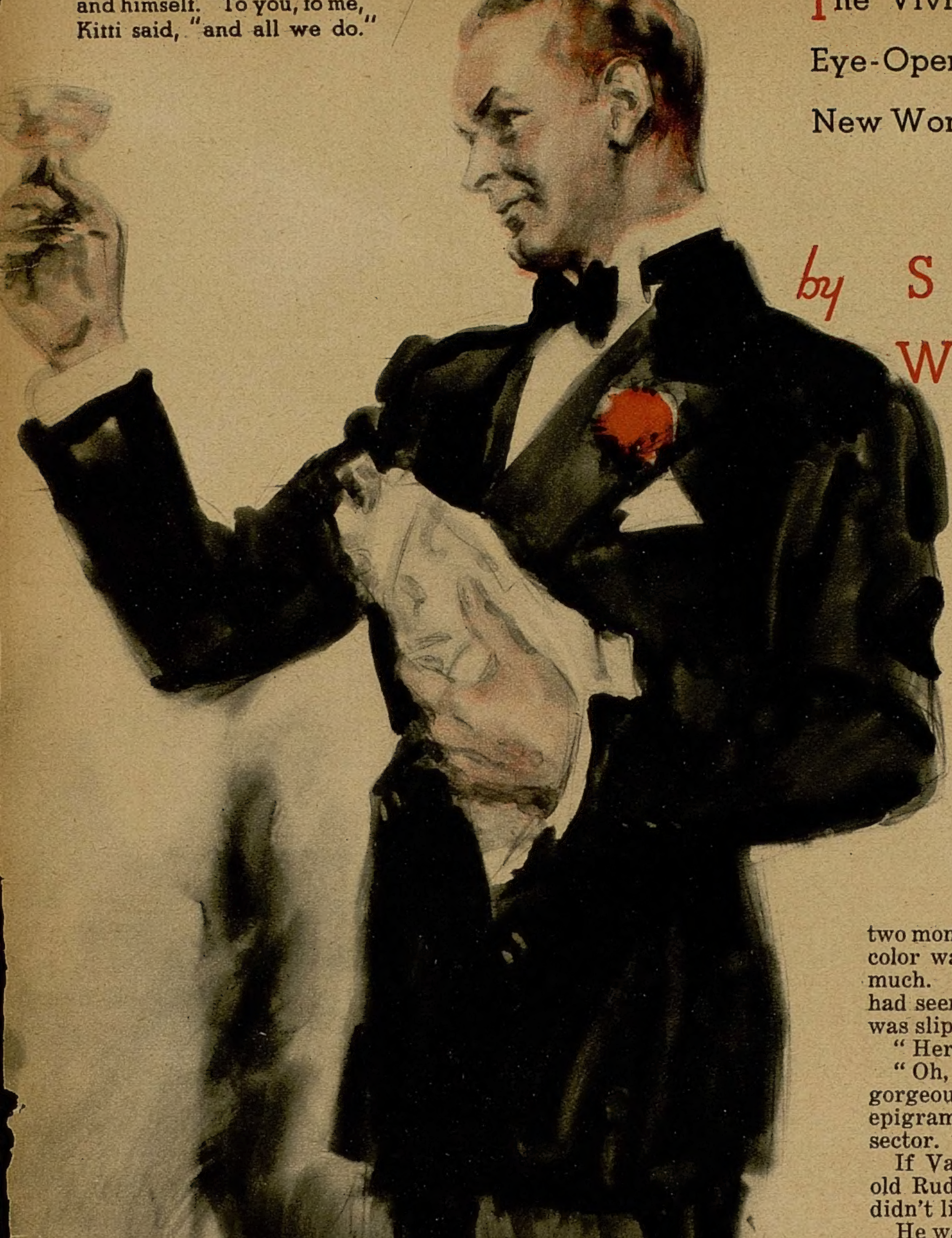
This new year was to be, very especially, their new year—the year in which they would be married. On the clock stroke he and Kitti, escaping every one for a moment, would drink a toast to themselves and to their future together. Tony had brought along a very special bottle of champagne for the purpose.

Kitti didn't seem to be among the dancers. Tony made his way back along the wide center hall to a place where he could leave his hat and coat.

He checked over the people in the living room and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAME

Tony poured glasses for Kitti and himself. "To you, to me," Kitti said, "and all we do."



The Vivid Story of a New Year Eye-Opener—of a New Girl and a New World in a Young Man's Heart

by SEYMOUR WINSLOW

the music room. No Kitti. Men predominated everywhere, almost two to one. He worked around to the arched entrance of the dining room and looked in. At the punch bowl, ladling out drinks, stood Rud Selby in a pointed tissue-paper cap. At once the party became more bearable to Tony. Rud had been Tony's roommate in college and Tony had been best man at Rud's marriage to Valerie Gates three years before.

Rud Selby, looking around, caught sight of Tony threading his way to the table and called:

"Hey! How are you, boy? Squeeze in here, Tony, and have some of this holiday cheer." He filled a cup. "I'm trying to get rid of it so I can put together a really right bowlful. Sink it, Tony. You'll be helping out the whole party. Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year," Tony responded, tasting the punch.

Rud tipped up his cup, then turned away to fill cups for newcomers.

Watching Rud, it occurred to Tony that the man had changed a great deal in the last two months. He looked almost jowly, and his color was bad, as if he'd been drinking too much. That was probably Valerie. Tony had seen signs a year ago that the marriage was slipping.

"Here alone, Rud?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—yes indeed. Valerie is being gorgeous this evening at some suave little epigrammatic affair in the chromium-plate sector. Great girl."

If Valerie were tossing up the marriage, old Rud was going to be badly hurt. Tony didn't like the thought of it.

He was about to ask Rud if he'd seen Kitti when a gray-eyed girl in a butler's apron over a silver dress came up to Rud carrying a smoking hot ham-and-egg sandwich on a plate.

"Now, then, here's your reorder," she said.

Rud put down the ladle. "Tony, look at that sandwich! And let me introduce you to Linda George—the nicest girl here." He started eating.

As Linda George acknowledged the introduction Tony caught a half-surprised expression in her face. It seemed to ask him how he happened to be one of this mob. He had the instant awareness that Linda George was a person of his own sort—a girl he might have grown up with. Tony said to her:

"I don't know how Rud rates this special service. It's far too good for him."

"Oh, a laboring man has to keep up his strength, you know." She gave Tony a straight informative look. "So I went on short-order duty."

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Tony knew what she meant. Rud had been hitting the punch and needed something stabilizing.

Linda untied her apron.

“ It's getting on for the hour,” she said, “ and I suppose I'd better meet the new year as a lady.” With the deliberate isolation of a person finding a path through a crowd of inconsequential strangers, she made her way from the room.

Tony thought of Kitti and their date. He left Rud and, struggling against the gabbling current, reached the hall again.

Within a huddle of applauding men a squealing redhead was doing a fast if uncertain tap dance. From a dusky halfway point on the stairs a green sandal was tossed over the balustrade and a girl's voice screamed with pleasure, “ Greg, you monkey—stop it! Now, Greg! ”

A ragtag crew. But any hostess too generous and hospitable with her invitations could be let in for a messy party. Tony promised himself that everything would be different after he and Kitti were married.

SEYMOUR WINSLOW

is a New Englander by inheritance and inclination, but was actually born in Wisconsin. He acquired some rudiments in school, some practicalities in machine shops and lumber yards, and something of value in newspaper and advertising work. He has been writing fiction five years.

The front door swung inward and Kitti Temple stood there, brightly vivid against the darkness, a small radiant winter queen in furs. Tony, suffused with the wonder of the miracle, moved toward her.

Next, appearing just beyond her, a young man with the sun-bleached hair of a swimmer came in from outside, closing the door behind him as he pulled a silk scarf from his neck.

Tony lifted his arm and waved to catch Kitti's eye. Suddenly she saw him and waved back excitedly, then broke through and ran toward him.

“ Tony! You got here! I thought I'd die waiting.”

That sweetly childish upper lip, that exquisite line from cheek to chin!

Tony said: “ I've been rattling around in your empty house for a century—fifteen minutes.”

“ Ah, Tony! ” She gave his hand a quick passionate squeeze, a possessive hug in miniature. “ You didn't come and I couldn't stand it. I had to go away. So I got a nice boy to take me over to the Valley Inn for just one dance.”

Kitti turned half away from him and shed her fur coat into his hands.

“ My darling, I've got to rush. Got to change stockings. Run trouble.”

Tony glanced at the grandfather's clock.

“ You have exactly twelve minutes,” he whispered. “ No more! ”

To his touch the lining of Kitti's coat was warm with her life warmth. He hated to hang it away. But he had an errand to do. That special midnight bottle was in his car. He hurried from the house by a side door.

The cream-colored sedan which had been occupied when he arrived was empty now. Tony was glad not to have observers as he bundled the wine beneath his dinner jacket and returned the way he had come. He picked up champagne glasses in the butler's pantry, then sought a haven until Kitti should return.

The small library seemed to him empty at first look. Then, with a foot across the threshold, he stopped.

A PLUMPISH man with Latin skin and the mouth of a gourmet was sunk deep in an easy chair reading a New York newspaper and sipping a small brandy. He had that air of self-imposed patience with which an adult waits for some juvenile rumpus to come to an end.

The man didn't look up. Tony backed from the room and paused outside the door. His mind went back to the evening he met Kitti. This oily-looking chap named Ramos had been with her that night.

It had been after a football game. Tony and Rud ran into each other at their undergraduate club, and Rud suggested a dinner at Tops'l Tavern. When the dancing crowd began to fill the place, Tony called Rud's attention to a girl he couldn't stop looking at.

“ That little masterpiece,” said Rud, who knew half the people between Pinehurst, North Carolina, and Dark Harbor, Maine, “ is named Kitti Temple. The Kitti has two *i*'s. Come on over and tell her you're pleased to make her acquaintance, ma'am.”

Tony had managed to get one short dance with Kitti and dated her for the next day. The man Ramos had been as impersonally and remotely polite as a minor diplomatic attaché. Tony never had wanted to ask Kitti who he was or where she had met him. He must have come here tonight on one of Kitti's long-ago warmhearted invitations. Ramos would have nothing in common with this party gang.

A confused booming of voices became articulate as the first notes of Auld Lang Syne. The song swept through the house. One minute of twelve! Tony started toward the foot of the stairs. Kitti, running down, didn't see him at first and turned toward the dining room. Tony called, “ Kitti! Here I am, Kitti! ” He beckoned her toward the front door. Next they were outside on the veranda.

Faintly from somewhere beyond a snowy hill came five pistol shots. The countryside, bleak and lifeless a moment before, broke out with tiny scattered eruptions of sound. The house gave forth a boxed-in roar.

Tony added his mite to the chorus by popping the champagne cork and poured glasses for Kitti and himself. He had to raise his voice to say, “ And here it is, Kitti! To ourselves! ”

They touched glasses. Her nearness and a great wave of love for her almost choked Tony.

“ TO you, to me,” Kitti said, “ and all that we do.” She drank. Then, “ Tony—see? ” She turned her head a little. “ My Christmas present from the Only One.” In her hair sparkled the diamond-set clip Tony had given her.

The front door opened, releasing a tumult of sound. A blaring horde spilled outward, pouring over the veranda, enveloping Kitti and Tony.

An irregular queue formed and went into a weaving snake dance, hands on shoulders ahead. Stamping feet beat time. Kitti and Tony were caught in it and separated.

Tony, looking for escape from the screeching girl just behind him, discovered that the girl just ahead was Linda George. Plainly she was putting no heart into this bawling exuberance. As they passed the house door he detached her from the swaying line and whisked her inside. The queue closed up and bellowed on.

“ Thanks for the rescue,” Linda said, in the comparative quiet of the music room. “ I hate to seem a wet towel, but I don't go much for playground frolics.”

“ Pretty dreary,” Tony agreed, feeling comfortable in bracketing himself with Linda. He still couldn't account for her being here. Unless, perhaps, she had come with Rud Selby. He asked her if she had.

“ Rud? No. Never saw him till tonight. I came only,” Linda said, as if wanting Tony to have the explanation, “ to chauffeur my kid brother home in the family car when the brawl is over. Just in case he isn't quite up to driving.”

“ If I didn't know it was dangerous,” commented Tony, “ to hurl at anybody the charge of doing good works, I'd say—”

“ Now, don't! I fried up those sandwiches for Rud because the poor man was beginning to talk too much—tell things. And that's so pathetic. All about his wife Valerie and how much she loved him and the reason they got on so perfectly. Which was, it appeared, because each allowed the other to live his own life. Well, solid food seemed indicated, and so—”

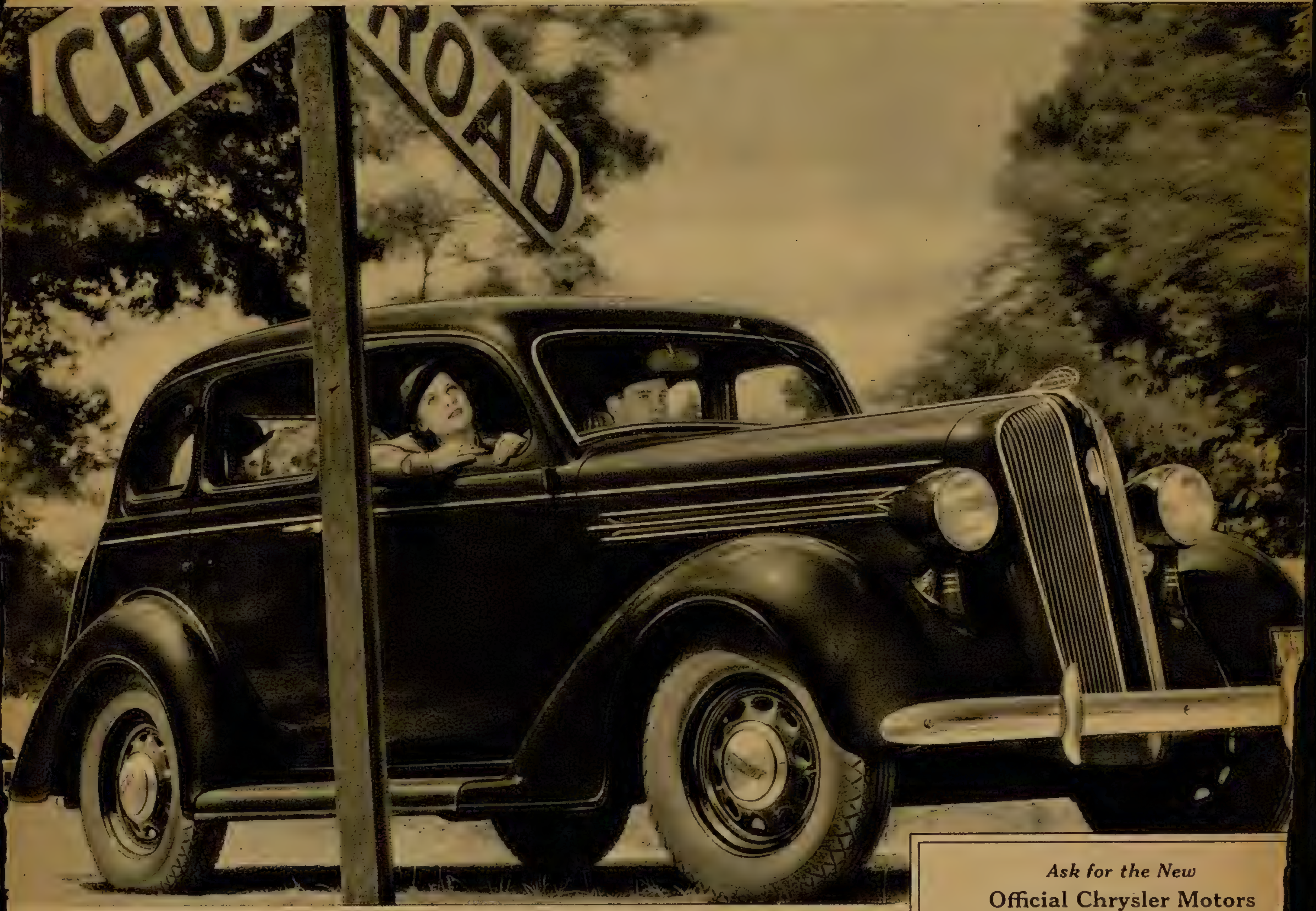
“ But I think it was swell of you,” Tony assured her. “ A person couldn't do less.”

If old Rud, after a few drinks, got garrulously defensive about Valerie and his marriage, the thing must have gone completely bad.

“ Funny darn thing,” Tony said. “ Those two started off like turtledoves. Valerie was crazy about him. She picked him out of a dozen.”

(Continued on page twelve)

Be Sure you get 100% Hydraulic Brakes!



Modern Traffic Demands the Safest Brakes Made

Every week, news headlines write the reasons for having the safest brakes you can buy.

Plymouth has been using hydraulic brakes since the first Plymouth was introduced. And this long, practical experience has given the big 1936 Plymouth the safest brakes built . . . 100% hydraulic in action . . . two pistons at each wheel!

And Plymouth is famous for another great safety feature: the Safety-Steel body . . . interlocking with the big steel frame . . . each reinforcing the other. It has the room and riding-comfort every family wants . . . largest and roomiest of "All Three" leading low-priced cars.

No other full-size car in America can match Plymouth's economy. Everywhere owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas . . . record low oil-consumption . . . money constantly saved on maintenance and repairs.

Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer for a 1936 Plymouth to try out. He'll arrange it at your convenience.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

Ask for the New

Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company

6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself.

1. Start with your unpaid balance.

2.*Then add insurance cost.

3. Then multiply by 6% — for a 12 month plan. One-half of one per cent per mor for periods more or less than 12 months.

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is requi

NO OTHER CHARGES

$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETR
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CA

(Continued from page ten)

The snake dance outside was subsiding. Tony wondered if he couldn't get hold of Kitti and cut away with her in the car for an hour or two.

"No girl," Linda was saying, "has her choice of a dozen. Not unless she's worked too hard at the business of holding them close around her. And if she has, she wants that entire dozen—rather than any one man."

Tony thought of Valerie. Before her marriage to Rud, she had wanted a lot of male admiration—had gone after it and got it.

"That piece of wisdom," Tony stated, "ought to be taught in boys' schools."

"Futile. You couldn't make it penetrate. Take my bedazzled young brother. On the romantic side his dome is impervious."

Tony had noticed two or three collegians who seemed somewhat harrowed that way. "Not the one in tails?" he asked.

"No. Tall lean kid, Roman nose—with what's left of a grand Indian tan he got last summer at Point Pleasant. It's all so silly. This particular nymph has taken pains to keep him stood on his ear for months now. It seems to be the posture of all her gentlemen in waiting."

Mention of Point Pleasant brought Kitti back to Tony's mind. She had spent a few weeks there last summer. It was before Tony had known her. He'd have to ask her if she knew anything of the George boy's affair. He became lost in a vision of Kitti's face as she lifted it to his in that moment of tender delay before a kiss.

The crowd was straggling back into the house. Four or five heads in succession appeared and disappeared at the music-room door. Tony, watching for Kitti, recognized the last one as the young man who had come in with Kitti earlier in the evening.

Linda, seeing the boy, lifted her hand and smiled fondly on him before he vanished. "That's the infant," she said. "Wild-eyed, but sober so far."

Kitti must have commandeered the heartsick boy for that one dance at Valley Inn with the kindly notion of trying to divert him from his suffering.

Dancing, of a sort, had started again. Tony suggested to Linda that they try out the music before the floor jammed up. They hadn't gone the length of the living room before Tony was cut in on. He discovered Kitti being circled round and round in a corner by a theatrically tailored chap with a Hollywood mustache. Tony cut in on them, and the fellow called after Kitti, "I shan't be far away!" in a peculiarly phony Oxford accent.

"Tony, you're bored, and being so dear about it," Kitti said caressingly.

"Well—so long as I catch sight of you once in a while. Where did this complete human race come from?"

"Darling, I hardly know! I must have asked them all, I suppose, at different times. And now we're running out of drinks."

"Good. Maybe they'll go home."

Kitti murmured, "If they only would, Tony!"

A hand fell on Tony's arm. Kitti, turning to her new partner, gave Tony that quick strong finger pressure that said so much so secretly.

TONY left the floor. There was no use trying to compete for Kitti's time. It would be a decent thing to look up Rud Selby.

It took Tony a time to find Rud. He was nowhere on the first floor. His car? It was still in the yard. A streamer of light from the basement window lay across the gravel. Tony peered into the game room. Rud stood beside the billiard table, a cue in his hands, his face a brooding mask.

"I'll take you on for a nickel a point," Tony said, rattling down the inner steps to the game room. Rud was cold sober now, he perceived.

Rud came slowly out of his abstraction. He leaned his cue against the wall. "Don't feel much like it," he said wearily. Then, "Let's get out of here, Tony—ditch this thing."

It was what Tony would have liked to do. But he was determined to have Kitti to himself, if he had to stay to breakfast.

"Oh, I guess I'll stick," he said, and, feeling that Rud was entitled to his reason for it, added, "on the chance of eventually getting to talk to Kitti."

Rud looked puzzled. "Kitti? Now, don't tell me—say, what is this? You aren't still—" He broke off, confused, incredulous.

Tony was a little resentful. Rud seemed to imply that Tony's interest in Kitti was something that a man has and gets done with.

"Why, the way it is, Rud," Tony said, setting him straight—"well, Kitti and I are going to be married. Next month. I mean this month—January." He tried to keep from grinning foolishly. He pulled his hand half out of his trousers pocket to take the hand that Rud would offer.

Rud stood staring at him. His right hand remained hanging at his side. He said slowly, "Married, Tony? You and Kitti Temple?" Then, too abruptly and determinedly, he did put out his hand. "Well! Gosh sakes! I mean, it's not been announced, has it?"

Tony felt nettled. But the next moment he forgave Rud his lukewarm manner. After all, the man was under the strain of private troubles.

"YOU'RE the first to know," Tony said. "Kitti's mother is throwing a cocktail party New Year's afternoon. She's announcing it then."

Rud hurried to say: "I'm afraid I was a little dopey about responding there, Tony. But—well, hell, my news is that Valerie's leaving for Reno this week."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Rud!" Tony said impulsively. "Or maybe it's what you both want."

"It's just the only answer, Tony. It always has been—only I didn't know it. No quarrel. Just one of those inevitable flops." He weighed a billiard ball thoughtfully in one hand and went on: "You see, people don't change. That's the clue to it all. Marriage doesn't change them. Nothing does. If I'd realized that—if some one could have made me realize it—before Val and I were married—well, I'd have passed up the whole thing, if it killed me."

Rud was suffering. The man cared as much as ever for Valerie. Tony felt ill at ease. Confidences were embarrassing. He thought of Kitti, and wondered restlessly who was with her.

Tony said, "Well, it's all under the bridge, Rud," and heard his own words as stupid and worthless.

Rud planted himself in front of Tony. "But what's so damn too bad about such a business, Tony, is that you can't warn a man—make him see it in advance." He spaced his words. "Marriage doesn't change a person. If a girl's big urge is to keep the boys dizzy and panting by platoons before marriage, it'll be her big urge afterward. Do you understand, Tony?" Rud waited for a reply.

Tony tried hard to keep from squirming. He offered unhappily, "Valerie's a very attractive woman, of course."

"Valerie?" said Rud, as if his wife's name had not been in his mind. "Oh, certainly. Valerie. But this is what I'm trying to say: The zest of the old polyamorous game fills their veins—becomes a habit. And they can't stop. But is there any use trying to get that across to a man in love? Is there, Tony?"

Tony wished miserably he knew what to say. He began, "Look ahead, Rud. You're young and—"

The door at the top of the stairs opened. Silver slippers, then Linda George came into sight. Tony blessed her for breaking in.

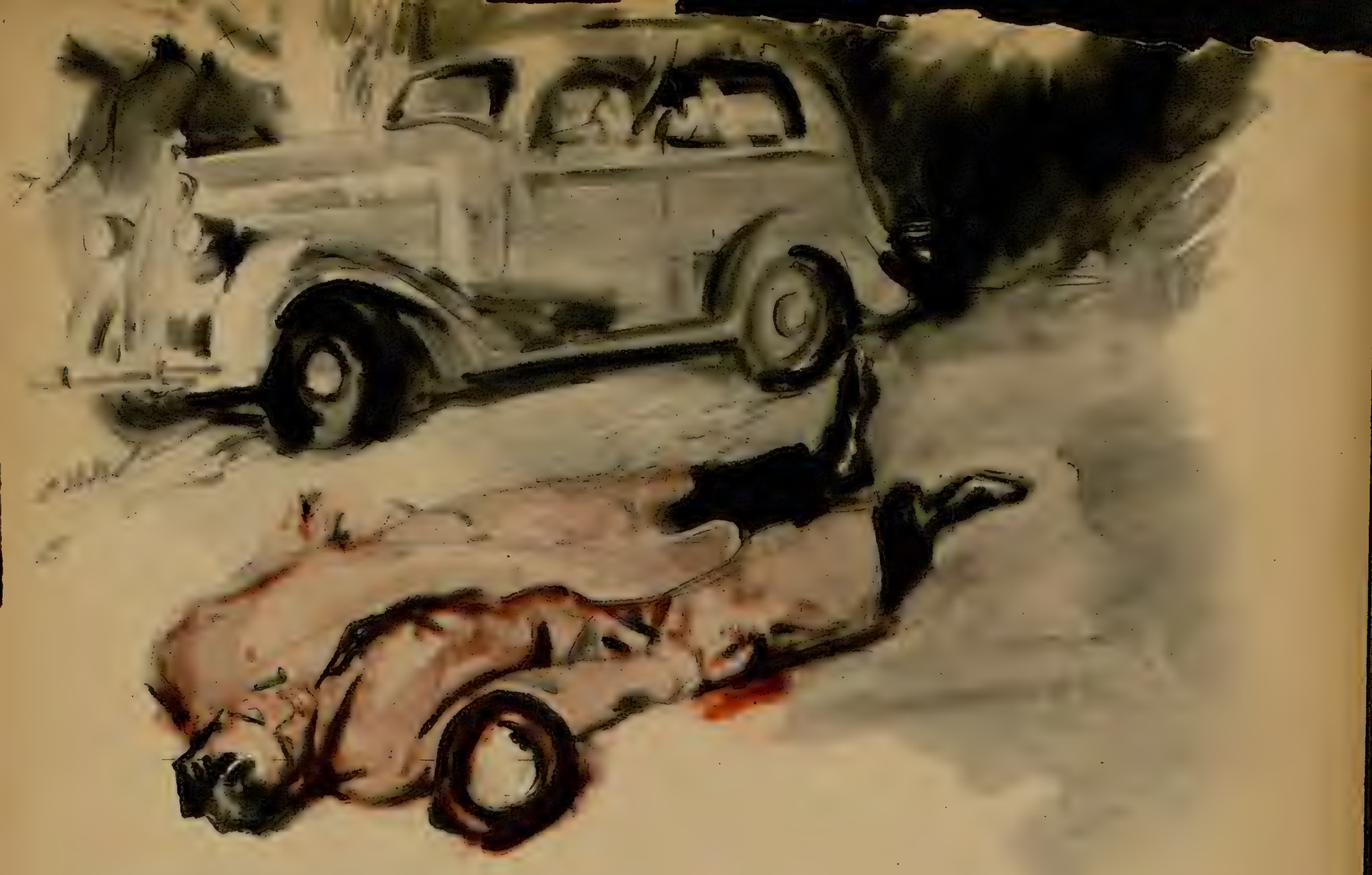
"The call is for a new bowl of punch," said Linda, "made after the old Selby family recipe. I didn't intend to crash a stag."

"No damage done," said Tony.

Rud said quietly, "No. None." He sighed heavily. "Well—we're out of carbonated water and oranges. I'll need both."

Tony jumped at the chance to get away from the house. An errand would speed the time till he could be alone with Kitti. Would Linda care for a short turn in the open air? She would love it, she said. All three left the billiard room together.

"I hope," said Linda as Tony helped her into his car,



Slouched against a tree was a car, one of its brights still burning. Rud lay at the edge of the pavement.

"that more punch won't prolong this so pagan, so dismal romp."

"I hope it conks them all for the count," said Tony.

The quiet of the outer night was a relief. Tony took his time getting over to Cedar Knolls Country Club. Linda, saying little, had a companionable quality that was pleasant. But the clubhouse, when they reached it, was dark and silent. There had been no party there that night. Tony turned about and headed for Valley Inn, the next closest source of supplies.

THINGS were lively at Valley Inn. Tony, leaving Linda in the car, was greeted with bows by Mr. Gilfoyle, the manager.

"You're just in time for the second floor show," Gilfoyle said. "I've been looking for you and Miss Temple all evening, hoping you'd be with us."

Tony thanked him. "You make me wish I could stay. But this is just a raid on your commissary." He told Gilfoyle what he had come for. The manager was disappointed but sent a waiter for the materials.

"You've been away, perhaps," Gilfoyle suggested, making conversation. "We've missed you and Miss Temple here. It must be a month—"

"Been doing the Westchester places. We'll be around again." He added, "Miss Temple was over here this evening."

"Ah?"

Tony was amused at the "Ah?" The eagle-eyed Gilfoyle, who missed nothing, had seen Kitti here with another man. Managers of country inns find it good business to school themselves in discretion.

"She just stopped to catch one dance," Tony said, for the fun of seeing if he could crack Gilfoyle's armor of caution. "with a friend of mine."

"Ah?" said Gilfoyle, again courteously and without a flicker.

The man is perfect, thought Tony.

The waiter returned and stowed the things in the car. Gilfoyle wished Tony a very happy New Year. "And convey the same wishes to Miss Temple, if you will." He bowed Tony out.

Linda held the service door open for Tony as he lugged the packages into the kitchen. There they found Rud with two rather tottery young men who were trying to be comic in maids' aprons. Rud had drafted them for bar duty.

"I'm easing out, Tony," Rud said. "Want sleep—want a lot of it. These gents, to whom I've confided the formula, will mix the wash."

Tony was glad to find Rud fairly cheery again and more placid in mind. He did look tired—very tired. Tony helped him into his coat. Linda and Tony went with him to his car. He wasn't driving all the way to New York, he said.

"I'll just tumble in somewhere near by, I guess." Rud gripped Tony's hand hard. "Give it a skip, Tony. Good-by. Good-by, Linda George!" He wheeled away.

Linda, looking around the carriage yard, said: "The George family bus seems to be missing. Can you see a taffy-colored sedan anywhere?"

Taffy-colored sedan? The only car like that had sheltered the neckers at the time he first pulled in. It was gone now. They walked back to the house.

"More likely the feverish kid brother has rushed off somewhere to wallow in despondency. I certainly could wish," she went on, "that he'd caught his wonder-girl in such a bit of two-timing as I did earlier in the evening. One more wriggle and she'd have been in the vest pocket of this fellow, whoever he is. That very complacent *maquereau*."

The word startled Tony and made him hot with indignation against the circumstance—the misfortune—that had brought all these intolerable people together under Kitti's roof, and with her seeming approval. He felt an angry humiliation on Kitti's behalf.

The whole trouble was due to Kitti's heedless openhandedness and impetuous love of gaiety. It was too hadn't seen her place as here at home tonight instead of off at some other celebration. But he himself would make very sure that Kitti was protected from the possibility of anything of this kind in the future.

Linda left him in the kitchen, but was back inside of a minute or two.

"Can't locate the kid," she said, "but he's probably all right. I wonder if you'd scout that first-floor lavatory for me. Just in case."

"It's a thought."

Tony went. The only man in the room was the Hollywood Oxonian, who was busy before a mirror scrubbing lipstick smears off his face. Seeing Tony, he smirked with self-approval and said clubbily:

"I got sort of mauled just now. Some girls sure are crazy that way."

Tony left without replying.

Linda said, "I guess My Worry is out of the house, and probably it's just as well. Thanks."

Tony heard a cheer go up in the dining room as the new bowl of punch was brought in. It should be a good time to get hold of Kitti and do a sneak for an hour or so. He found her standing near the foot of the stairs while three unsteady men bickered over who was to dance with her.

"Let's fade out of this for a while, Kitti. Maybe by the time we get back—"

Tony was interrupted by the man who had been scrubbing off lipstick smears. He put his hand familiarly on Kitti's arm.

"Your mink," he said confidentially. "I parked it in the closet under the stairs. O. K.?" He turned and strolled away.

Tony said sharply, "I don't know why that ham has to bother himself about your coat," and felt, with self-disgust, that he was beginning to behave with the underbreeding of all the others here.

"Darling," said Kitti soothingly, "the way it was, we had to have things for more punch. Oranges, fizz water. And since I was the only one they'd know at the club—Tony, you weren't around—I had to go. Just back."

The supplies, then, had been duplicated by mistake. Kitti's club was Cedar Knolls. Tony thought of the dark clubhouse.

"You must have had to rout the steward out of bed."

"At the club?" Kitti said slowly, watching his unsuspicious face. Then, obviously reassured: "Oh, no. The party over there was going fancy. They tried to drag us in and make us dance until this young man—Tony, he isn't really an actor at all—had to almost carry me—"

THE staccato drumming of a motorcycle engine in the driveway cut Kitti short. There was a step on the veranda. The door opened and a leather-jacketed highway patrolman stepped in.

"Where's the phone here?" he demanded. "Quick!"

For a moment the half dozen who heard him seemed paralyzed. Then some one pointed back along the hall.

More guests came up, asking questions. The patrolman, pushing his way to the phone, called back, "Been a smash down the road. One of your crowd, I think. Better have a look at him, some of you men. To the left on the highway."

Tony caught sight of Linda, her face white, her eyes large with apprehension. He turned and sprinted from the house.

Dim black road. Dim gray snow. A curve. No wreck in sight. He should have driven, Tony told himself. Another curve. And there, slouched against a tree trunk, was a contorted car, one of its brights still burning.

Black—a black coupé. Like Rud's car.

Rud! Rud lay there at the edge of the pavement, his ulster hunched around him, his face toward the heaped-up bank, his hands at his sides, palms upward.

"Rud!" Tony cried. "Rud!" He shook Rud gently by the shoulders. Rud's body was limp, flexible. Even warm. A little warm—too little.

Rud was dead. By merely minutes, it seemed. But how had he been killed? Tony couldn't comprehend. It wasn't a bad smash. The car had hit broadside but at no great speed. Only one window was broken—one window on the driver's side. Yet how could Rud have banged into that tree at all? Not a skid. The concrete was bone-dry. The tree trunk was whitewashed, a pillar of warning. Rud had been completely sober. It didn't make sense. Tony came back to Rud.

Dark pools of blood splotched the pavement beneath each of Rud's hands. Tony turned back a sleeve end. There was a black gash across the inner side of the wrist. Another across the other wrist. Gashes such as a knife edge of broken plate glass would make if you sawed your wrists against it and pressed down hard.

Tony stood stunned. Rud had crashed his car on purpose. And the crash hadn't done what he wanted. So he'd finished the job himself.

POUNDING feet brought up two or three more men. Then the place was filled with a jam of cars from the house. The patrolman was there, telling the women to keep back. He leaned over Rud; straightened up. "He's gone," he said. "He was still breathing when I got him out of the car. Who knows him?"

Automatically Tony answered the patrolman's questions. Through his mind went the scene between Rud and himself in the game room. Rud had died wishing he could turn time back, undo his marriage to Valerie.

"If a girl's big urge," Rud had said, "is to keep the boys dizzy and panting by platoons before marriage, it'll be her big urge afterward. Do you understand?"

Rud's voice had pleaded with him to say he understood. And Rud had not been talking about Valerie. Tony knew it now.

From a distance, across a ghostly meadow, came the hysterical trill of an ambulance bell. Cars were heading back to the house. Tony saw Linda's face at a window. He stepped to some one's moving running board.

". . . Is there any use trying to get that across to a man in love? . . ."

Tony lifted his face to the night and the winter sky and said softly, "It's all right, Rud—it's all right."

In the carriage yard Linda touched his arm. "Tony, can I help? Do phoning or anything?"

Tony felt as if he'd known her always. "Well, if you would—if you think the kid brother is all right somewhere—you might drive down to New York with me. Help break the news to Valerie. It has to be done, I suppose."

"Be right with you," she said, and ran into the house.

Tony went to get his coat and hat. For weeks thoughts of Kitti had been a part of him. Now it was as if that part had been cut away, as a surgeon might cut away a diseased spot, leaving a wound that was sore but clean and ready to heal.

In the doorway of the little library stood Ramos. The oily fellow had outwaited many men, thought Tony. And now Ramos had outwaited him—thank God!

Tony came face to face with Kitti as she crossed the veranda from the steps to the door, an attentive man on either side of her.

"And if reporters come," Kitti was saying excitedly, "I'll tell them exactly what—"

Tony halted in front of her. An impudent look he never before had seen came into her face.

"Tell your mother," he directed her, "to call off that cocktail party. Permanently. Get it, Kitti? Permanently."

"You can't make it, Tony? Oh, I'm so sorry." She started on. Tony knew with a certainty that this was old stuff to Kitti.

The first flakes of a fine snow were falling as he and Linda swung into the highway. At the second curve, the black coupé huddled against its tree, hood and fender crumpled.

"Tony, he must have been crowded into that tree," Linda said. "By some wild drunk. How else—"

"Possible," said Tony. "But Rud was dog-tired. Just nodded off for a minute, I imagine."

Tony started his windshield wipers. In clarified vision the world ahead looked new and clean and untouched.

THE END

50 UNANSWERED QUESTIONS IN THE HAUPTMANN CASE

A Searching Survey of the Doubts and "Sinister Suggestions" that Still Shadow the Famous Crime

by

LOU WEDEMAR

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Wedemar began his investigation of the kidnaping of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., on the night the baby disappeared from its home. He helped run down many clues during the two and a half years before Bruno Richard Hauptmann was arrested, and after Hauptmann's arrest he was the first reporter to interview him. Several of his news stories attracted nation-wide attention. He published exclusively the secret symbol-signature signed to the ransom notes, and when the jury brought in its verdict that Hauptmann was guilty, he beat the press of the world with the first "flash" to Universal Service. He has perhaps the most complete private collection of inside information on the case, and it is on this, as well as on his experience, that he bases his article.

MANY puzzling details of the Lindbergh case remain unsolved today, despite the death sentence imposed on Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

I challenge the nation's high officials of law enforcement to answer all of the important questions listed here. The persistence of these questions is such as to have aroused a widespread opinion that, at the best, "the crime of the century" remains partially unsolved; and that, at the worst, it is as much of a mystery as ever.

Question 1: Why was no evidence about "the man with a handkerchief" presented to the Hauptmann jury?

When Colonel Lindbergh went to St. Raymond's Cemetery on the night of April 2, 1932, to pay the ransom to "John," he saw, according to his testimony before the Bronx grand jury, a man with a handkerchief. This man, who walked with a stoop and wore a brown suit, twice passed Colonel Lindbergh's car while Dr. Condon was waiting in the cemetery for John to appear.

This man, whom Colonel Lindbergh then believed to be a lookout for "the kidnap gang," held a handkerchief in his hand, partly covering his face with it. After twice passing Colonel Lindbergh, looking in every direction carefully, he ran past to a spot some distance away. There Colonel Lindbergh saw him drop the handkerchief as if giving a signal. Then he disappeared.

The handkerchief was recovered later by detectives, and efforts were made to trace its owner. But it was not introduced at Hauptmann's trial, and no mention of it, or of the man, was made to the jury. The possibility has been considered that this man was Isidor Fisch. But the police have a statement from Colonel Lindbergh, made after Hauptmann's arrest, that he believed it possible that *Hauptmann was the man with the handkerchief!*

Question 2: Why did Dr. Condon follow the man with a handkerchief?

During the fifteen minutes Colonel Lindbergh and Dr. Condon waited outside St. Raymond's Cemetery for John to reappear, Dr. Condon also saw this man. When the man passed Colonel Lindbergh the second time, Dr. Condon was emerging from the cemetery after vainly seeking John. He saw and followed the man around a curve in the road, until they were both out of sight of Colonel Lindbergh. Whether they spoke to each other is not known; Dr. Condon would not tell. But while the man with a handkerchief was still on Tremont Avenue, John hailed Dr. Condon from within the cemetery wall.

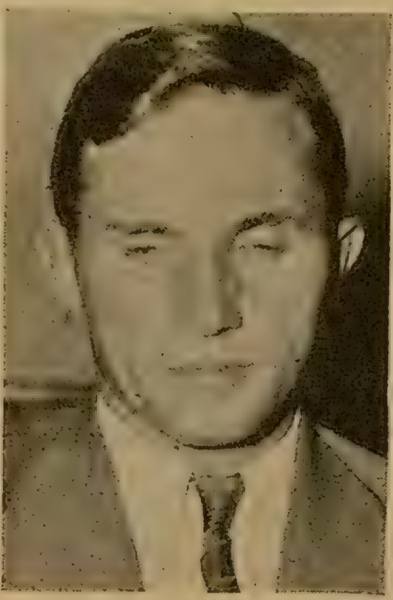
Dr. Condon, like Colonel Lindbergh, did not mention this incident to the jury. In justice, it should be added that they were not asked about it.

Question 3: Why did John accept $50,000, when there was $70,000 ready for him?

According to Dr. Condon, he told John in the cemetery that Colonel Lindbergh had brought the $70,000 demanded in the ransom letters. The amount had been increased $20,000 from the original demand "because of delay," and Colonel Lindbergh was ready to pay in full. Yet, dealing with the criminal conscienceless enough to kidnap and murder a baby, Dr. Condon was able to talk him out of $20,000 by pleading that Colonel Lindbergh could not afford to pay the full amount. He so informed Colonel Lindbergh, who was waiting alone in a near-by automobile, and Colonel Lindbergh took out $20,000.

Question 4: What happened to the ransom-money box?

The ransom letters directed that the money be put into a wooden box of shape and size described and illustrated. The $50,000 was in this box when handed to John. But when the $14,000 ransom money was found in Hauptmann's garage, it was hidden in holes bored in wood, and in tin cans. If the money was to be hidden thus, why was the extortionist so particular about the wooden box? Despite a careful search the box was not found at the cemetery. And it was not found at Hauptmann's home or in his garage.



HAUPTMANN

Question 5: What happened to the $30,000?

During the search for the kidnaper, $5,000 in ransom money was caught in banks, stores, and at the Federal Reserve bank. In addition, $14,000 approximately was found in Hauptmann's garage. But the remaining $30,000 has never been found, although accountants testified Hauptmann spent that amount after the kidnaping and before his arrest.

Question 6: Whose fingerprints are on the ransom letters?

Government experts admit fingerprints have been found on the ransom letters sent to Colonel Lindbergh. The fingerprints are not complete, but enough to be used for partial identification purposes. They do not, however, match Hauptmann's fingerprints. And yet no one touched most of those letters from the time they were mailed until they were opened by fingerprint experts.

Question 7: Who is J. J. Faulkner?

On May 1, 1933, some one entered the Federal Reserve bank in Manhattan, center of the net stretched to catch Lindbergh ransom money. Signing the name, J. J. Faulkner, and giving the address, 537 West 149th Street, this person exchanged a bundle of $2,980 Lindbergh gold certificates for other currency, and walked out unsuspected; the bills were noted as ransom money several hours later. The writing has been declared by all experts not Hauptmann's. And the search for J. J. Faulkner, while marked by one suicide, completely failed. It is certain Hauptmann did not write the deposit slip. The search for Faulkner never approached Hauptmann in any way.

Question 8: How did the kidnaper know the Lindberghs would be in Hopewell the night of March 1, 1932?

The Lindbergh home at Hopewell had just been completed, and Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh had never spent more than a day or two, always week ends, there. They had never stayed through Monday, let alone through Tuesday. And when they decided to stay the night of Tuesday, March 1, only they and their servants, and the Englewood household of Dwight W. Morrow, Mrs. Lindbergh's father, knew it. The manner in which their decision became known to the kidnaper has never been explained.

Question 9: How did the kidnaper know where the baby slept?

The shutters of the nursery were drawn, so the child could not be seen from outside. Furthermore, with the shutters closed, it was impossible to be certain that the child was alone.

Question 10: Did Hauptmann have a confederate?

The authorities were convinced in the early months of their investigation that the kidnaping was an inside job. They declared that without some one in the Lindbergh house to help, the kidnaper could never have perpetrated the crime.

Question 11: Why were no fingerprints whatever found in the nursery?

Fingerprint experts who examined the nursery found no fingerprints of any one, Detective Kelly of the State Troopers testified at Hauptmann's trial. There were not even any prints of Betty Gow, the child's nurse; or Mrs. Lindbergh, or Colonel Lindbergh, he said; he admitted there was none of Hauptmann's in the room or on the window.

Question 12: Whose prints were on the kidnap ladder?

Examination of the kidnap ladder by Dr. Hudson, inventor of a new fingerprint process, disclosed more than 500 fingerprints. Many were identified as those of police; none was Hauptmann's. But there were many fingerprints on the ladder which were never identified at all.

Question 13: How did the kidnaper enter the nursery?

An official picture of the Lindbergh nursery shows that a large vase obstructed the window. The other window had its shutter fastened so it could not be opened. The official picture was not offered in evidence!

Question 14: Why was the kidnaper not heard by Colonel Lindbergh?

The construction of the house is such that footsteps in the nursery are audible in the room below. Yet Colonel Lindbergh sat in the room below, reading, at the time the kidnaping is believed to have occurred.

Question 15: Why didn't the Lindbergh dog bark?

A small dog, a Lindbergh family pet and a playmate of the baby, is understood to have been in the Hopewell house. But it did not bark and give an alarm, as would have been expected if a stranger walked around outside the house or entered the nursery.

Question 16: How was the window opened unnoticed?

A strong wind was blowing from the side of the house with the unlatched nursery window. Its opening should have sent a gust of wind through the house, but such an occurrence was not noted by any of the occupants.

Question 17: Why was the "crazy ladder" used?

The ladder found near the Lindbergh house, and ascribed to Hauptmann at his trial, was a rickety thing which apparently broke under the weight of the person who mounted it. Yet a short distance away, in the unlocked Lindbergh garage, was a longer strong ladder which would have reached the nursery window much more efficiently. Some investigators believe the "crazy ladder" was not used at all.

Question 18: Had Colonel Lindbergh received kidnap threats which have not been made public?

The night of the kidnaping, Colonel Lindbergh was to address a college reunion, but forgot about it so completely he failed to apologize for not attending. There were reports his preoccupation had been caused by kidnap threats. If he had attended the reunion, he would not have arrived in Hopewell until much later than he did. And yet the kidnaping apparently occurred after his arrival at home around eight o'clock.

Question 19: Why did Colonel Lindbergh leave the note in the nursery unopened?

Although his child had mysteriously vanished, Colonel Lindbergh left the first kidnap note on the window sill, where the intruder apparently had deposited it despite the wind, closing the window afterward. When police arrived Colonel Lindbergh read the note, which demanded ransom and said the child was in "gute" care.

Question 20: Did any one copy the signature on the first ransom letter?

This letter found in the nursery bore a peculiar signature, composed of two large blue circles, interlocking, with a red disk between them, complicated by three punch holes, or tears, in the center of the disk and at the edges of the circles. Many persons saw the letter and made copies of it, among them Rosner, the underworld intermediary, and Spitale and Bitz, racketeers, also named as intermediaries. The authorities say they had no opportunity to copy the signature, although they traced the writing itself. Yet succeeding letters, in writing that seemed somewhat different from that in the first note, bore identical symbol-signatures. If the signature also was copied, it might be possible, investigators say, that the kidnaping and ransom plots were two different things—and that the ransom was actually paid to "chiselers."

Question 21: Why did the maid Violet Sharpe commit suicide?

Violet Sharpe, a maid in the Morrow home, who, like other servants there, knew that the Lindberghs were spending that Tuesday night in Hopewell, killed herself with poison as detectives were waiting downstairs in the Englewood residence to question her. No motive for her suicide, other than fear of questioning, existed; yet she has never been linked in any way with Hauptmann or in any other way with the kidnaping.

Question 22: How was the Lindbergh baby killed?

This question, the crux of the entire case, is still as unanswered as it was the night of the kidnaping. An autopsy failed to show cause of death. A skull wound was found, but there is doubt whether this was the direct cause of death. No one knows whether the child was killed by falling with the kidnaper when the ladder broke, whether it was strangled in the crib, or whether it died in some other way. Attorney General Wilentz opened his case with the theory that the child was killed accidentally, and he closed with the charge that Hauptmann killed it in the crib.

COLONEL LINDBERGH

Question 23: What is the truth about John Hughes Curtis?

Curtis, a Norfolk, Virginia, shipbuilder, convinced the authorities and Colonel Lindbergh that he was in actual touch with the kidnapers and that the baby was alive on a rum boat, in possession of gangsters he named. After the baby's body was found he confessed his story was a hoax, and he was convicted of misleading the authorities. Yet the jury was instructed to convict him only if it found he had been in actual touch with the kidnapers. Later Curtis repudiated his confession. Strangely, he was never confronted with Hauptmann after Hauptmann's arrest.

Question 24: Why did Jafsie Condon fail to identify Hauptmann after his arrest? Or did he?

Dr. Condon was asked, then, to try to identify him. After carefully studying him Jafsie shook his head. Several times after that he refused to say he had recognized Hauptmann. But on the witness stand he definitely said, "John was Bruno Richard Hauptmann."

Question 25: What did Jafsie say to Hauptmann in the Flemington jail?

An extraordinary conference between them was held there shortly after Hauptmann was extradited from the Bronx, and before he went on trial. Many versions of their conversation have been reported, but no one knows exactly what was the significance of their conference.

Question 26: Why did John compel Jafsie to put a personal ad in the paper?

Dr. Condon, saying he was acting under John's instructions, put a personal advertisement in a New York newspaper immediately after conferring with him. John said the purpose of this was to let the "rest of the gang" know the negotiations for the ransom were progressing favorably. This ad has never been explained.

Question 27: Who was the mysterious woman with whom Jafsie conferred in Westchester?

While the negotiations were in progress, Dr. Condon went to Westchester. There he met a woman, whom he never identified, and talked with her for some time.

Question 28: Who was the Italian Jafsie heard on the telephone?

According to Jafsie, his first contact over the telephone with John was interrupted by another man, who broke in. This other man spoke in Italian, and used words which Jafsie reported to the police. Translated, the words meant, "Shut up!" John immediately ended the conversation. The jury, incidentally, was not told of this interruption.

Question 29: Why, if he is guilty, didn't Hauptmann try to implicate the innocent Jafsie?

Hauptmann is credited by the authorities with a high grade of intelligence. If he is guilty, alone, he might have somewhat protected himself by falsely naming Jafsie as a confederate. Such a move by Hauptmann on the witness stand would have thrown the court into turmoil. It is difficult to understand how a criminal of the type Hauptmann is believed to be could have failed to seize on such an obvious and forceful strategy. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Since this article was written, Hauptmann in a letter to the press has implied this very accusation. Dr. Condon, he wrote, "is holding the key to the case; also the key to my cell."]

Question 30: Why did Hauptmann "protect" Hans Muller?

When the midget automatic pistol was found in Hauptmann's garage, he refused to say from whom he had got it. Only after considerable questioning of Mrs. Hauptmann and friends did the authorities learn that he had bought it from Hans Muller, cousin of Mrs. Hauptmann, who was visiting the Hauptmanns when Hauptmann was arrested.

Question 31: Why did Jafsie insist that the ransom John had almond eyes?

This was a feature of Jafsie's description of the man to whom he paid the money. Yet Hauptmann, whom he identifies as that man, does not have almond-shaped eyes.

Question 32: Why was the footprint of John not shown to the jury?

Ralph Hacker, son-in-law of Jafsie, made a plaster-of-Paris cast of a footprint left by John in the cemetery. This plaster cast was not produced in court as evidence against Hauptmann, and some investigators believe this was because Hauptmann's shoes do not fit it. If they don't, the cast may show the print of some one else in the case, investigators believe.

Question 33: Why was the evidence about the ladder nails not used in court?

A metal expert traced nails found in the kidnap ladder to the factory and discovered their characteristics were distinctive. Similar nails were found, after Hauptmann's arrest, in the garage he had built and in a keg lying in his garage. This fact was not used as prosecution evidence, possibly because of the expert's admitted inability to trace 400 additional kegs of nails, all exactly the same as those in the ladder, which were purchased by persons other than Hauptmann.

Question 34: What happened to the missing block of wood?

The most sensational evidence against Hauptmann, in the opinion of many, was that of Arthur Koehler, government wood expert, who said an upright of the ladder had been cut off from a board found after Hauptmann's arrest in the attic of his Bronx home. Koehler admitted, however, that a piece of the board about four inches in length was missing, and that he "reconstructed" the grain of the wood in order to prove that the two pieces would have matched had the missing block been found.

Question 35: Why did Hauptmann write Jafsie's telephone number on a closet wall of his home?

Hauptmann has said that this writing "may be his," because he had a habit of writing things on the wall. But why should a man who had no telephone write a telephone number on the wall when it was easily available in the telephone directory? This writer considers this item one of the strongest indications that Hauptmann had confederates. If he were working under the direction of some one, who told him merely that Jafsie was called "Doc," and that he should telephone him at a certain number, he might then write it on a wall in his home. But Jafsie's telephone number could have been available to Hauptmann during the negotiations only in this way or in a telephone book, for it was not printed in the newspapers. The nearest telephone to Hauptmann's home was two blocks away. And to write it on the wall from a telephone directory, Hauptmann would have been compelled to note the number and then come home and write it down.

Question 36: Why did Hauptmann, if he was solely guilty, remain living in the house where huge quantities of evidence against him were easily available?

Criminologists say the natural thing would have been for Hauptmann to move to another house after the ransom was paid, and to buy new tools. Then it would have been harder for the authorities to link the ladder wood, the nails, and his tools to the kidnap ladder.

Question 37: Exactly why was Jafsie satisfactory to the kidnaper as ransom intermediary?

John said it was because the "Number One man, a high government official," who directed the kidnaping, knew Jafsie and that he could be trusted. If this is true, it implicates a confederate or "master mind."

If not, then why did Hauptmann choose, from the hundreds of potential intermediaries, Dr. Jafsie Condon? investigators ask.

Question 38: Who was the "wealthy man in an expensive automobile" who called on Hauptmann?

Neighbors told of a wealthy man in such a car who frequently called on Hauptmann before his arrest, and went with him on hunting trips. The authorities were unable to trace this man, and Hauptmann refuses to name him.

Question 39: How was the symbol-signature made?

Government experts were convinced that it was made with a carefully manufactured tool of some kind. They found no such tool in Hauptmann's house or garage, and the manner in which the circles were drawn and the punctures made has never been established.

Watch for Jafsie's Answers!

In his own inside story, hitherto untold, Dr. Condon—who as Jafsie was Colonel Lindbergh's contact with the extortioner "John"—will answer these questions asked by Mr. Wedemar.

COMING SOON IN LIBERTY!

Question 40: What was the signature's origin?

All efforts by research experts, psychologists, and persons familiar with symbols have failed to find anywhere an exact duplicate, or original, of the signature.

Question 41: Why did the kidnaper spend a ransom bill within twenty-four hours of receiving the money?

Hauptmann was working at that time and had some money. Caution such as the kidnaper had shown would seem to suggest waiting at least a few days.

Question 42: How did the kidnaper get through the police cordon?

After the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped, police set up cordons at the Holland Tunnel and at all bridges, noting every car that passed. Yet Hauptmann's car was not seen. Furthermore, Hauptmann provided an alibi for the night of the kidnaping; the state produced no one who had seen him in New Jersey that night.

Question 43: Why did a Bronx cabinetmaker say he made the kidnap ladder?

As Hauptmann was about to go to trial, the Bronx cabinetmaker who made the box in which the ransom money was packed, signed an affidavit that he had made the kidnap ladder for two men, neither of whom was Hauptmann. He was not produced at Hauptmann's trial.

Question 44: Why did Attorney Reilly admit the *corpus delicti* against Hauptmann's wishes?

C. Lloyd Fisher, now chief of Hauptmann's counsel, charges that when Edward J. Reilly, chief trial counsel for Hauptmann, conceded the identification of the body found near Hopewell as that of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., he acted against the advice of associate counsel. Many Hunterdon County residents, Fisher says, until that moment had believed the body was some other child's.

Question 45: Where is the missing cab driver?

The first ransom note was delivered to Jafsie by a cab driver, who has been sought vainly ever since. Authorities believed that if he had been innocent he would have come forward voluntarily, as John Perrone, who took a later note in his cab, did.

Question 46: Why did Jafsie permit John to go unchallenged when he saw him from a bus?

Dr. Condon testified on the witness stand that some time after the ransom payment he was riding on a Bronx bus when he saw John. He admitted that he had neither followed this man whom the police of the world were seeking, nor told the authorities about it immediately, as it was "none of his business."

Question 47: Whose was the phrasing of the ransom letters?

Authorities were unanimous, before Hauptmann was arrested, that the ransom letters were penned by an ignorant person and dictated by an educated one.

Question 48: What is the true story of Isidor Fisch?

Fisch, Hauptmann's "alibi man," was a most mysterious figure. He was known in some circles as poverty-stricken and in others as a well-to-do businessman. Hauptmann's attorneys have affidavits that Fisch tried to dispose of $50,000, which he described as "hot money," after the Lindbergh ransom was paid. No investigator has been able to build up a complete picture of Fisch, who said several times that "gangsters were after him."

Question 49: How explain the "fatal coincidence"?

Ransom money was spent in hundreds of stores throughout the city. But the one place where the spender's auto license was noted was at a filling station on 127th Street—directly adjoining the house in which Isidor Fisch lived before he went to Europe. The writing of this auto-license number on a ten-dollar bill led to Hauptmann's arrest.

Question 50: Why did Colonel Lindbergh refuse to permit a search for his son's body in the woods around Hopewell?

Authorities wanted to make such a search the day after the kidnaping, but Colonel Lindbergh, who was in full charge of the search, refused to permit it.

Question 51: How long had the baby's body been where it was found?

Many persons have said that they had passed the spot where the body was found, and had seen no sign of the shallow grave. There are still some who believe the body was put there shortly before it was discovered.

Question 52: What actually happened the night of the kidnaping?

This question is really one composed of many.

Not a single detail of the kidnaping is known. No one knows for certain whether the kidnaper actually went up and down the fragile ladder, or whether it was a "plant" to cover the use of a staircase made available by inside help. No one knows whether the ladder, if it was used, was held by an accomplice in the heavy wind, or whether the kidnaper, acting alone, trusted to luck that it would remain in place. No one—except the kidnaper—knows why the ladder was left behind, how the note was left on the window sill, how such quiet entry and exit were possible, how fingerprints were avoided, or how the child died.

Question 53: Who was to take care of the kidnaped Lindbergh baby?

Many investigators believe that Hauptmann would not have taken the child without making careful arrangements for its safekeeping during ransom negotiations. Yet Mrs. Hauptmann has been cleared of suspicion, and no other possible assistant to Hauptmann has been named.

Hauptmann could not have intended to take the baby home with him, having made no preparations for its care, or explanations to his wife. Thus, if he had intended to keep the child alive, an accomplice—either present on the scene, or waiting elsewhere—and a hiding place must have been arranged.

On the other hand, if Hauptmann premeditated the murder of the child, and intended to kill it at once and bury it, he must have been willing to commit the crime as a complete gamble—in the belief that the ransom would be paid without the child's return. As it was.

Such is the weird parade of questions, of half-seen persons and sinister suggestions, that continues to this day to march over the bulky dossiers of the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case.

Dark, vague figures will have been dimly descried behind some of the questions—figures of men and women who had some part in the case and whose participation has never been fully explained.

Somewhere among these questions may be the answer to the greatest question of them all—

Is Bruno Richard Hauptmann the complete answer to the enigma of Hopewell?

THE END

LILTING, LIFELIKE, LAUGHABLE

A Gay and Charming Musical Brings Mlle. Pons to the Screen; Mr. Muni Effectively Reincarnates a Scientist of Yesterday, and Miss Temple Has Her Comic Way with a Hardy Perennial of War

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

4 stars — Extraordinary
3 stars — Excellent
2 stars — Good
1 star — Poor
0 star — Very Poor

★ ★ ★ I DREAM TOO MUCH

THE PLAYERS: Lily Pons, Henry Fonda, Eric Blore, Osgood Perkins, Lucien Littlefield, Lucille Ball, Mischa Auer, Paul Porcasi, Scott Beckett. Directed by John Cromwell. Story by Elsie Finn and David G. Wittels.

A CHARMING introduction for the cinema's newest invader from opera, I Dream Too Much is a graceful and melodious modern fairy tale. Treated with lightness and brightly handled sentiment, Lily Pons's screen debut affords an evening of lilting pleasure.

In this the famous coloratura soprano is seen as a provincial miss who meets a young American composer during one of those almost too gay carnivals that occur almost every night according to the movies. The composer, engagingly played by the rapidly rising Henry Fonda, succumbs to Mlle. Pons's easily apparent charms, though his ear is still more attuned to his own compositions than to marriage bells.

In an effort to get Fonda's work before the public, the svelte Miss Pons takes the score to a producer (Osgood Perkins), singing the embryo opera for him. Impressed not with the music but enthralled by her flutelike voice, Perkins immediately signs her. While she is captivating audiences the world over, Fonda meets with repeated failure, becoming at last a penniless taxi driver. Returning from her triumphant tour, Miss Pons refuses to fulfill her last engagement unless producer Perkins will stage Fonda's show. That the show is greeted with popular if not critical acclaim will not surprise wise movie audiences.

Lily Pons in a scene from I Dream Too Much.

But what will delight theatergoers are the gay and touching bits that adorn the plot. Miss Pons sings the Bell Song from Lakmé, a delightful merry-go-round piece, and some original Jerome Kern melodies. Not only an exciting singer but a slim, vivacious, and darkly attractive woman with an amusing accent, Miss Pons is assured of picture popularity. Aided by brilliant support from the always capable Osgood Perkins and given the freshly talented Henry Fonda for a leading man, I Dream Too Much is, even with its occasional lapses and thinness, an item of genuine and tuneful gaiety.

VITAL STATISTICS: Lily Pons had two teeth when born. Cannes, France, is her birthplace. She was born with a caul at twelve midnight; is of French-Italian blood; walked at nine months, talked at fourteen. Cried at five to be taken to the theater; saw Lucia di Lammermoor. Came home and picked out arias she'd heard on the piano. An actress at fifteen, she didn't make an opera debut till 1929 in Lakmé in Alsace. Got Metropolitan audition via a record of her voice. Made her Met debut January 5, 1931, in Lucia. She'd married August Mesritz, a wealthy Holland attorney, at seventeen, almost losing her to the opera world. Divorce has set in since—a friendly parting. She's just five feet tall; her normal weight's 104 and Hollywood took four of that off. She's got large dark expressive pools of eyes; wears a No. 2 shoe; a child acted as her stand-in. She hopes to retire in a few years to a Marion Talley hot spot—a farm. She's as unaffected as Grace Moore is regal. Makes friends easily, Hollywood really taking to her. . . . Once Henry Fonda sat in the Metropolitan Op'ry House gallery and never dared dream he'd play opposite Lily Pons, but it's come true with benefit of fate. Henry's of Grand Island, Cornhuskerland. Spent two years at the U. of Minn., teaching woodcarving, sketching on the side, playing basketball nights, studying any old time. Was discovered by June Walker at the Mount Kisco summer playhouse.

★ ★ ★ THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR

THE PLAYERS: Paul Muni, Josephine Hutchinson, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, Henry O'Neill, Porter Hall, Raymond Brown, Akim Tamiroff, Halliwell Hobbes, Frank Reicher, Dickie Moore, Walter Kingsford. Directed by William Dieterle. Story by Sheridan Gibney and Pierre Collings.

A SOLID conscientious picture biography of France's great nineteenth-century chemist, The Story of Louis Pasteur is interesting both as a history of a brilliant career and as a well knit if somewhat slow screen play. Paul Muni plays the man who was branded a charlatan and lived to change medical procedure the world over.

As with every man who upsets professional tradition, Pasteur's life is a story of public ridicule, jealousy, and hatred. Warners' respectful version of his hounded life has taken the high lights of this great career and molded them into a highly commendable and quite engrossing film. And the film flows smoothly and with great power.

Under William Dieterle's able direction the screen play becomes a living document. There are dramatized peaks and woven in with them are the required romantic aspects: the young lovers, acceptably portrayed by Donald Woods and Anita Louise, and Pasteur's loyal long-suffering wife, admirably enacted by Josephine Hutchinson. However, it is the story of Pasteur's gallant struggle that

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Users Think of J. B. L. Cascade

Nurse Uses Cascade on Nearly Every Case: I have this to say now and always. I sure could not and would not be without a Cascade for my own use. I also use one in my work on nearly every case I go on. I enjoy using it because I can always depend on good results; it never fails me. I surely have had some wonderful results by the use of the Cascade. I guess I could fill a book with my different cases and the results I have had. I just couldn't nurse any more without it.

Lena Lierman, R. N.
1731 Delaware St.,
Anderson, Ind.
(Nov. 8, 1934)

●

Feels Like a Different Woman: I received my J. B. L. on Oct. 8th of this year, and started using it that night. I felt better the next day.

But today I feel like a different woman—no more dizzy spells—no more headaches and no pain down the back of my head and neck. I have also lost those ugly black circles I have had under my eyes for years.

When I ordered my J. B. L. I weighed 103 lbs. Today I weigh 118 lbs. and gaining rapidly.

I have a good appetite now and enjoy what I eat and I give J. B. L. all the credit.

Believe me I will gladly tell everyone I know who are suffering from toxic poisoning about the J. B. L.

You may use my letter if you wish.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Mabel Simonson,
(Dec. 14, 1934),
Grace, Idaho.

●

87 Years Young: Have used the Cascade for about twelve years. I am in perfect health. Do not need to use the Cascade now as my bowels are just like a young person's. Am now young at 87. The J. B. L. Cascade has done the job. Of course I did not use it haphazardly. I used it every day all these years. Now I have my reward.

James Nesbitt,
(June 4, 1934),
Schoolcraft, Michigan.

●

Ends 20 Years of Suffering: Your J. B. L. Treatment is a wonderful treatment—my case is a living man 73 years old, very active, stout and hearty, after 20 years of torture and suffering. Refer anybody to me about the J. B. L. Cascade.

F. M. Brown,
(June 1, 1934),
249 N. Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bone-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow, Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L1-4 152 W. 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L1-4, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name....................................

Street....................................

City............................State........

makes this film the decidedly worthwhile offering it is. And the picture is as lifelike as it is enlightening.

VITAL STATISTICS: This year Paul Muni Weisenfreund will break a steadfast rule. He'll make three, not his usual two, pictures. He'll be Wang in The Good Earth. He's borrowed from Warners by Irving (Genius) Thalberg in exchange for Bob Montgomery, six Garbo autographs, and two prop boys. Muni gets a mere $50,000 a film, but his excursion from Burbank to Culver City will likely double this. This life of Pasteur is Muni's own suggestion. With usual painstakingness, to prepare for Pasteurization Muni read forty books on Pasteur, practically interned himself for a period at the Van Nuys (California) Hospital, studied innumerable medical scientific doings, then meditated on it all for three weeks in strict retirement in a luxurious dressing-room hermit house on his San Fernando estate. When he emerged ready to work, Muni was hardly recognizable. He'd grown a Pasteur hirsute adornment and was practically more Pasteurized than Pasteur. This's his second "intellectual" role in movies, other being Dr. Socrates. . . . Prettyman Donald Woods is married to Baroness von der Horsk, and has expressed disaffection with the Warner plant and will break with it; gets $1,000 weekly. . . . Dickie Moore's getting to be Screen Sufferer No. 1.

★ ★ ★ THE LITTLEST REBEL

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, John Boles, Jack Holt, Karen Morley, Bill Robinson, Guinn Williams, Willie Best, Frank McGlynn, Sr., Bessie Lyle, Hannah Washington. Directed by David Butler. Play by Edward Peple.

THE LITTLEST REBEL gives Shirley Temple ample play room for all the antics over which she is complete mistress. The moments that give this bellicose affair its undeniable appeal have little to do with the plot. In fact they have nothing to do with anything but the Temple infant.

Aided considerably by Bill Robinson, loyal Southerner Shirley Temple makes The Littlest Rebel into something to evoke laughter rather than nostalgic tears. She sings Polly Wolly Doodle, Dixie, and Those Endearing Young Charms. She dances with Robinson and gives the picture its biggest laugh when she convinces the stationmaster that she should ride trains half-fare. There are many finer child players than Shirley; which in some ways may account for her bubbling charm. For Shirley is no actress at all. She is, rather, a healthy, happy and—we are forced to admit—lovable child with a great enthusiasm for playing at acting. That she has managed to keep this quality unsullied is the reason she can laugh at the precocious technique of her rivals.

Jack Holt, John Boles, Karen Morley, and Guinn Williams are entirely capable and entirely unneeded in supporting roles. They supply a backdrop and that's about all. The Littlest Rebel is a revue starring Shirley Temple. She kicks the plot into a cocked hat and there's not a thing any one can do about it—except, of course, see the film and have a good time.

VITAL STATISTICS: The chief problem around Fox Hills is to keep the Temple a constant dimpled naïve unspoiled six. In her last year in pictures, under dionne handling, she has grown but half an inch, retains practically same proportions, and hasn't aged officially. With eight months of studio school behind her, Shirley's gathered a practical vocabulary of 750 words and reads and writes as well as any child of ten. Her I. Q. is 155, average 100 for perfect kids her age, 135 supposedly indicative of genius. Rarely misses a line in performance, is dubbed One-Shot Temple. Took tea at the studio with Freddie Bartholomew, he doing Professional Soldier on the lot at the time, and was fascinated by Freddie's charming precise manners, diction, small talk. . . . Who says Joe Louis hasn't a sense of humor? He sent Bill Robinson a bust of himself made like a bank, hinting that Bill, a notorious spender, save his money. . . . Frank McGlynn, Sr., won the Lincoln assignment over eighty-three other known

Abraham Lincolns who make their living impersonating the Great Emancipator. It isn't necessary to gum a mole or prop beard on McGlynn, as he comes provided with 'em. McGlynn's fifty-nine, of Frisco, a U. of Cal. grad, has played Lincoln since '20, reached the Lincoln heights in Drinkwater's play about the greatest Republican. Next to playing Lincoln, he'd like to raise thoroughbred Arabians, but will never retire—at least not as long as Lincoln's remembered. . . . John Boles's forebears fought for the Confederates. He lost his home in the recent Malibu fires.

★ ★ SPLENDOR

THE PLAYERS: Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Paul Cavanagh, Helen Westley, Billie Burke, Katherine Alexander, Ruth Weston, David Niven, Arthur Treacher. Directed by Elliott Nugent. Story and screen play by Rachel Crothers.

IN Splendor, Miss Crothers's characters (Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Billie Burke, Helen Westley, Ruth Weston, and David Niven) sit about in a few nicely decorated rooms and talk.

They talk, in smartly written dialogue, about Miss Hopkins, a poor girl who has ruined poor but aristocratic Joel McCrea's chances by marrying him. Tiring of the incessant bickering from McCrea's family, Miss Hopkins sells her fair white body at '29 prices to Paul Cavanagh, who gives her husband a job so that he and his family may live in their traditional style.

When her infidelity is discovered, Miss Hopkins runs away. And when McCrea learns that he has been getting rich through his wife's lovely influence, he runs away too. Finally—poor and wiser and sadder—they meet again to live in honestly achieved surroundings. Because Miriam Hopkins and the handsome Joel McCrea manage to give their love scenes both sincerity and feeling, Splendor has moments of real emotion.

VITAL STATISTICS: Rachel Crothers, who like Mae West writes in bed, wrote this one under Hollywood's first percentage-writer contract. Rachel thinks all screen writers should work thus —which is a great idea with which the studio heads don't agree, some takes running up to five millions. Few pictures lose money. . . . The hardest things to reconcile about Miriam Hopkins is that she was born in Georgia, educated in Maine and at Syracuse U., and despite her fragility (105 pounds) screens voluptuously; has thistledown blonde hair but gets no credit for its real blondeness. She lives on a milk diet, the new fad. . . . Joel McCrea's quite the hypnotist. . . . Helen Westley's Hollywood's outstanding fortune teller with cards. . . . New discovery David Niven's an ex-Scotch regiment loot, reportedly prepared for screen testing by Merle Oberon, reportedly his fiancée. . . . Ruth Weston's hunted big game in Kenya Colony, Africa. . . . The first (and last) time Samuel Goldwyn saw Kay Alexander was twenty years ago. She played fiddle at a party and Goldwyn saw she had something. He got her a part in The Successful Calamity, Arthur Hopkins *fecit.*

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin?

★★★ — Mary Burns, Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—This homespun former congressman fought for Texan goats and wore his shoes to Court. Who is he?

2—Is a "hot car" one with a steaming radiator?

3—What "one-man" dog is related to the wolf and is sometimes eaten by natives of the country of its origin?

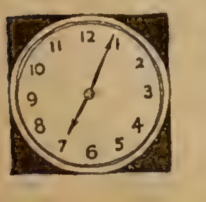
4—What writer was known as Tusitala the tale teller?

5—Of what commercial value is the abalone?

6—Who defined a good government as "one that keeps people from injuring one another yet leaves them free to regulate their own affairs"?

7—Does one eat, play, or preach a glockenspiel?

8—A painting by van Gogh (1853-1890) is valued at $50,000; during his lifetime he sold two paintings for about what amount?



9—Who is the national organizer of the Share-Our-Wealth clubs?

10—If it is 7.04 A.M. in New York, N. Y., and 12 noon at the Greenwich observatory, England, what time would it be in Montreal, Canada?

11—Who was Juliet to E. H. Sothern's Romeo?

12—Why does Germany hold national elections on Sundays or national holidays?

13—Is a goofer a doctor, a ground squirrel, or a nut?

14—What is the world's record for husking corn?

15—Which word is spelled incorrectly: tetraethyl, Carribean, reconnoiter?

16—During the term of which President was the United States Marine Corps founded?

17—Who wrote that through "propaganda a people can be made to believe . . . the most miserable existence is a paradise"?

18—The poke check, body check, hook check, and back check refer to what game?

19—Which drink, prohibited in France, is distilled from wormwood and other roots steeped in alcohol?

20—What poet lived in Camden, New Jersey, nineteen years, long an object of charity?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

It's
Summertime
in South America

. . . and PHILCO will take you there!

TONIGHT . . . let Philco carry you down where the Southern Cross sparkles in a Summer sky! While wintry winds whistle around your home . . . dance to the music of a South American orchestra playing in a patio under the stars.

Philco 610F brings you a constant succession of such thrills! One moment you may be listening to an American program . . . the next instant, if you so desire, this Philco will carry you thousands of miles overseas. The Automatic Built-in Aerial Tuning System of the 610F doubles the foreign stations you can get and enjoy.

See and hear this handsome, rich-toned Philco at the nearest Philco dealer's. Look up his name in your classified telephone directory. He will gladly demonstrate the 610F and tell you about the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

NEW PHILCO
610F $\$54^{95}$
WITH BUILT-IN ALL-WAVE AERIAL TUNING SYSTEM

Listen to
BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

PHILCO
A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

HOME RADIOS . $20 TO $600
AUTO RADIOS $42.95 TO $75
Prices slightly higher Denver & West

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

A Brilliant, Exciting Novel of Two Wives, One Husband, and a Sweetheart, as Gay and Lively and Modern as 1936

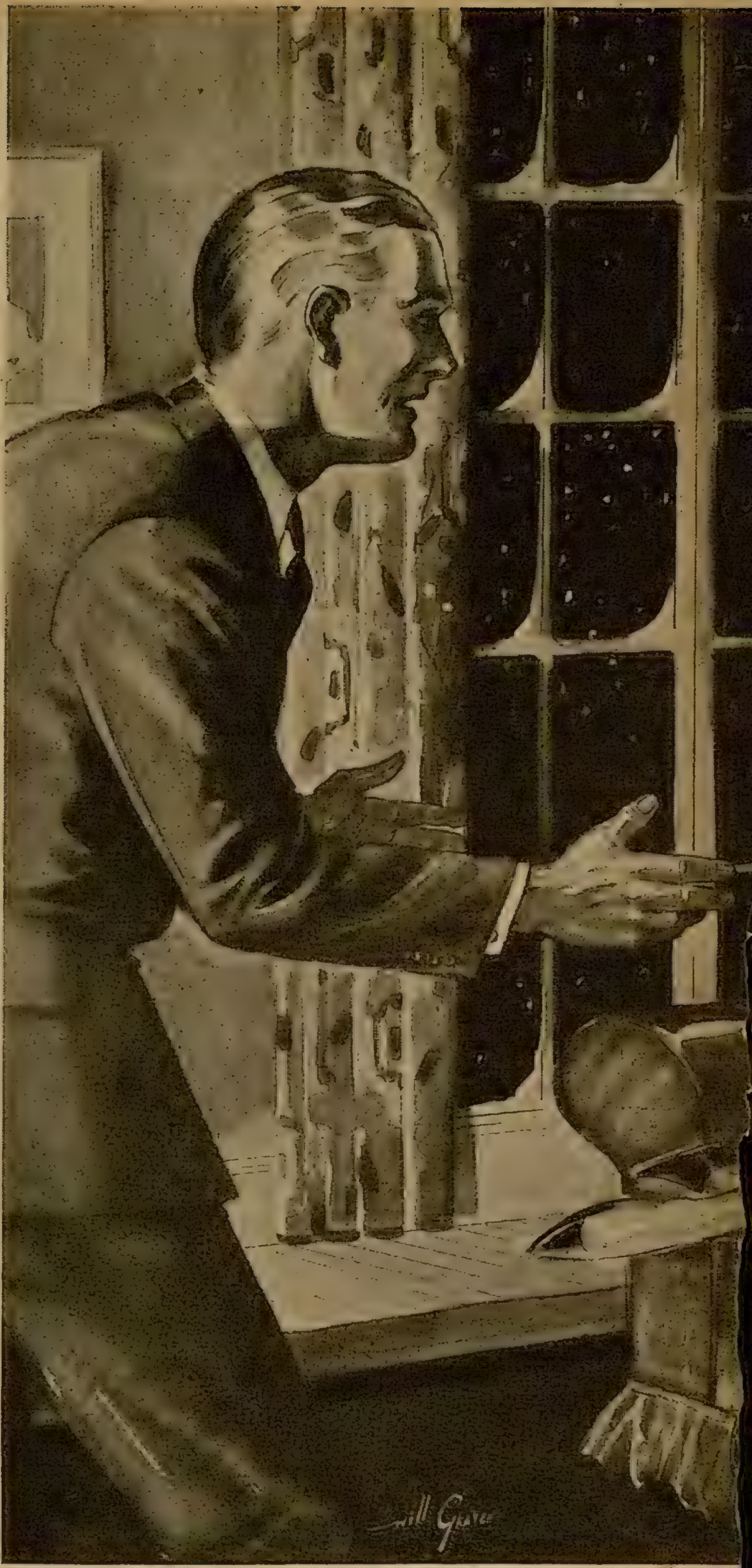
by

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

Snowed Under

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 17 SECONDS



Rowe grabbed the jug, pa

MIDWINTER has descended on the little Connecticut shack-studio in which Joshua Tanner, a young American playwright, is struggling over the third act of his latest drama. His producer, Arthur Layton, and his backers, Mr. and Mrs. Wimpfheimer, are anxiously awaiting results, but for ten agonizing days Tanner has toiled in vain.

Deeply in debt—including back alimony of $1,200 to his gold-digging second wife, Daisy Lowell—missing his first ex-wife, Alice Merritt, more and more, and playing at love with a seventeen-year-old girl, Becky Quinn, the maker of plays feels he has made a mess of his life.

Just when everything looks blackest and a big snowstorm threatens to cut him off from the world, Alice Merritt herself arrives at his remote studio.

Even when Alice assures him that she has only come to borrow $600 to save her antique shop from creditors, Josh is delighted to see her and overwhelms her with his welcome. But he can't help her financially, having only $163 to his name. However, he proposes that she collaborate with him on the play and share the royalty profits. Alice had proved herself a splendid assistant in difficulties of the kind in their happy days together a few years ago.

She promises to read the manuscript if he will go out for a much needed walk and leave her undisturbed to digest the play. No sooner is he gone than Alice telephones to Arthur Layton in New York. Evidently they are in friendly cahoots and Alice has come here to clear up Josh's dramatic troubles.

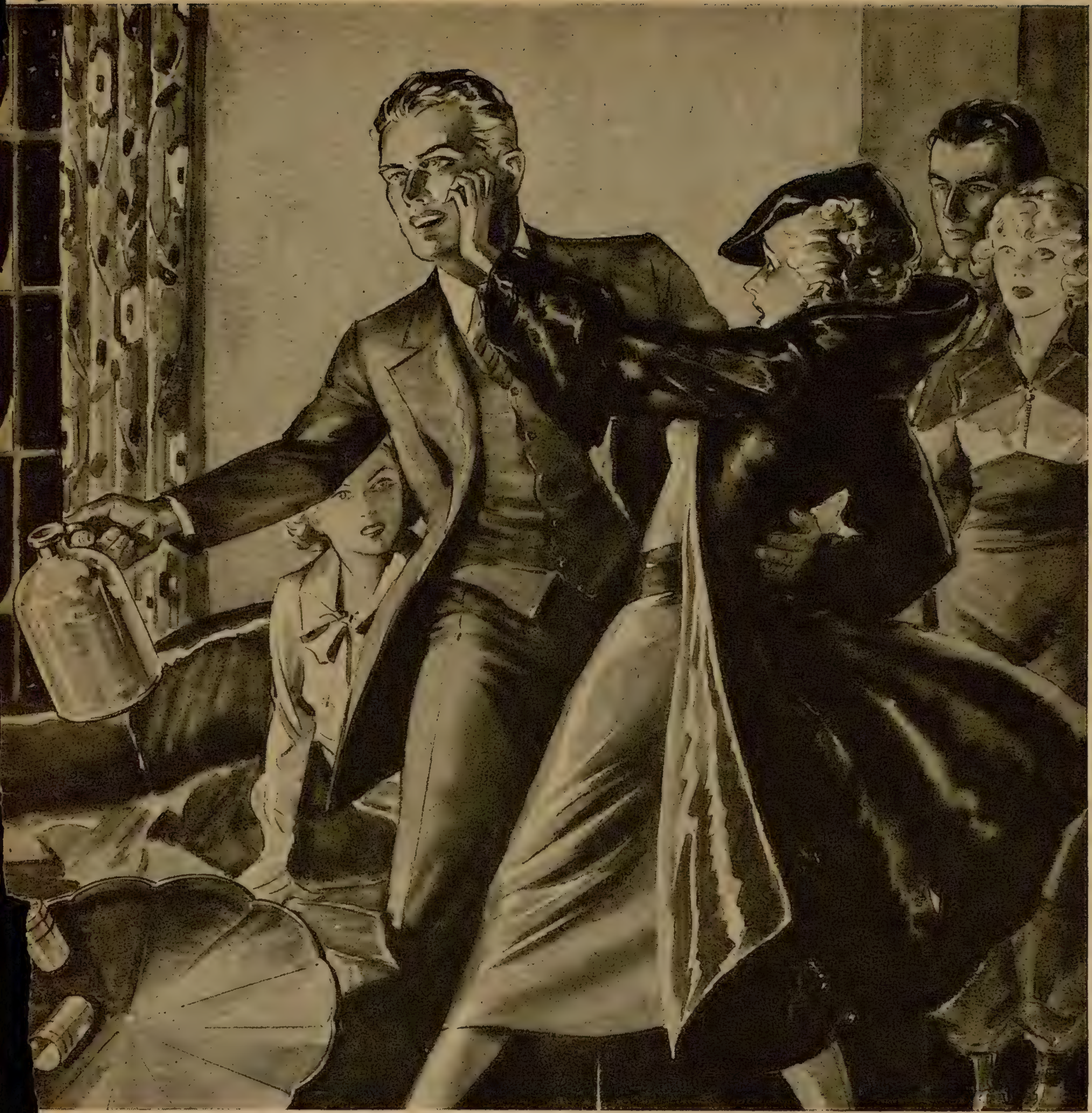
But when Josh comes in out of the storm, another man appears almost simultaneously. It is Orlando Rowe, deputy sheriff, and he serves a warrant on Mr. Joshua Tanner. Alice stares in fright, her lips forming the word " What? "

PART TWO--UNINVITED GUESTS

IT'S Daisy Lowell," Josh said quietly. " I owe her twelve hundred dollars back alimony. I stalled her off by telling her that I could pay her when this play was produced. She must have read the piece in the Times, too; she certainly lost no time getting to court."

Alice laughed tautly. " So she thinks you should have given her the thousand dollars? "

" Probably she thinks I got a lot more than that," Josh reflected. " See here, Orlando. These are hard times. I got exactly one fifth of what I used to get as advance on royalties. One thousand dollars—not five. And you know how I spent it: I paid my creditors, who have been feeding me and keeping me for the past year—some of them



McBride. Miss Lowell sprang at him and raked his face with her fingernails.

longer. I have exactly one hundred and sixty-three dollars left."

"Haven't you got a friend who could put up this bail?" Rowe suggested. "I sure don't want to take you to jail, Mr. Tanner."

"Jail?" Alice echoed faintly. "Oh, that's impossible! Mr. Tanner has to finish a play by Friday."

"Another one? Gee, that's great. Then he can pay her."

"No—the same one. He's rewriting part of it. He must get through by Friday or there'll be a long delay—the angel's sailing for California on Saturday. . . . I'm sorry—an angel is Broadway slang for the man who puts up the money. You can see why he simply can't go to court tomorrow. And as for going to jail—"

"I know, Miz Tanner. But I'm just a deputy sheriff. It's up to the judge, what he does."

"Well, come on in and get the judge on the phone," Alice urged.

It was quite apparent that young Mr. Rowe was not anxious to disturb the judge but that he was whipsawed by a desire to help Mr. Tanner. He suffered visibly for a long moment, and so did his hat. Finally he said:

"Listen, Miz Tanner—Mr. Tanner. I want to do everything I can, but I don't know about calling up the judge that way. Would you mind if I brought in her lawyer? He's out in the car. He's a nice young fellow; he didn't want to jail Mr. Tanner; it was her that talked to the judge. Maybe he'd have an idea." He looked to Tanner for his answer.

"Bring him in," Tanner said. "It can't do any harm."

As Rowe started Alice caught his sleeve.

"Wait, Orlando. First of all, don't call me Mrs. Tanner—I haven't had that honor for four years. I'm Miss Merritt. And since he's her lawyer, you'd better not introduce me to him by that name. I'm Mr. Tanner's secretary—his literary secretary, understand. I came out from New York this afternoon to work on the play. My name is—let's say—Merriweather. Can you remember that?"

"The only reason I couldn't remember your name, Miz

Tan—was that everybody around here still calls you Miz Tanner."

"I'm here to help him on the play, remember." She closed the door behind the young blond giant—faced Josh. His face was stony.

"Dear darling Daisy," she said grimly. "The goose who'd kill her own golden eggs. Josh, you're going to jail over my dead body! Go fetch that apple brandy and four glasses. And soda, if you have it. And let me do the talking; you'll lose your temper."

The two men stamped into the vestibule just as Tanner, minus his hunting coat, came in with a tray bearing a siphon, a bottle, and glasses, set it down on the table behind the divan.

The lawyer, Robert McBride, was a handsome young man, certainly; tall and broad, with football shoulders and a nice toothy smile; tweedy and rugged.

Rowe introduced Alice exactly as she had instructed.

"I know a lawyer named McBride in New York," she ventured. "Of Levinsky, Coolidge & McBride—"

She had let her hand linger in his; he pressed it hard.

"Do you?" McBride boomed out. "My dad!"

That had been a lucky shot. "He's my father's attorney—" And could have bitten her tongue for the slip.

"Merriweather?" he said. "I don't think I've met him. But we seem to have a lot of clients. I'm only one of the cubs and I never meet the important ones."

"My father hasn't had much legal business of late years," she supplied hastily. "May I take your coats? We're going to have a brandy and talk this over."

Tanner was already pouring the drinks from a bottle half full.

After ten minutes the situation had been explained, partly by Rowe, mostly by Alice, very little by Tanner, who seemed to have sunk into a fatalistic lethargy.

"My first idea," Alice was saying, "was to call up the judge and ask him for a continuance. But if he refuses it we're sunk. You agree that there is no point to taking Mr. Tanner to jail, when by finishing this play he can get the money he needs from Mr. Wimpfheimer, who certainly can spare it. Now, why can't we be snowed in here until Mr. Tanner can finish dictating the third act to me? It's all plotted—" She glanced at Josh, whose face showed a slight astonishment, winked at him. "I feel sure we can finish by tomorrow afternoon if we work right straight through. Tomorrow morning Mr. Rowe can telephone the judge that his car skidded into a ditch here, and perhaps we'll really be snowed in by then."

McBride grinned delightedly. "What about it, sheriff? It's your party, after all."

Rowe blinked. "You forget—" He thumbed toward the door. McBride's face fell.

ALICE pressed her advantage, ignoring the gesture with the thumb, whatever it meant. "There are two bedrooms upstairs; we have plenty of food, haven't we, Josh?" Tanner nodded.

"But I believe that's all the brandy Mr. Tanner has in the house. We never drink while we're working."

Rowe grinned. "If that was all, I could fix you up," he said. "I've got a gallon jug of prime old apple in my car. A fellow gave it to me today for helping him out of a jam." He halted, listened, rose.

"I didn't leave my engine running, did I?" he asked McBride. His hand went into a trouser pocket, came out with a bunch of keys. "That's funny," he said.

They could hear a motor being raced, then shut off. Rowe started for the door, picking up his overcoat.

Some one stamped into the vestibule, rapped twice with the knocker. Rowe opened the door.

Blinking at them with the light in her brown eyes stood a girl in a raccoon coat and a brown stocking cap; the baggy bottoms of brown ski pants showed beneath the hem of the coat and she had on ski boots. She was young, ruddy with cold, bursting with health and vitality, and positively frozen in her tracks with embarrassment.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I didn't know you were having a party. I—I just came to get my keys, Mr. Tanner."

Josh's face was beet-red.

"Becky!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

His tone was like a slap in the face.

"I came up to get my father's skis—is there any objection? I'm staying with my roommate at Stamford, and when this storm started—" She swallowed. "My skis were at school, so I thought I'd get dad's."

"Why aren't you at school?" Josh demanded.

"It's mid-term vacation. I wrote you I was spending it with Ethel and that we'd probably drive over. Didn't you get my note?"

"I haven't been to Westport for my mail for three days," Josh said. "Come in, Becky."

"I don't want to interrupt your party," she said coolly. "If you'll just bring me the keys, please." She didn't come in.

"I think you might introduce the young lady," Alice suggested. Josh glared at her.

"This is Miss Quinn," he said. "Miss—ah, Merriwell, Mr. McBride, Mr. Rowe. Miss Quinn is my tenant's daughter—Judge Quinn of Cleveland, who rents the house up the hill."

McBRIDE'S face lighted up; he stepped forward. "You don't remember me, Miss Quinn. I'm Robert McBride. Aren't you Martin B. Quinn's daughter?"

Miss Quinn snubbed him cold. "I'm sorry, I don't," she said in her best finishing-school manner. "Mr. Tanner, may I get my keys? I'm going to spend the night in my house and go back tomorrow."

"You're optimistic," Tanner said. "Not if this snow keeps up, you won't. And the house hasn't been heated since New Year's; the water's turned off. You can't sleep there, Becky; you'd catch your death."

"We can put you up," Alice suggested. "There are two bedrooms and the divan. Mr. Tanner and I are going to work all night."

Miss Quinn's eyes were focused scornfully on the brandy-and-soda glass in Alice's hand.

"Work?" Miss Quinn inquired rather nastily.

Alice took it with a smile.

"Mr. Tanner and I are finishing a play tonight. These gentlemen are spending the night—their car broke down."

"And who," Miss Quinn inquired with pointed irony, "is the lady in the car who was drinking something out of a jug when I came by?"

"Oh, my God!" said McBride. "That's my client. She came along. She insisted. She said she'd get drunk in Bridgeport if we didn't bring her. I'm sorry! That's why we couldn't stay. I was just going to—"

Miss Merritt, alias Merriweather, alias Merriwell, sat down on the hooked rug and laughed until the tears were streaming. Mr. Rowe moved toward the brandy flask, but, at a sound in the entry, whirled to face the door. Before any one could move, it was flung open.

A blonde in a broadtail coat, a powder-blue hat cocked rakishly over one eye, confronted them, blinking her big cornflower-blue eyes. The lipstick bows below her perfect nose parted and a husky voice shattered the silence:

"What the hell is going on here? A house party?"

Nobody answered, no one moved.

"Get your coat on, Tanner," she addressed the host. "We're jailhouse bound." Then she focused her drifting eyes on the stairway across the room, lurched toward it. McBride intercepted her.

"Miss Lowell, where are you going?" he demanded.

"Do I have to tell my lawyer everything?" she snubbed him. "A hell of a lawyer you are! What have you been doing in here all night? You wait until I tell Levinsky that you go around getting drunk!"

McBride released her like a hot potato; the color rose to the tips of his ears.

"Go ahead," he said curtly. She went ahead in a series of swaying rushes.

Some imp of mischief made Alice call up to her, as she gained the balcony that ran along in front of the three doors: "The middle door, darling."

Miss Lowell halted, clutching the balcony rail, looked down, blinking venom like a swaying cobra.

"You're telling me?" she spat. "In my own house? You wait until I come down, and I'll find out what *you're* doing here with *my* husband. And won't the judge love that!"

"Who is that woman?" Miss Lowell could have sued for libel on the mere tone of Becky's question.

Tanner answered her with all the dignity he could muster.

"That," he said, "is my former wife. Daisy Lowell."

"Josh! *That* woman? What did she mean about jail?"

"I owe her a lot of back alimony; there's a warrant out for me. Mr. Rowe is the deputy sheriff; Mr. McBride is her lawyer."

"Oh, Josh! That's—that's unthinkable! She can't—"

"I don't see how we can prevent it." Tanner was quite calm, impersonal.

He began to explain patiently. When he got to the point of disclosing that he owed Miss Lowell twelve hundred dollars, Miss Quinn cut in impatiently, scornfully:

"Twelve hundred dollars? Oh, Josh! I thought you said it was a lot of money. I can lend you that. Why, I've got a lot more than that in my savings account out in Cleveland. Get her down here and we'll settle this. Mr. McBride"—she came toward the group at the fire—"if I pay her twelve hundred dollars, will that end this—this absurd farce?"

"He'd still have to appear in court at ten o'clock tomorrow," McBride said, shaking his head. "And—I'm sorry, but he'll either have to make a five-thousand-dollar bond tonight—in cash or get bondsmen—or—I'm afraid he'll have to spend the night in jail."

"You're damned right he will!" The voice came from overhead. They all started, looked up. Daisy was leaning over the rail. "You can come to court tomorrow, baby, and pay up—whoever you are—but he goes to jail tonight. It may only be a one-night stand, but he plays it."

MR. TANNER had something to say for himself at this point. Miss Quinn was very generous but he couldn't think of letting her—

Miss Quinn's glance and tone were withering. "Don't be Victorian," she said. "If I were already married to you I could lend you the money. What's the difference?"

Alice's heart turned over.

"There's a great deal of difference," Josh said gently, though his face was crimson again. "It's very sweet and generous of you, but I can't take it."

Miss Lowell was coming down the stairs by another series of miracles, jeering as she came:

"So you're going to marry her, huh? And you can't support me. Won't the judge love *that*."

Tanner brushed past her and raced up the stairs.

"I'll be ready in five minutes," he called back. He had given up.

They looked at one another helplessly—all but Daisy. She focused her blue eyes with difficulty upon Miss Quinn.

"Listen, baby," she said. "Your damned car's blocking the bridge

Take your Laxative
the CHOCOLATE way

**Ex-Lax is so pleasant to take . . .
so gentle—so effective**

YOU can, if you want to, swallow some nasty-tasting stuff while your whole self rebels against it. You can strain your system with some violent harsh cathartic. But . . . why?

Why—when you can take a laxative that tastes like a piece of delicious chocolate. And enjoy the mildest, most pleasant and painless relief from that dreaded old enemy to health and loveliness . . . *constipation.*

More women take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. And so do more men, and children, too. It's America's favorite laxative . . . 46,000,000 boxes were bought in this country last year alone. Follow the leader . . . and you can't go wrong!

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at all drug stores. Insist on the genuine!

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. L16

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

**When Nature forgets—
remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE**

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and tim

so nobody can get in or out. You can't park there."

Miss Quinn spun on her heels and started for the door. "I'll fix that," she said over her shoulder, and slammed the door behind her.

Miss Lowell lurched toward the table, clutched the end of it with one gloved hand, picked up the apple-brandy bottle with the other, started to raise it to her lips. There was about an inch of the liquor left in it.

"Hey!" Rowe grabbed her. "You've had enough."

"Who are you to tell me when I've had enough?"

"Who are you, to drink my apple out there in the car without even asking me? You've got a snootful now." He grabbed her arm, pried the brandy bottle away from her. As she let it go she slapped him with all her strength across the right cheek.

There was some kind of a dull crash outside, but no one paid it much attention.

A door on the balcony was flung open. Joshua Tanner came downstairs in four jumps. He was in tweed trousers, undershirt, and stocking feet.

"She went off the bridge!" he yelled as he came. "Her car went off the bridge!" he yelled again as he rushed past the stupefied four. "Come on!"

He wrenched open the entry door, vanished in a blast of chill air, Rowe and McBride running after him.

Alice, running after the men, collided with Daisy Lowell lurching out in drunken dignity to see what had happened to the girl who was going to marry their ex-husband. Daisy had never taken off her fur coat, hat, or overshoes. Alice realized that she had on none. She raced back to the closet under the balcony stairs, snatched the mink coat off the hanger, stooped to pick up her rubbers. When she straightened up and turned, the room was whirling around her, going black. She sank on to the broad lower step.

Snap out of it, Merritt! she told herself fiercely. You never fainted in your life. Too much strain, excitement, brandy-soda—no food. Put your head between your knees; breathe deep.

The cold draft from the open entry door helped clear her head. In her line of vision, on the table where the deputy sheriff had plunked it down as he started after Tanner, was the apple-brandy bottle. She wobbled over to it, poured a stiff shot with shaking hands, downed it. A stamping of feet in the entry whirled her around. It was Daisy, snowy, scowling.

"What happened?" Alice demanded.

"You heard him. She backed her car through the bridge railing and it landed *half* off the bridge. They're bringing her in." She banged the door shut; she was angrier but also soberer.

"Then Miss Quinn wasn't hurt," Alice suggested.

"Her? Not her! Little bitches have big careers; she'll live forever. And you can't tell me she didn't do it on purpose. She didn't want him to go to jail, did she? So she blocked the bridge with her—"

Voices in the entry. Alice darted to open the door. Josh Tanner came in first, carrying one end of a car seat; Orlando Rowe was carrying the other end; Robert McBride brought up the rear with a square airplane bag that he plumped down beside the door. While Tanner and the sheriff held the seat level with the divan, Alice and the lawyer eased the girl off it.

Tanner dropped to his knees beside the unconscious girl, almost babbling: "Becky! Becky, darling! Are you hurt?"

"Let me look her over," Rowe said curtly. "I'm a pretty good doctor." He pushed Josh aside and, kneeling, bent over the girl. "Get me some brandy."

Miss Lowell had it. Hastily she tilted it up to her mouth, swigged. McBride slid across the floor, snatched at it. But she had swallowed the last of the liquor. McBride said something to her under his breath.

"Well, what of it?" she flared back. "Wasn't enough in it to do anybody any good. And she's not hurt; she's faking."

"Get the jug from my car, Mac," the sheriff snapped. McBride ran out. "Let's get this coat off her," he said to Tanner.

Alice helped; they handled her gently. Rowe waved them aside, knelt by the divan, and began to go over the girl, pressing with swift and sure fingers.

"There's nothing broken or out of place that I can find," he reported to them. "Let's roll her over easy and I'll try her spine."

He prodded gently, then harder, shook his head. "O. K. there," he said.

McBride burst in, a gallon jug wrapped in brown paper in his arms.

"St. Bernard to the rescue!" Daisy cheered mockingly. "Pass the brandy, Fido."

Rowe took the jug and pulled the cork.

"Hey!" he said. "You drank more'n a pint of this."

"Well, what of it?" Miss Lowell retorted. "Don't be so damned stingy, Jasper! Pass it around."

They propped up the patient, held the brandy glass to her lips. Surprisingly, without opening her eyes, she inhaled, exhaled, drained the generous dose.

"You talk about pigs!" said Miss Lowell scornfully. "She's not hurt."

"I am, too!" the patient whimpered, and sank back.

"Where?" the three doctors demanded at once.

"My *sitzplatz*. Oh, Josh darling!" She snuggled against Tanner's shoulder, burying her face against his neck.

Rowe looked at Alice, baffled.

Not one in a thousand KNOWS . . .

If Ice Did Not Float, We Would All Die

by E. G. CONKLIN

UNBELIEVABLE but true. Of all the scores of facts about matter and motion on earth which if they should happen to change just a little bit would kill us all, this is one of the strangest.

Water is one of the most commonplace substances on earth—and yet if water were like practically every other liquid substance we know of, we would not be here to tell the tale. It's remarkably exceptional stuff!

If water were like most other liquids, for instance, ice would not float. Most substances contract as they get cool, and get more dense. Thus when they freeze the solid is heavier than the liquid and sinks in it. Not so water. Just before it freezes it expands — gets lighter, so that as ice it floats. There are no liquids we know of which are lighter in frozen form than in liquid form, except water. And if ice were heavier than water, as it should be, it would of course sink.

Well, you are saying, so what? But just think a minute. If ice were heavier than water it would sink to the bottom of the ocean. *And it would stay there!* It would not melt! —or at least only very slightly—because water is one of the worst conductors of heat there is in the world. The sun's rays could not get to that sunken ice.

Winter after winter would pass; the ice at the bottom of the sea would get thicker and thicker and thicker. After some years the ocean would be solid, except for a tiny surface trickle that the summer sun would cause. You could walk to Europe on it.

Equally of course, every single lake, pond, river, brook, and spring would dry up into solid ice, except perhaps at the equator, where ice might not form. The whole world would be parched, lifeless, and bitterly cold. No one could live except in the Torrid Zone—and perhaps not there.

So the next time you dunk a piece of ice in your iced tea, and watch it pop up every time you push it down, you can give a prayer of thanks that it doesn't stay dunked!

Next—You Eat About 92 Billion Ergs a Day!

"She means her sitting place," Alice interpreted.

"I sat down," Miss Quinn gasped, "on the ice in the brook."

"Let's look at it," Rowe ordered.

"Jasper!" said Miss Lowell in mock alarm. "There are ladies present."

"My name is Orlando—Mr. Rowe to you," he snapped.

Miss Quinn meanwhile had disengaged herself from the rather self-conscious Mr. Tanner and had flopped herself over, prone on her stomach. Mr. Rowe began prodding, again, at the lower end of the spine, asking: "Hurt?" . . . "No." . . . "Hurt?" "Not there. . . . *Ow!* Yes!" . . . "How about here?" . . . "Ow! Yes!" . . . "And here?" "Yes!"

"No fractures, I think," said Rowe professionally. "The fur coat saved her."

"I'll call the doctor," Tanner said. "She might be hurt internally."

"Josh, please don't!" the patient protested. "Not on a night like this. I'll be all right."

Josh, however, hurried into the study. They heard him dialing, muttering. He came out in a moment, headed for the kitchen, came back with his hunting coat and cap, started upstairs after the rest of his clothes, halted at the lower step.

"I'll go up to Canterburys'," he said, "and call him. The phone is dead. Tree fell on the line, probably."

The patient sprang up with surprising vigor. "You'll do no such thing!" she said. She threw her arms around his neck, kissed him lingeringly.

MISS LOWELL got up from the chair, advanced toward them. "I knew it was a fake," she announced. "She meant to block us in here so you couldn't go to jail. Well, we'll see about that. Sheriff, you and Mac go out there and dump that car off the bridge."

Rowe grinned. "Dump it off yourself, lady. It weighs tons. We'll be lucky if we can get it off with a wrecker."

Miss Quinn turned on him in alarm. "You're not going to wreck that car!" she wailed. "It's not my car. It's Ethel's and it's an Isotta and it would ruin me paying for it."

"You should 'a' thought of that," said Miss Lowell grimly, "before you got so cute with it. I'm going to phone for a wrecker."

"The phone's dead," Miss Quinn informed her nastily.

"Then the sheriff can go up to Canterburys' and phone for one. I'm not staying in this house tonight—not with that woman here." She turned dramatically on Alice.

"Miss Lowell!" McBride rebuked her. "Miss Merriweather is Mr. Tanner's secretary. They're collaborating on this play. If you'll sit down there, I'll explain—"

"Collaborating? How do you spell that?" Miss Lowell laughed nastily. "Secretary, huh? Say, listen, big boy. Do you know who this woman is?"

"Miss Lowell, hold your tongue or—you can get another lawyer. You're talking wildly."

"You can't quit—you're fired. And if you think I'm talking wildly, wait until you hear me tell it to the judge tomorrow. I come here and find his first wife living here, and then this cutie comes in and says he's going to marry her, and still he can't pay my alimony. If he didn't spend every cent he makes on women—"

Rowe walked over to her. "Miss Lowell," he said, "I'll have to order you to be quiet. Mr. Tanner is in my custody and I'm an officer of the law. If you keep on disturbing the peace here, I'll have you up in court for it. This lady"—he indicated Alice—"is my friend and—"

Miss Lowell's perfect mouth twisted with scorn. "I don't doubt it," she said. "You used to be the milkman, didn't you?"

A wave of red came up into the roots of his blond hair. His fists clenched, unclenched, but he did not move. Miss Lowell turned her back on him, picked up a glass from the table, pulled at the cork of the brandy jug.

"Put that down!" Rowe commanded. "That's my property."

Miss Lowell picked it up. Several things happened then in ten seconds:

Help your HAIR to health

① 50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life—has a chance.

② 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—hair looks lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

HELP your hair to save itself. Help it by going right down to the place where hair-health begins—*the scalp and the hair roots themselves!*

Vitalis with the "60-Second Workout" stimulates tight scalp — speeds circulation around the hair roots, stimulates the actual source of healthy, handsome hair.

The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis replenish natural, necessary oils. And the "60-Second Workout" wakes up dry scalps —rouses hair roots into new activity. Loose dandruff goes. Your hair looks more lustrous —more alive. It stays where you comb it. It's smooth — natural — but it hasn't a trace of that common "patent-leather" shine.

Use the "60-Second Workout" freely, whenever you like. And here's a good trick: Use Vitalis and a swift, hard massage *before* you shampoo—as well as afterward. You'll have a perfectly clean scalp—good-looking, well-groomed hair, and new health for both of them.

ASK YOUR BARBER—

He's an expert on the care of scalp hair. When he says Vitalis—take advice. He knows best.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME

Don't neglect your CHILD'S COLD

Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs go untreated. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole penetrates, warms, and stimulates local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

CHILDREN'S
MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MILD

9 A.M.
2 MINUTES LATER

Plastic Wood

fills cracks in

Baseboard, Floor

Now . . . it's no work at all to repair quickly—broken furniture, cracks, nicks and holes in wood, loose casters, loose drawer pulls, etc.—with Plastic Wood—that handles and shapes like putty and quickly hardens into wood. You can paint it, carve it—drive nails and screws into it—it adheres to wood, metal, plaster. Try Plastic Wood—you'll say it's wonderful—paint, hardware stores sell 25c tubes, 35c cans.

PLASTIC WOOD

One Block Radio City
All Rooms with Bath, Radio
CENTRAL LOCATION
$2.50 single
$3.50 double
John F. Downey
Mgr.
Write for booklet
Tours $5.50 up
Hotel PLYMOUTH
49th ST. EAST OF B'WAY NEW YORK

Rowe leaped at her, grabbed the jug; they tussled. He got it away by superior strength, passed it to McBride. Miss Lowell sprang at him and raked his face with her fingernails. He pinioned her wrists. She bent over his hands; he yelled, "Ow!"

In three seconds more he had bent her over the end of the table, jerked up the skirt of her fur coat, and was applying the flat of his hand where it would do the most good. He was walloping her with all his might. Each time his big hand smacked, it cracked like a blacksnake whip; each time it cracked, Miss Lowell screamed in honest agony; and each time she screamed, Rowe said, "Shut up!" between his teeth, and smacked again.

He had got in about eight good licks before McBride grabbed him.

"Sheriff," he said, "that's enough. Not that I blame you a damned bit."

Rowe backed away more than a little amazed at what he had done. "She bit me," he said, "and I lost my temper. She can tell that to the judge, too."

Miss Lowell was sliding off the end of the table on to her feet. McBride caught her; but she pushed him away, staggered around the end of the table, collapsed full length, face down, on the divan, sobbing. Rowe walked over, sat down beside her.

"I'm sorry!" he said. "I guess I hit too hard."

The lady's sobs ceased. She raised herself on one elbow, facing him, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Orlando," she gasped in exactly the voice and manner of a four-year-old, "you play so rough. You've got such big hands." She caught back a sob, laughed. "Did your papa spank your mama before you were born, Orlando? Maybe that's why you've got such big hands." She captured his left hand in her right. "Did Daisy bite him?" she cooed. "Nasty Daisy! Mama kiss and make it well." Mama kissed the toothmarks on the knuckles. "Now Orlando kiss Daisy and make her well," she suggested coyly.

Orlando sprang up from the divan, crimson again. Alice had to snort; she couldn't check it. McBride, who had moved around to the hearthside to get a better view of this touching scene, buried his head in one arm on the high mantel shelf and shook. Only Josh and Becky Quinn did not appear to think it was funny. Miss Quinn looked as though something smelled bad. That finished Alice. She had to grope her way out to the kitchen and close the door, sit down on a stool, lay her head over on the sink board and give way to hysterics. When she could stop laughing, she had hiccups. She drew a glass of water from the tap, held her nose, took nine swallows.

She had just finished this rite when Josh opened the kitchen door. He was towing Miss Quinn by the hand. Alice set down the glass hastily.

"Alice," said Josh solemnly, "I'm sorry—I took it for granted that Becky knew who you were. I have just explained—"

Miss Merritt tried to look dignified, but she hiccuped violently. And again.

Miss Quinn took the glass from the sink board, filled it.

"Here," she said curtly. "Put your fingers in your ears. I'll hold it."

A nice child, Alice thought as she solemnly swallowed until she had to gasp for breath. Then they all waited. No more hiccups.

"Thank you," said Alice sweetly, and smiled. "Did I understand you to say that you are engaged to Mr. Tanner?"

How does Becky meet this seemingly artless challenge of Alice's? And how will Josh get out of this new tight corner without losing one or both women? Read the next issue of Liberty for fresh light on the complications in this hilarious up-to-the-minute comedy of errors.

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **EMPEROR OF THE ANTS** by Luigi Bertelli. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
One of the better books for children between the ages of eight and twelve. A little boy lives the life of an ant from egg to emperor.

★ ★ ★ **CELL 202—SING SING** by Warden Lewis E. Lawes. Farrar & Rinehart.
Four human stories of the four successive inhabitants of Cell 202 from 1826 to 1911. The changes in prison methods illustrate the changes in society's attitude toward the criminal. Warden Lawes writes with authority when the penitentiary is his background, and with sympathy and human understanding of his characters before they became convicts and during the hell of incarceration.

★ ★ ★ **SPRING CAME ON FOREVER** by Bess Streeter Aldrich. D. Appleton-Century Company.
Two lovers, though kept apart, contribute through their descendants to the opening and growth of the Middle West and finally fulfill their destinies. A moving and tender tale.

★ ★ ★ **SHINING WINDOWS** by Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Doran & Co.
The Ballard family, after a financial disaster, moved to an abandoned farm. Father insisted on each doing a share of the work; mother just sat and whined. The three daughters work out their own salvation in their own way.

★ ★ ★ **MONEY FROM HOME** by Damon Runyon. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.
A collection of short stories by the most successful chronicler of Broadway, race-track, and underworld yarns. Gravy for those who like Runyon.

I FACE THE NEW YEAR

What Price Jobs Today?—A Citizen Relates His Experience and Contemplates His Future

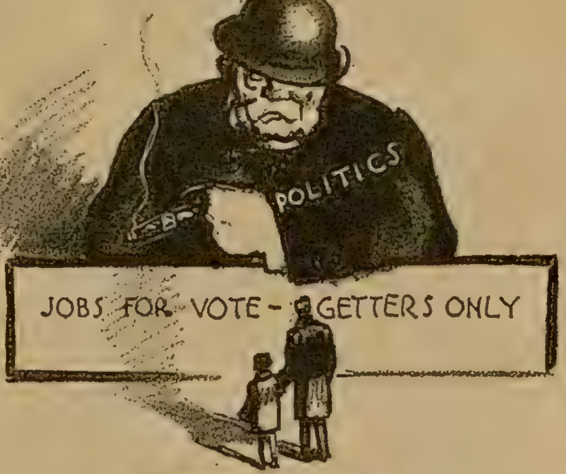
by ARTHUR D. GANS

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

FROM April, 1920, to October, 1931, I was employed by one of the largest railroad systems in the country. My average pay for the 600 weeks was forty-three dollars weekly. Then came the depression and 30,000 other employees of my company and I were out of jobs.

I had three dependents: wife, twenty-six; mother, seventy-four; and a baby girl, ten months old. I owned a piece of property that had cost me $4,000, an auto, a radio, nice furniture, $600 in bank, $7,500 worth of life insurance, and no debts.

Before two months had passed, my wife had worried herself into insanity and has spent the past four years in a state institution. The doctors offer no hope that she will ever come out. My mother is taking full charge of my little girl. During November and December, 1931, I managed to get temporary employment as entertainer, salesman, and chauffeur, and my income averaged $44.41 a week.



But the following year I was forced to draw out and spend all of my savings and I had to give up $5,000 worth of my life insurance. I had filed applications at all of the local bureaus set up to give emergency employment, but I did not secure a day's work from them. Through my own efforts and that of my friends I was able to get some temporary work. In this way I managed to earn an average of $13.26 a week. It was better than going on relief.

THE AUTHOR

In 1933 I obtained work as installment collector, chauffeur, laborer, entertainer, and clerk. My total income for the year was $395.76, or $7.61 a week, which was just about what I would have received had I gone on the relief and not worked at all. I was forced to sacrifice my property for $800.

1934 found me working as clerk and salesman. My year's income averaged $24.56 a week. For the first seven months of 1935 I have worked at giving out circulars on the street, entertainer, and clerk. This has brought me an average of $30.70 a week.

My property, bank accounts, and two thirds of my life insurance are gone and I am $600 in debt. My wife is still incarcerated. My mother, nearing seventy-eight, is failing in health, and I, with no permanent job at forty-five, no bright future for my daughter.

Every temporary job I have had has been secured by my own efforts and through the kindness of friends. Not a single one has come through a relief agency or politics. I have filed many applications with industrial firms, although I did not expect a job from them, as they were as badly hit as my own company. But I did expect, and thought that I had a right to expect, a job from one of the agencies set up by the government to create jobs for such as I.

Citing one case, I heard of a government bureau that was to be opened in my city. Two hundred new jobs would be created. I learned of this new project two weeks before a newspaper story was released about it.

I went right after one of those jobs, for which I was qualified and experienced, but I was told that the jobs were patronage jobs, and that my senior state senator would have the final say on the appointments. All that I had to do was to reach him, get his endorsement, and a job would be mine. Being a registered Democrat for twenty-odd years, I anticipated no trouble in getting the necessary endorsements. So I started to work and for two weeks I was busy calling on politicians and officeholders with pull.

I jumped every hurdle—ward boss, City Council president, mayor, the two city bosses, deputy attorney general, congressman, senator, bureau heads at Washington; got letters from all of them, and presented them, containing their recommendations and my application, the day before the story of the new project was released to the newspapers. I thought it was "in the bag."

Anxious weeks passed. I was broke again, so I went to the head of the bureau to see what action there might be on my application. I could not see him. Then I tried to phone him. That was no good either. Nor did writing him help, for after two more weeks of waiting the answer came that there were no openings.

I wrote my senator and told him what had developed, and in a week he replied that he had looked into the matter and that at *present* there was no opening, but he would be pleased to keep me in mind if anything developed. I wrote him by return mail that I *knew* there was no opening *now,* and that all of the appointments had been made. But at the time I had applied for a job and obtained the endorsements *no appointments had been made and all jobs were open.* To this he failed to reply.

I could not understand this run-around until an old friend, an attorney and a politician, who was familiar with the new project and with some of the men who had been appointed, kindly gave me time in his office and told me all about it. He explained that I was only an average citizen and could control only my own vote and possibly that of my mother. One of the young men who had been appointed to one of the jobs was the son of a tavern keeper who was vitally interested in his precinct and ward and was said to control at least 300 votes. His son was not experienced, was single, with no dependents, but he got one of the appointments because his father was a minor ward boss and each year donated a certain sum to the political fund, in addition to getting out his 300 votes.

Another case was the son of a commission merchant, just out of high school, with no business experience. But the father contributes to the cause each year in a substantial manner, and is a well known citizen and a leader in his ward.

Better by far that the jobs, instead of being appointments by politicians, be allocated to deserving workers through the preacher, priest, and rabbi in each community, who know the deserving.

There is something damnably wrong with a system of government that permits such smooth skulduggery to go on under the shiny cloak of "politics." The average citizens have supported industry. It has been our earnings that have purchased automobiles, radios, and homes.

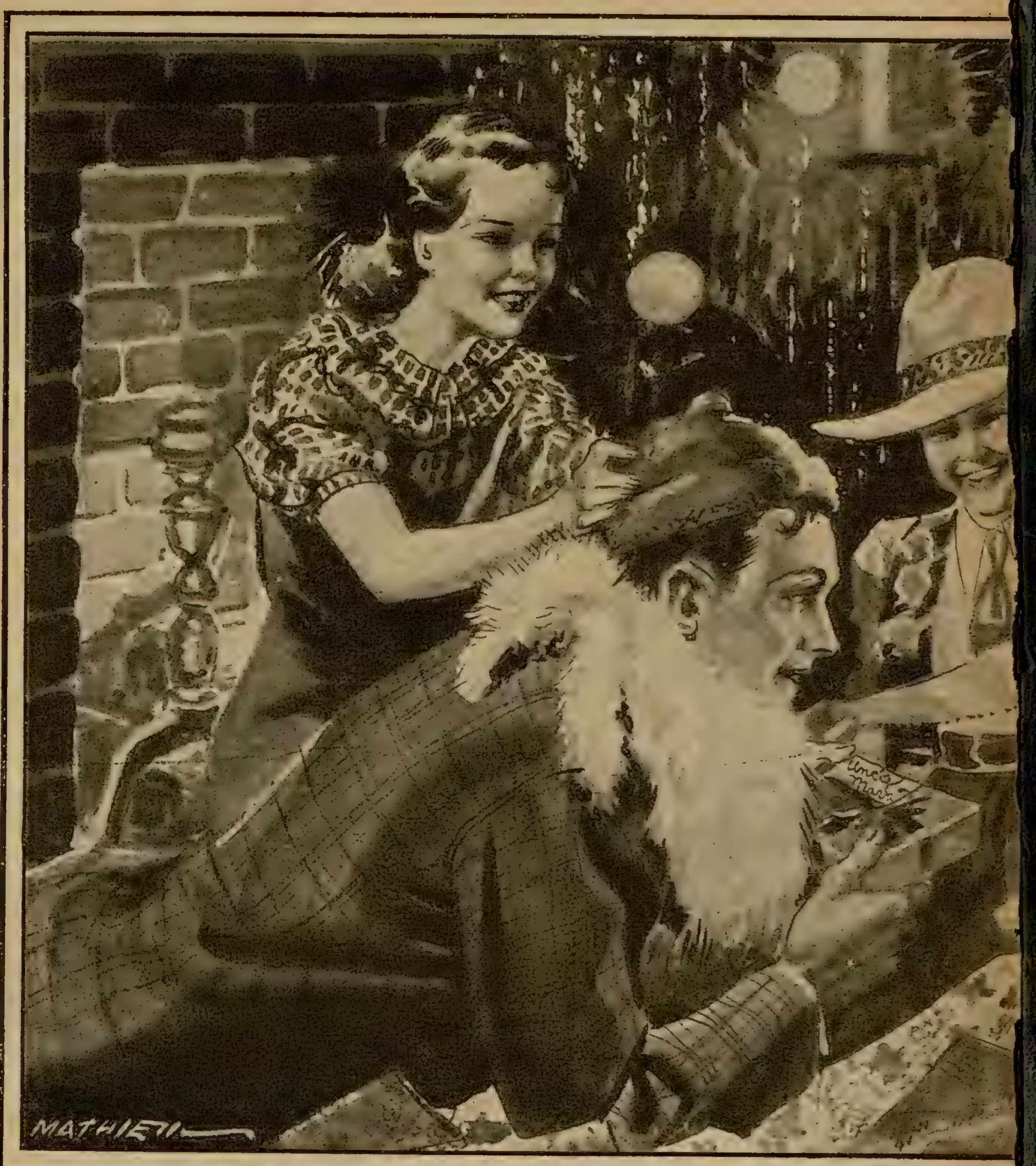
Now we are denied jobs that would enable us to continue being average citizens and average spenders for the benefit of industry in general. Those jobs go to those who can poll votes for the 1936 campaign.

Prosperity will come to me and the average citizens who have been hit by the depression not by jobs controlled by politics and patronage but when industry can reemploy us, and we in turn can spend the money we earn to buy the products produced by industry.

THE END

A Tale with a Moral:
The Story of a Man
Who Tried to Dodge
Christmas . . . and Ran
Slam Bang into Love

READING TIME
28 MINUTES 43 SECONDS



Ether FOR TWO

HE didn't look like a Scrooge, but that's what made it so awkward for him to try to be one. He looked, in fact, like a very nice person, the kind of man who would open a door, and immediately three children would hurl themselves upon him in glee, going through his pockets and finding tops and whistles and gumdrops and other things worth looking for.

He looked like a tree decorator, a plum-pudding lighter, a carol singer, a peace-on-earther, if ever there was one. But he wasn't.

He was a Scrooge under his well tailored politeness. When he thought about Christmas, he wanted to crawl into an igloo at the north pole about December 20, and snore through the end of the year. But he was shackled by imagination and that cursed consideration for other people which wouldn't let him do quite what he wanted until every one else had been taken care of. He was a Scrooge, you see, without the courage of his contempt.

He never came right out and said what he thought of all that sentimental quicksand, as he called it lavishly to himself. But every year since he had been fifteen he had tried to avoid it by means ingenuous or desperate. And no matter how cleverly his plans took off, they always landed, directly or deviously, at some Christmas board, cracking almonds and eating raisins and whispering to some girl or other that she had a little candle lighted in each eye. For—such was the nature of his tyrannical kindness—the emptier his heart, the more ardently he celebrated so no one would suspect and be hurt.

The Larry Furnesses were the first to pin him down for Christmas.

"We're going to have a real old-fashioned Christmas for a change, darling," Sylvia said, "and we want you."

"Good," Mark said. "I live to be wanted."

"We thought we'd go down to the country, and just

ILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT MATHIEU

by MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

And sure enough it was a merry Christmas, beginning shortly after dawn with greetings, with noisy unwrappings.

have a few grand people, and lots of fires and coziness. The kind of Christmas we had when we were children. We might not even have any servants with us—just all cook a lovely old-fashioned dinner—something quaint and simple."

"Oh, I know that feeling," Mark said rhapsodically. "A big old-fashioned kitchen range, with things bubbling, and the turkey in the oven, and mince pies along the pantry shelves. Wonderful!" He half closed his eyes. Sylvia felt a little thrill herself. Mark was *such* a darling. Why must Larry always be so cynical about things?

"That's just what I told Larry," she said happily. "He said nobody would come if they thought they'd have to cook. We're asking a lovely girl for you, Mark," she went on, "somebody really original. Not beautiful, dear, but very original. You'll be crazy about her."

"Ah," said Mark, expressing nothing at all. "Lord love us!" he was thinking. "Turkey raw on one side and charred on the other, and a girl not beautiful but original! But at that, I think I could bear it all except the originality." You see, he was feeling very weary already.

"Sounds great," he said. "I hope nothing interferes with it."

When it was safely late, he called on the Larry Furnesses, looking brave and noble but firm.

"Sorry to have to tell you this so late, Sylvia," he said, "but I've got to be out of your Christmas party. I've got to go to the hospital."

"Why, darling!" Sylvia said. "How terrible!" Her eyes were large with alarm. But Larry's eyes narrowed down and looked at him most uncomfortably, and Mark told himself not to be a fool; of course Larry couldn't suspect. Damn this inconvenient telepathy that exists between husbands and bachelors!

"Nothing serious," he said hastily; "but it's just got to be done. And the holiday is the only time I can spare away from business just now."

"Oh, but darling," Sylvia said, all but weeping. Then she rallied a moment. "I know what we'll do! We'll all just devote our Christmas to making you happier in the hospital."

"Afraid that wouldn't work," Mark said. "Truth is, I've got to be kept absolutely quiet and motionless."

"On ice, I suppose," Larry observed.

"But what *is* it?" Sylvia cried. "Or can one ask that—nicely?"

"Nothing really serious," Mark repeated, disconcerted because he hadn't anticipated this moment.

"I've been thinking for quite a while you don't look just right," Larry said sympathetically. "You look to me like a man who's suffering from an enlarged sophistication, aggravated by an overactive ingenuity."

Sylvia, quite accustomed to Larry's verbose meaninglessness, glared at him. But, though Christmas was safely sealed from intrusion, Mark had an uncomfortable feeling that Larry suspected him of something dark.

But that suspecting couldn't cloud his plans for Christmas. The first sane plans ever promulgated for the 25th, he said fondly to himself! He ordered sundry exotic fruits and a whole octave of cheeses, visioned himself not answering telephones or doorbells, thought of his coffee's cream sitting convincingly in a small parade outside his door, selected six fine old books he hadn't had time to read for years, and gaily awaited the dawn of the universal dementia which, this year, would leave him unharmed.

On the morning of the twenty-third, before he left for his office, his telephone rang, and a feminine voice spoke. Feminine voices nearly always spoke out of that phone, but this was something new, a thin little chime you had to bend near to hear.

"Cousin Mark?" it said.

Mark said to himself, "Good Lord, am I Cousin Mark to anybody!" And then he remembered that he was. He recalled, in a blur, a cluster of children photographed from time to time and sent to his mother, bless her many-roomed heart. "Look, darling," mother would say, showing him one of these groups. "My precious sister Edith's children, out in California." But precious sister Edith's children evidently hadn't stayed in California, for here this little girl was explaining that three of them had come East to school.

"WE hoped we'd hear from you, Cousin Mark," this Haviland-china voice was saying. "Mummy said you'd be so pleased that we were here." In a pin point of memory Mark remembered then that his mother had written something like this, and he had momentarily intended to look up the children, and then had forgotten entirely.

"I've been meaning to run out and borrow you for a matinee," he said. "You'll have to forgive my negligence."

"That's quite all right," she said urbanely. "But mummy wondered if you mightn't like to have us for Christmas. We're rather a long way from Christmas—I mean from home," she said in a nervous little rush.

"Why—I was going away," Mark said.

"Oh!" In the big blank of silence he could almost see the little girl, twelve or so, suddenly faced with a long empty Christmas at school, from which all but the very Western children had gone happily home. He felt suddenly sick under his ribs, and for a moment couldn't place the cause. Then he remembered something he had successfully forgotten all these years—the most wretched Christmas imaginable, when his family was getting a divorce, and he'd been left desolate like this at school, too big for homesickness and too young to be comfortably cynical about it.

"I was going away," he said; "but only because I'd be too lonesome staying at home—without any family, you know."

"Well, *then!*" The little voice brightened into spangles. "But you have a family, Cousin Mark! You have us, and we'd just love to come and stay with you."

"Indeed I have got you," Mark said. "Er—how many are you?"

"Jane and Edward and me."

"Just the right-sized family for a really good Christmas," he said valiantly.

"Miss Prince would like to talk to you," the small manager told him. "Mother wrote and said you'd probably want to take us on Christmas Eve and keep us until Christmas night."

"That's just what I would like," Mark said heartily, because he was never the man to let any one down, not even a little girl he'd never seen. And then Miss Prince's voice, a starched entity with a pedigree plainly slowing, was making the final arrangements with him, and in that few minutes he was locked inescapably in a situation. No fruit, no cheese, no Montaigne, but three children with homesickness in their little hearts. No, four children really, because, whether he was invited or not, that little boy who had been left alone years before in a military school would be present. Mark, least of all, would not recognize him, but he would be the guest of honor.

On the way to his office, thinking over what to do, he found himself confronted with nothing but irony. He had scoffed at Christmas so long, he didn't know how to celebrate it even when he wanted to. "You've got to believe in Christmas yourself when you're dealing with children. Be terrible if they saw through me. You can fool grownups, but darned if you can fool children. I couldn't dare do it with my tongue in my cheek."

Then he had an idea. He scribbled out this want ad, and hurried over to the newspaper office just in time to squeeze under the dead line of the evening edition:

MOTHER'S HELPER with no home ties to help bachelor with three children. A nice motherly person wanted to create Christmas spirit in bad environment. Take full charge. Come to interview prepared to stay through Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Call between 10 and 12, December 24. Mark Holland, 748 Kendall Gardens.

He felt quite satisfied with that; he even was a little curious to know what kind of women might answer the ad.

But he was quite unprepared for the motley assortment that appeared. There were two chorus girls wanting to be hired as one, who looked as if "bachelor" was the only word they had seen in the advertisement. There were several schoolteachers, defiantly whimsical about it all; there was a charwoman who had had a holiday nip of gin before she arrived. There was a tearful widow very sorry for herself.

It took Mark about five minutes to realize that mentioning his bachelorhood was a mistake; also that the suggestion about coming prepared to stay had been ill-advised, because evidently they had brought everything they owned except their trunks. The chorus girls had even included their dogs in what they hoped would be a gala week end, leading to goodness knows what.

And then, when he had decided to call it all off, and take the children to his club for dinner, and thence to a dreary Christmas matinee, another girl got out of th elevator in his foyer. A small shabby girl, in what wa obviously her fall coat, with a sprig of holly in its lape She had gypsy-smoke hair under her impudent red bere and a merry-Christmas look in her eyes. But she wa frightened by all this, and stood clutching her overnigh bag, which seemed little larger than Mark's copy o Montaigne, and looking as if she wished she hadn't com at all.

She looked so much like the kind of person who could create Christmas spirit out of a pork roast, out of tarnished tinsel, out of nothing if necessary, that several of the cannier mother's helpers reached for their bags as their eyes fell on her.

There was still a glitter of snow in her hair, and a flush on her cheeks as if she had been running to get here on time, and Mark saw with a pang of annoyance and chivalry that her thin little slippers were wet.

"YOU certainly wouldn't do for a permanent job," he said sternly. "Nobody would trust children with you if you can't keep your own feet dry. But I guess you'll do for this temporary place."

"Will I?" she said in a soft little fur voice. "Well, I guess I won't be needing a permanent job—after tomorrow."

Mark said to himself, "I don't like that touch. I hate women who say those grim Ibsen things, and then smile with their eyes. Besides, she's too pretty to be tragic. And it's bad manners to be tragic on Christmas."

The rejected applicants, who had known from the beginning that this was too good to be true, got up and sagged out. All but the charwoman, who sat on in a ginny haze, smiling copiously as if the three of them had an understanding.

"Mr. MacGowan always said I could roast a rooster to taste like a turkey," she said in her well ventilated wheeze. "I often wondered what I could do with a turkey if I had one."

"Probably make it taste like a woodchuck," said the girl in the red beret under her breath.

"No. As a matter of fact, she'd probably be a good cook," Mark said, "and it might leave you freer to do other things if we engaged her."

"No," said the girl with the greeting-card eyes. "Either I cook the dinner or I won't play." Then she looked at the poor old girl in her private daze. "But maybe you could give her part of what you were planning to pay me, on account of my muscling into her territory."

So they paid her and ushered her out. But even being paid for nothing didn't surprise her; wasn't this Christmas, practically?

“Take off your hat and look as if you belonged here,” Mark said impatiently to the small girl when they were alone again. “If we're going to play this game at all, we've got to get going. We're out to create a little world that will last thirty hours and then explode. A little world that will be a sweet memory for five people forevermore—for four people, I mean. You, and three nice children.”

“And what kind of a memory shall we make you, Mr. Holland?”

“I'll recall it with the same dyspepsia of the intellect which Christmas always means.”

“Why do you do it, then?” the girl asked. “After all, they're not your children, are they? Surely you can get out of it.”

Mark, like all kindhearted people who wear the brittle trappings of sophistication, was always embarrassed by being detected in generosity. He felt annoyed and caught off guard, so he told the truth. “I do it,” he said, “because I'm a chump and a coward. I'm such a coward that I can't face my kind deed for the day unfulfilled. It's easier to do it, no matter how tedious, than it is to regret leaving it undone.”

“You really are pretty bad,” the girl said thoughtfully, “but at least you don't fool yourself into thinking you're just a kind old Santa Claus with a tear in every eye.”

He looked at her keenly, rather liking her straightforwardness, and wondering how such a lively girl appeared to have no home ties on Christmas. Shouldn't there be some little circle of adorers for her somewhere? She looked like somebody accustomed to being adored.

“I SUPPOSE you're an art student or something, far away from home,” he suggested.

“I suppose so,” she answered, with a dimple for punctuation. Then she reached over for a little pad and a pencil on Mark's desk. “Well, down to the work,” she said, and scribbled a few words on the pad. “We're to make a Christmas Day that is to be the topmost star of all memories of Christmas—the frosting on the cake—the tinsel on the tree, the superlative in the sentence.”

“So what have you written on your shopping list to represent that?” Mark asked curiously. “Star? Frosting? Tinsel?” He glanced over her shoulder and saw that in a very round little hand she had written:

“Presents for children to give uncle.” He looked up; then said, almost gruffly, “The party is for the children, not the uncle.”

“Is it?” she smiled frankly into his eyes. “Then you must learn something about parties, Mr. Holland. The verb about a party is ‘give,’ you know, and you can't give what you haven't got.”

“You needn't worry about me,” he said, smiling. “Don't think I'll be a sulky host. Nobody will guess how bored I am; I promise you that. I'll even wriggle down the chimney tonight, wearing a pillow in my pants and cotton whiskers on my chin, if you think the children would enjoy a genuine Santa Claus.”

“That *might* be nice,” she said thoughtfully, looking at Mark's very modern fireplace. “But nothing except a Santa Claus in a tux could venture down such a chimney as that.”

“SAY, you haven't told me your name,” Mark interrupted her. “I've got to call you something. In fact, I've got to explain you to the children some way.”

“It's Merry,” she said. “Merry Exmass. A very old family name, Exmass.”

“A worse family than the Jukes, too,” Mark said wryly. “They have made my life good and miserable.”

“We'll change all that,” Merry said. “You've just been barking up the wrong family tree. There are really some grand old Exmasses, once you throw your heart into them.”

“Heart-throwing has never been my specialty,” Mark said.

“But this is buttering no parsnips,” the girl laughed, jumping up. “I've got my last-minute shopping to do. Do you prefer to lock yourself in your room with your misanthropy, and let me call you when everything's ready?”

“Well, maybe I'd better sort of go along with you—sort of help you, you know. After all, it *is* pretty late.”

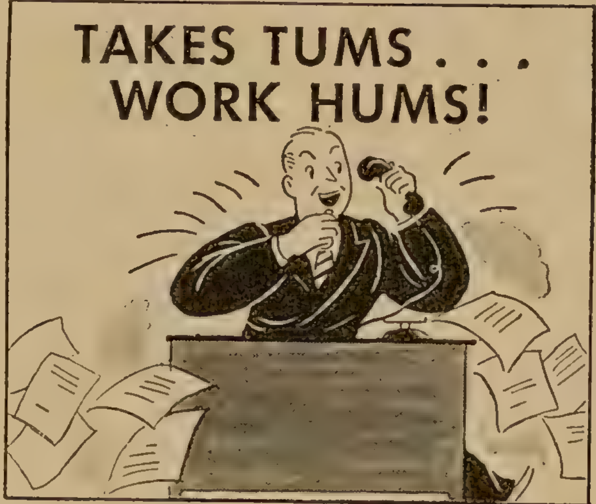
Already she had disappeared behind the edifice of her plans, mumbling busily to herself and scribbling on her pad. You could almost believe the faintest bit in the Christmas spirit, as you saw her, eyes shining and fingers flying, because she was thinking of Christmas for three children she had never even seen.

Every one in the stores, every one on the streets had that look, Mark noticed. Every one thinking of somebody else. Strange. Shoppers smiled at each other; even taxi drivers were gentle, and down behind the traffic officer's three-sided box was a little mound of colored packages from people who three hundred and sixty-four days a year dodged his disapproval.

The whole city—blue streets silvered with ice, street lamps glowing with halos in the early dusk, parcel-laden people hurrying everywhere—was a banally beautiful Christmas card come to life.

Mark felt a lump in his throat and wondered stubbornly if he was getting tonsillitis.

“They're pretty good scouts, the human race,” he said to himself. “Here they are with plenty of alibis about hard times and responsibility and everything. But they put all that out of sight, and all of them try to give each other something to be happy about, even if it's only a silver-plated onion fork. Something gallant about the human race, when you think of it.”



SOUR STOMACH WORRIES BANISHED FOR MILLIONS

MILLIONS now know the smart thing is to carry a roll of TUMS, always. Sour stomach, heartburn, gas, and other symptoms of acid indigestion have a habit of occurring at unexpected times. You don't have to drench your stomach with harsh alkalies which physicians have long warned may make the tendency toward acid indigestion worse. TUMS, a real scientific advancement, contain no soda or other alkalies, instead a wonderful antacid that simply neutralizes stomach acidity, the balance passing out of the body inert.

Try TUMS when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Pleasant to eat as candy, only 10c a roll. Put a roll in your pocket now.

Free ● Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **Tums** and **NR.** Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 24A-59, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
STOMACH DISTR
10¢
HANDY TO CARRY

Merry flew on inspired feet, wasting not a minute any place. She seemed to be obeying some silent directions, for she bought strange, unrelated things for the ingredients of that day which was to be the topmost star on the tree of Christmas memories . . . for only four people, of course, not five!

She bought three pairs of ice skates ("If they're from California, they'll love 'em."), a little girl's cookbook, a tool bench for Edward, a box of rather dreadful German Christmas cards, and special-delivery stamps to send them tonight to people they'd all forgotten, a bushel of bulbs to be planted in water, a half mile of silver ribbon, sixty-eight tiny candles, jingle bells to put on Mark's front door, wreaths for everywhere, plum cake —everything conceivable for Christmas that would be like a story about Christmas made up by a child itself just as it falls asleep.

And then, when Mark could barely see the tip of her nose above her armful, she stopped, before her last purchase.

"Something else," she said almost shyly. "Do you think I look right for a lady in a Christmas dream—I mean, this sweater suit and all? Would you think I was being—well, you know—if I suggested that we buy me some sort of dress? Something lovely and absurd—"

"I think that would be grand," Mark said. "Something to match your eyes, so to speak, but a little muted on the happiness side, if you know what I mean."

"It might be silver," she said, "or brilliant red, with stars."

"I'll select it," Mark said impulsively. "I'll make you look like a lady I could have loved—when I was ten—somebody half circus rider, half fairy queen, and half mother."

So Merry went home in the taxi, which looked like Santa Claus's own sleigh, and Mark, saying, "Size fourteen," over and over to himself so he wouldn't forget it, since it seemed to make very little sense to him, sallied out to buy the dress.

"It ought to be some sensible thing she could wear a lot, poor child—something she might even look for a job in," he said uncomfortably to himself. "But damned if I'm not going to buy the maddest, loveliest thing I can find."

And then the shoes. "They ought to be plebeian little brogues that she can trudge into employment offices day after day wearing," he said wretchedly to himself. "But damned if I'm not going to buy her slippers made out of silver sea foam."

And then the little glittering star to pin in her gypsy-smoke hair. "It ought to be a check big enough to stop her worrying about lunches for a month," he said, with a very big lump near his Adam's apple. "But damned if I'm not going to buy her a sapphire star she can wear among her laces when she's an old lady—if she'll want to remember."

WHEN he opened the door of his apartment, sure enough, three children fell upon him in glee—three gallant well mannered children very eager to show Cousin Mark that he had a family, and needn't be lonesome on Christmas. Merry had thought it would be nice to have them already here when he came home.

Night was blue against his golden windows, and every window had a candle and a wreath, and every room was filled with warmth and the fragrance of balsam, and every fireplace was bursting with merriment, and there was an improvised punch bowl bubbling with old-fashioned nutmeg eggnog.

In the library the tree towered to the ceiling, but all it wore, as yet, was one lovely star at its top.

"The poppas trim the trees," little Jane explained succinctly. "The mamas tell the children about Santa Claus. But it's really the poppas that trim the trees."

Mark picked her up and kissed her solid little cheek. "In that simple little sentence," he said to no one in particular, "is the formula for the illusion on which our world is hung."

"But it's safe illusion," Merry said. "And the mamas can leap off on unfettered flights of fancy as long as the poppas are reliably there to make good."

Edward, who was nine, was beginning to be suspicious about Christmas. "I know there isn't any Santa Claus," he said man-to-manly to Mark; "but I like to believe in him anyway."

"I'm like that myself about some things," Mark said.

Every one seemed full of mystery and excitement. Even Jacobs, Mark's morose houseman, was heard wrapping up something and was seen tiptoeing about with a sly sheepish smile unaccustomedly cracking his countenance. Behind every closed door, in that brief Christmas Eve before bedtime, there was the whisper of tissue paper and the whisper of laughter.

"I made Cousin Mark a footstool," Edward said, "but I sat on it." Ruefully he showed Merry the dismembered gift. "He could probably put it together again, if he's any good in manual arts."

"It'll give him something to do some rainy afternoon, when he's lonesome for you children," Merry said, helping him wrap it presentably.

"I made him a needlecase," Jane said. "I really made it for Miss Turner, but then mummy sent me a book to give *her*. Do you think Cousin Mark would like a needlecase?"

"I think he'll love a needlecase," Merry reassured her. "Bachelors ought to be kept on needles and pins sometimes."

BUT upon Isabelle, a decorous twelve, there was the real grace of Christmas, for she had brought Cousin Mark not something she happened to have, not something that would look well on a table full of other gifts, but something she thought he might like—a ticket to a polo match.

As the evening wore on every one got happier and happier, until by bedtime they were not five heterogeneous strangers assembled by circumstance, but a family shut in with a homemade Christmas. They were a family sitting around their own fireplace—a tall dark-eyed man, a girl in an impossibly beautiful blue-and-silver dress, and three children who believed so earnestly that this is an enchanted world, that it often became one for their sake.

Then the classic moment came, when the children are in bed and the poppa trims the tree. So these children were in bed—kissed. The play-mama and -poppa stood a moment in the guest-room door looking at them, demure but excited, and then went tiptoeing out.

"It's a silly business, this family stuff," Mark said; "but going through the motions sort of gets you. We're at the mercy of our instincts, in spite of all that bright cerebration we achieve."

"If you only couldn't talk so brightly," Merry said in a little whisper, "I think you would feel more."

So they trimmed the tree, and did it very well, too.

"Everybody should have the memory of at least one candle-lit Christmas tree," Merry said, "in a darkened room, with suddenly the doors opening, and the tree, actually living for a few moments, living and breathing with every breathing candle flame."

"I think that's what's the matter with me and Christmas," Mark said with a crooked little smile. "I never had candles on my trees."

"I can see that," Merry said, with no mockery around her sweet mouth.

And then it wasn't Christmas Eve any more, but Christmas morning, with the soft footfalls of a snowstorm tiptoeing through the sky and scattering down like very peace on earth.

"Merry Christmas, Mark Holland."

"I shouldn't wonder if it might be," Mark said softly.

And sure enough it *was* a merry Christmas, beginning shortly after dawn with scamperings and door-knocking and the calling of greetings in three thin little voices; with noisy unwrappings and exclamations.

But there were three little packages under the tree which Merry decided at the last minute were not to be given.

"But they're for me, aren't they?" Mark asked boyishly.

"I'm not certain," Merry said. "If they *are* for you, you may have them later."

Before dinner, Mark and his three children went out to play in the snow, while Merry and Jacobs, a combination rare and wonderful, spread a tablecloth that wasn't an ordinary tablecloth but was cloth of silver, such as a queen's ball gowns might be made of, and lighted tall candles upon it, whose flames reflected upon it like moonlight on ice. And less poetically but just as importantly, a solid young turkey bubbled richly in the oven, and steam plumed up from six covered kettles. And at last dinner was ready, and in came four noisy snow men with disgraceful appetites, all outrageously happy.

" You're such nice payrents," Jane said a little while later, sitting prettily behind her plate. " Lots of grownups are all-right people but very dull payrents."

" This is about the nicest Christmas I ever spent," Isabelle said. " Seems as if we ought to miss mummy and daddy a little more than we're doing."

And then, before any one was bored at all, the afternoon was over. The clock on Mark's wall mentioned six o'clock in an authoritative voice, and Miss Prince called up to say the children were expected back at school for supper.

" And so," said Mark, when Miss Prince's impeccable door had closed behind them, " we're not payrents any more, Merry."

" We're not, in fact, anything," Merry said. " People with candle-wax tears in our hearts. People with crumpled wrapping paper in our wastebaskets. And tomorrow to face."

" Tell me about tomorrow," Mark said. " I've got to know your tomorrows, Merry."

" No."

" Yes. Yes to every one of your nos."

" I was engaged for today only, and no questions asked," Merry said. " Today has been so free and so lovely, because it had no poor relations tagging after it."

MARGARET LEE RUNBECK *has written advertising copy, one novel, and several short fiction stories, but she says she's more proud of the fact that she was able to keep a furnace fire going on a nonstop flight all last winter. The furnace is in a 150-year-old house in Canton, Massachusetts, which occupies all of her spare time.*

" We'll make them all rich relations," Mark said. " God help me, that's a pun, Merry, but I mean it with all my heart."

" Hush," she said unsteadily. " You're driving me home. I'm giving you your Christmas present, and getting out of your car, and then we're forgetting—everything."

" You've given me a Christmas present," Mark said. " You've given me a subscription to Merry Christmases for all the rest of my life. Don't laugh at me, darling, and don't try to say things."

" I'm not trying. I'm just not listening to you," Merry said, and her hands were trembling a little, but she lifted the three packages from the seat.

" Gifts shouldn't have morals tacked on them," she said apologetically, when she handed the presents to Mark, " so let's say these are gifts with a parable behind them. Something was lost out of your Christmases through your life. Maybe these are what you missed, and now you'll have them."

SOLEMNLY he unwrapped the first package, sitting in the light of the street lamp outside Miss Prince's school. Inside the red paper, sprinkled over with painted drums and tin soldiers and wreaths, was an electrical engine, very small and perfect. Tied to it was a card which said:

" To darling little Mark, with love from Daddy and Mummy."

He couldn't quite laugh.

" I needed that," he said. " I needed it for two whole years—the card especially. Then I got over caring, Merry. How did you know I was a divorce orphan? "

" You have wistful eyes, Mark."

Then he unwrapped the second gift—a really roguish necktie, bearing a card which said:

" To my dear friend Mark, from the little girl around the corner."

" And how did you know I was too shy to attract the little girl around the corner even a necktie's worth? "

" Because you are so masterfully un-shy now," said Merry.

He held the third gift a long time unopened, because he was afraid. This girl, this small strange nobody-without-a-name, had no right to know so much about him. Unless . . . So he opened the third gift, and it was a silver picture frame, empty. The card, bearing no name at all, said: " To my Dearest, because love is the meaning behind everything."

For one terrible moment Merry thought he might misunderstand that message, forgetting it was a parable, forgetting the note was written from a symbolic woman who didn't exist. But then she saw that he understood, and they looked at each other with frankness that can exist only between a man and a woman who forget all that and become just essential human beings in their earnestness.

" And how did you know—the frame was empty? "

" Because—you're empty yourself," she whispered.

" But I'm not! " he cried, and suddenly reached out toward her. " I'm not empty tonight, Merry— For God's sake, darling, I don't even know your name! "

" I hardly do myself," Merry said. " I've not been myself today. Something's happened to me, Mark. I've been somebody new, without a name."

" Don't go," he said. " Don't ever go, darling. Wherever you used to belong, you belong to me now. Whatever your job was, there's a big new job for you now. Showing me how to be happy, dearest. You've taken me through Christmas, but what about the Fourth of July, and St. Valentine's Day? "

" And Father's Day, I suppose," Merry said impudently. But under her naughtiness she was trembling and her eyes really did have candles lighted in them, as Mark had pretended so many eyes had.

" HAVE you had a bad time, my precious, before today? " he asked. " That thin little coat you're wearing."

" It *is* thin," Merry admitted and shivered.

" I'll buy you a fur one tomorrow," Mark said; " a separate fur coat for every winter you've shivered under your fall coat. . . . You're marrying me, darling, you know. Tomorrow."

" Am I? " Merry said. " I don't know whether you'll want me or not, Mark Holland."

" I want you," he said. " I want you for ever and for ever."

" But I'm a fraud. My name isn't Merry Exmass," she said. " It's—"

" Don't tell me! " Mark cried. " Don't tell me at all, until it isn't your name any longer."

" I've got to tell you," Merry said. " You've got to hear all about me, and maybe then, you'll—" She took a deep breath and then met his eyes. " This *is* my fall coat I'm wearing, Mark, but it's a kind of false face, dear. I've four fur coats at home. I'm the girl the Larry Furnesses invited you to their Christmas party to meet."

" You're not," he denied. " You're beautiful! "

" I just couldn't bear another of those quaint old Christmas parties given by grownups for themselves. I made up my mind to duck everything, Mark."

" Imagine such a thing," he said.

" Then I saw your ad—I'm looking for a new maid—and it struck me that it might be a sort of joke. So I phoned the Furnesses I'd been called out of town."

" And what happened to their poor old party? " Mark asked, thinking of little Sylvia and poor old Larry shackled in a festive house alone together.

" It didn't matter much, as it worked out," Merry said. " They had to call the party off anyway at the last minute. Poor old Larry had to go to the hospital."

" He's a liar," Mark muttered, " a liar and a copycat."

" He came down suddenly with an enlarged something or other," Merry said.

" Poor soul," Mark said. " I've suffered with it myself, most of my life. Precious, you haven't kissed me yet."

" Oh, you noticed that? " Merry said, and when they had taken care of that, he held the empty picture frame so the face of Merry Exmass was reflected on its glass.

" She's not original," he said, imitating Sylvia Furness's little drawl, " but she's very beautiful, Mark."

THE END

MORE SECRETS I'VE KEPT FOR YEARS

Joe in the days when Jeffries was champion.

The Truth at Last About Some Famous Fights—A Prize-Ring Veteran's Surprising Story

by JOE HUMPHREYS

Dean of American Boxing Announcers

as told to

DAVIS J. WALSH

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

JIM JEFFRIES was quite a man in 1899, tough, lean, a puncher and the fastest big man I've ever seen. On merit alone he could have and, for all I know, would have won from Bob Fitzsimmons. As it was, he couldn't lose. Fitz, taunted into drinking his way into the fight, never had a chance with him.

The heat didn't help Fitz's hangover, but it rolled off the rawhide body of Jeffries. Most of it came from the ring lights, which were defective.

"Fitz could hit like he had a paving block in either hand," said Jeffries afterward. He carried around a couple of black eyes for two weeks. Twenty years later he told me Fitz packed the hardest punch he'd ever taken.

That was pretty much the last of Fitz as a really great fighter. He was still good for a surprising number of years, because he had matured late. But the greatness was gone, and a careless gibe was the means of sending it on its way.

You may judge that some of our heroes of the past were inclined to be sensitive. As a matter of fact, it goes with the business of prizefighting. I have seldom seen a fighter worth his salt who didn't have a bit of the prima donna in him.

Corbett, generally courteous, could and often did snarl if somebody slighted him. Fitz was just a big kid. Jeff was morose and moody. The worst thing they ever did to him was to bring him back to fight Jack Johnson in 1910, six years after he had retired. Sensitive as a calla lily, Jeff worried more about being made to look ridiculous than he did about Johnson.

Jack Johnson himself, though placid, was easily touched by anything he felt to be criticism. Tunney was a noteworthy example. Even Dempsey, a good mixer anywhere and everywhere, had a skin as thin as an onion. He almost wept in Jersey City when 90,000 fans hooted him before the Carpentier fight.

But Terry McGovern topped them all. An ignorant boy with any number of superstitions, he came to his end just as stupidly as Fitzsimmons did.

Training for Young Corbett at Hartford in 1901, McGovern couldn't sleep and wouldn't eat, and his boxing was low comedy. Why? At first he wouldn't tell us. But we finally got it out of him.

An old Irishwoman had put a curse on him!

"Are you insane?" shouted Sam Harris. "Nobody can put a curse on you. The only curse I know of is that left of yours to the mustache."

It was no use. Terry got lower as the date of the fight approached. And then we learned another thing. He was having trouble with his wife. That was nothing new, but could always be figured to upset him. He was on the edge of a nervous breakdown two weeks before the fight—and then Harris declared himself.

He was going to take a plea—a postponement—or call it off altogether. McGovern wouldn't listen. He'd never taken a run-out yet, he said. And wasn't he 5 to 1 in the betting?

"All right," said Sam finally. "We go through. But don't sell this Young Corbett cheap. There's something about him I don't like. He's fresh, but it's more than that. He acts as if we were a lot of suckers."

We were still haggling in the dressing room when came that historic rapping on the door and the sneering taunt that has outlived thirty-four years. Most of these lines handed down from past generations are the bunk. But this one was the coffee and cakes, all right.

"Hey, Terry," came this peculiarly unpleasant voice (I can hear it yet). "Hey, Terry. Come on out, Terry, and take your licking!"

For a minute we sat stunned. Then Harris and I dashed to the door. The hallway outside was empty!

Slowly and with a funny gnawing little feeling at the pit of the stomach, we gathered up our buckets and bathrobes and sponges, and the three of us stalked out the door and down through the crowd—to practically an assassination! That day the Terrible Terry was as pathetic as a child. He hardly got his hands up—he was pole-axed like a steer. Once or twice he nailed Young Corbett coming in. But some of the sting had been punched out of him in the first minute.

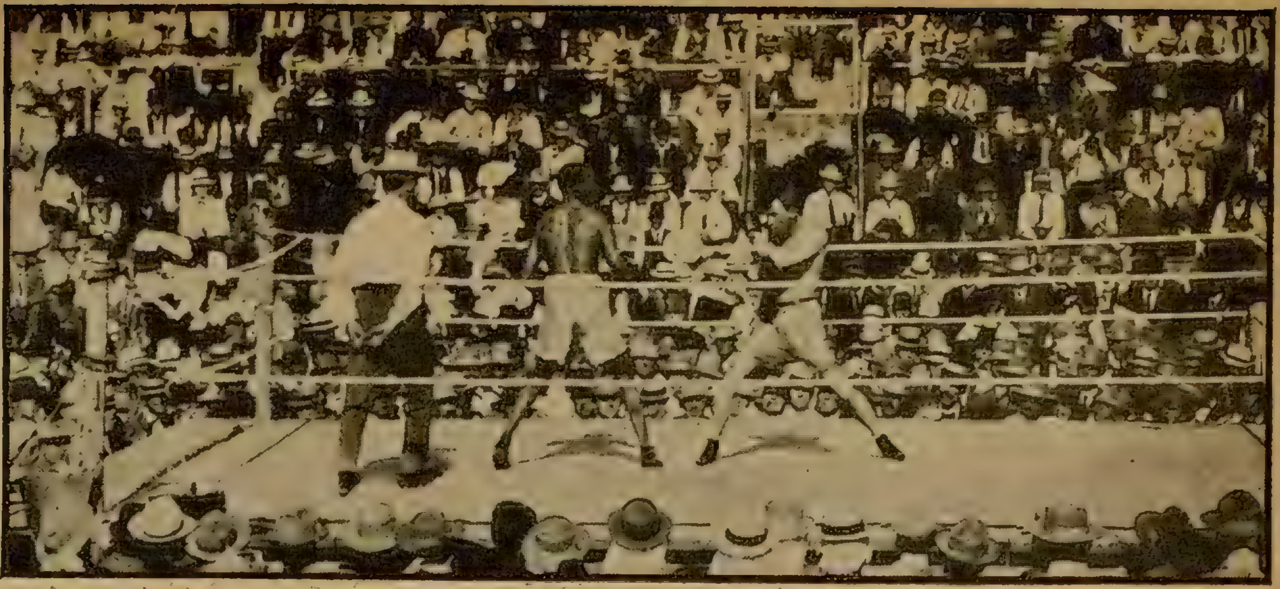
It was all over in the second round, with Corbett the new featherweight champion of the world in one of the most dramatic reversals boxing has known.

McGovern tried to come back, but never quite made it. The old rollicking puncher was not there; neither was his self-esteem. He was just another prizefighter.

We did get him in great shape for his famous fight with Battling Nelson in Philadelphia—the one they said Nelson and his manager, Billy Nolan, foxed McGovern out of. They said the nervous Terry was left sitting in his corner so long, waiting for Nelson to show, that he blew up.

They don't know the real story. Nelson could have come in on time or waited a week. Terry was licked before he entered his dressing room.

Tex Rickard. Joe rues the day he wisecracked at Tex by wire.



Brown Bros. photo

The first and greatest Gans-Nelson fight, at Goldfield in 1906. Joe says Gans wasn't really fouled—he faked it! This fight was Tex Rickard's debut.

Everything had gone all right until the afternoon of the fight, at which time we were walking down Chestnut Street in Philadelphia, pretty much at peace with the world. This Nelson figured to be a soft touch over the six-round distance. He never got rightly warmed up before twenty or thirty.

Anyhow, we were taking our afternoon constitutional, me thinking about one thing and another but keeping an eye on Terry. He had seemed more nervous than usual.

"Wait a minute," he said, suddenly stopping in front of a store. "I want to see a feller in here."

I fell for it, and was still standing there an hour later when I suddenly tumbled. Mr. Joseph T. McGovern, my prizefighter, wasn't coming back. He had lammed!

Hours later, when he returned to the hotel pale and shaky, I knew the answer. Another jam with the wife. He told me about it like a small boy who can't quite figure how these things can be. Terry was no longer a prizefighter. He was just a worried husband.

On the way to the arena I talked about different things, figuring to get his mind off his troubles. He didn't hear me. I doubt if he even knew I was there. Anyhow, the fight was out of Nolan's hands—and mine. As far as Terry was concerned, it was lost hours ahead of time.

One morning in 1906 I got a wire from a place called Goldfield, Nevada:

"Will give you $10,000 and expenses for a finish fight with Jimmy Britt."

It was signed with a name I didn't know and, besides, it had come collect. So I sat myself down and wrote a reply—also collect—reading as follows:

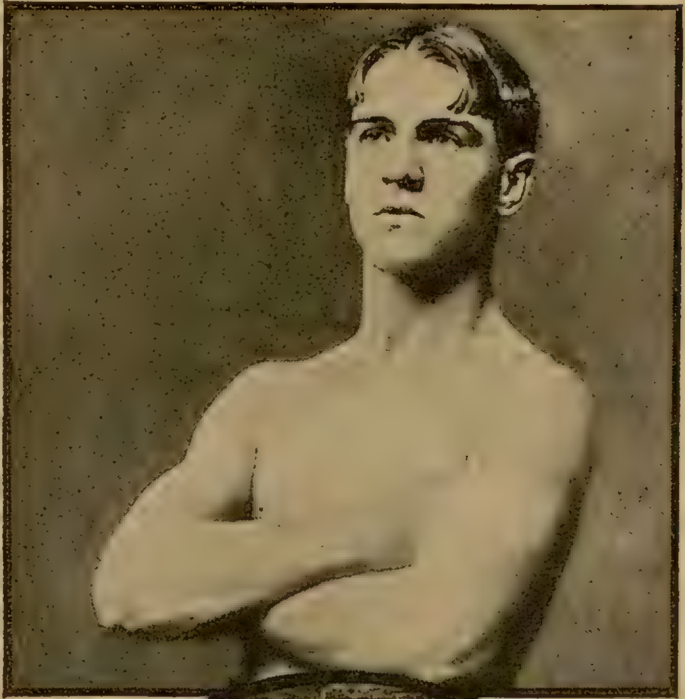
"Never heard of the Goldfields of Nevada. However, am personally acquainted with the Greenfields of Virginia, Morris and Jake. If you are on the square, get in touch, stating your proposition, with any sports editor in New York."

This was all very comical at the moment, but—the name signed to that telegram was Tex Rickard!

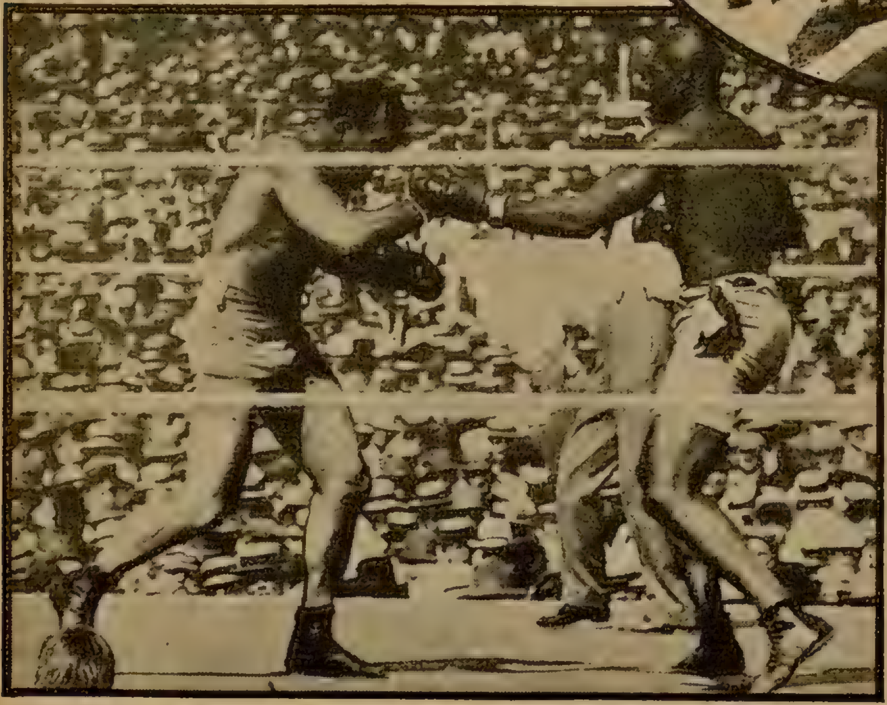
NOBODY knew him then. Everybody knew him before his death seven years ago. It is therefore unnecessary to add that Tex was a smart guy—too smart to bother further with a comedian. The next I heard, he had signed Nelson and Joe Gans for a lightweight championship fight at Goldfield that was to make history.

The first move he made was to post his purse. And where do you think he did it? In the window of the First National Bank of Goldfield—bright shining gold coins for all to see. Good showmanship. He knew what he was about, even then.

Plenty of money has been lost on that fight, even years after it was held. Why? Because the saps will persist in betting that Nelson entered the ring that day as the lightweight champion. Bets have even been paid off on that basis, sports editors and other authorities having decided that only a champion could have acted as Nelson and Nolan did.



Brown Bros. photo



Top: Terry McGovern before "an old woman put a curse on him."

In circle: "De Mayor of Chinatown," Chuck Connors, and his dog.

At left: Jeffries vs. Johnson at Reno. Joe declares it's the bunk that Jeff was doped.

Before the fight the hard-boiled Nolan exacted one concession after another. Believe me, I knew then that Rickard was a great promoter. He had to be, to keep the match in town. Nolan was forever threatening to jump. Nobody believed he would, but nobody was willing to take the chance of it. He held the aces!

Gans needed the money, and Nolan knew it. Gans was the champion (pay off on that!) but he and his manager, Al Hereford, weren't in the chips, and then both were easygoing good fellows. Gans wouldn't think of contradicting a white man, no matter what he said.

When articles were signed, they called for 133 pounds ringside. It was a tough weight for Gans—and as soon as Nolan hit camp he suggested that the best way to weigh in was in full ring costume. That would make each man weigh at least as low as 131!

The Gans people were in a furor.

" O. K.," said Nolan coldly and impressively. " It's off. We're leaving on the afternoon train."

He made all his points stand up. He won every time. All it cost was public sympathy—and the health of a very white black man.

Wait! There's one more thing. He lost the prize fight, Gans winning on a foul in the forty-second round. The great Negro had left-handed Nelson all along; but the Battler had taken this jolting and was beginning to come on.

Then, suddenly, the foul, and it was all over.

And now I'll reveal for the first time that *Gans wasn't fouled at all.* He simply went as far as he could and then relied on a bit of histrionics.

A master of ring craft, he maneuvered until he got his back directly to Referee George Siler, and then, without warning, sank groaning and griping on the floor.

This put Siler in a spot. He had to guess whether there was a foul or not—and to remember that Nelson and his manager were highly unpopular. He hardly hesitated in calling Gans the winner, and not a dissenting voice was raised.

Not long afterward, Nelson won the lightweight championship by knocking out Gans in seventeen rounds and, in a third bout, repeated in twenty-one. Not long after that, Joe Gans was dead, a victim of galloping consumption.

He had practically died on the scales at Goldfield!

I didn't know myself that he had not been fouled until I got a letter from him before his death. " I gave Nelson everything I had," he wrote. " I beat him all the way. But when I couldn't knock him out inside of thirty rounds, I knew I was gone. The weight-making finished me. So I looked for my spot and took it as soon as I got Siler behind me."

But Nolan won the final decision—and it must have kept him awake nights. Not even he wanted to impair the health of a gentle, gallant fellow like Joe Gans.

THAT was Rickard's first promotion, and it marked him for destiny. He got such a reputation that when he came back with the idea of matching Jeffries and Johnson, everybody believed in him. They were still believing eighteen years later when he died in Florida.

The Johnson-Jeffries fight of 1910 was a promotional natural. Johnson was champion. Jeff, now a fat man along in his thirties, had been in retirement six years, having stepped down undefeated, meanwhile passing his title on to Hart.

In other words, Rickard had two champions—the unpopular black man, and the white idol of other years. He had to guarantee a purse of $101,000 to get Jeff out of retirement, and we thought he was crazy. He was crazy like a traction-company lawyer.

Tex knew the fight couldn't miss at the gate, and when—after he had built an arena—they ran it out of California, he didn't complain. He took it over the state line to Reno and still made money.

Everybody was picking Jeff, but it was sentimental money. A few sharpshooters cleaned up at the odds. Excuses for his defeat began to pile up within twenty-four hours. Jeff himself even offered one. He said a cup of tea he'd drunk had been drugged; and to this day he has the support of Bob Edgren, noted expert and writer. I think both have gone far afield in order to explain a very ordinary development.

Jeff had to take off fifty to sixty pounds when he started training. When he finished he was as dry as an old whitewashed fence. The late Mike Murphy, probably the greatest physical conditioner America has ever had, called the turn on Jeffries at Reno. Murphy was dispatched to the scene by the Philadelphia North American. Two days before the fight he wrote:

" Outwardly Jeffries looks all right. He is down to the weight he has set for himself and he apparently has trained hard. But I'm not impressed with his physical condition. *He drinks far too much water* for a man supposed to be ready for the biggest fight of his life."

Of course he did. Poor Jeff's tissues were starving for water—a bad sign with a sedentary man, tragedy with an athlete.

WHAT'S all this about " Chuck " Connors, Bowery character and self-styled Mayor of Chinatown? I read every now and then that Connors was quite a guy in those days. He was really the biggest joke that ever happened.

The make-up was the tip-off on him. He wore a pea jacket with pearl buttons on the sleeves and front. The lining was bright red, and he favored a blue shirt, generally without a tie. His pants were big and baggy and almost chocolate in color. Top this off with a flat " cheese-cutter " hat and you have a vision that should never have got out of the comic supplements.

He called himself an " entertainer " at Scotty Lavelle's place. He also made a little money in the ring, fighting at cheap clubs as a lightweight; but clowning was about all he was good for.

The tourists thought he was tough; but they wouldn't have if they had seen him as we did. Why, the man actually drank celery tonic over the bar!

Steve Brodie didn't drink. He might take a schooner of beer, but you never saw him in liquor.

" The smart guys get drunk," he used to say, " and the blokes stay sober. I guess I'll be a bloke. I notice they always have the chips."

Brodie, with his sidewalk philosophy, had passed on by the time Jack Johnson became heavyweight champion. Johnson, a big black man, apparently set himself to make the white race mad.

I don't, as a matter of fact, think Johnson was as bad as he was pictured. I think he purposely went out of his way to create an effect that was bound to incite those who read about it—married a white wife and did other things not likely to commend him to popular acclaim.

Everybody wanted him licked; but it remained for Jack Curley, now a wrestling promoter, to see it. He saw the police jump in and stop the Johnson-Jim Flynn fight at Las Vegas in order to save Flynn. But he saw a more important thing. He saw that Johnson *could hardly stand up* when the end was reached.

Curley, therefore, began to look around for a likely young man who could stand up when any given finish was reached. He finally picked Jess Willard.

There have been stories that this fight was fixed, that Jack Johnson " dived " to Willard for a price. Johnson himself has written that when he took the final count he was shading his eyes from the sun with his gloves. Forget it. He hated to lose. But he finally had to that day, as we should have known when he went twenty aimless rounds with Frank Moran in Paris only a couple of years before.

He got his white wife paid off in advance, and along about the twentieth round he signaled her to leave. Why? Because he knew he couldn't lick this awkward white man in a finish fight. He wanted to get her out of there with the money before the trouble started.

Johnson, as he claims in his book, wasn't knocked out. Of course he shaded his eyes from the sun. But there was a reason.

He knew he couldn't win. So he just laid himself down and capitulated.

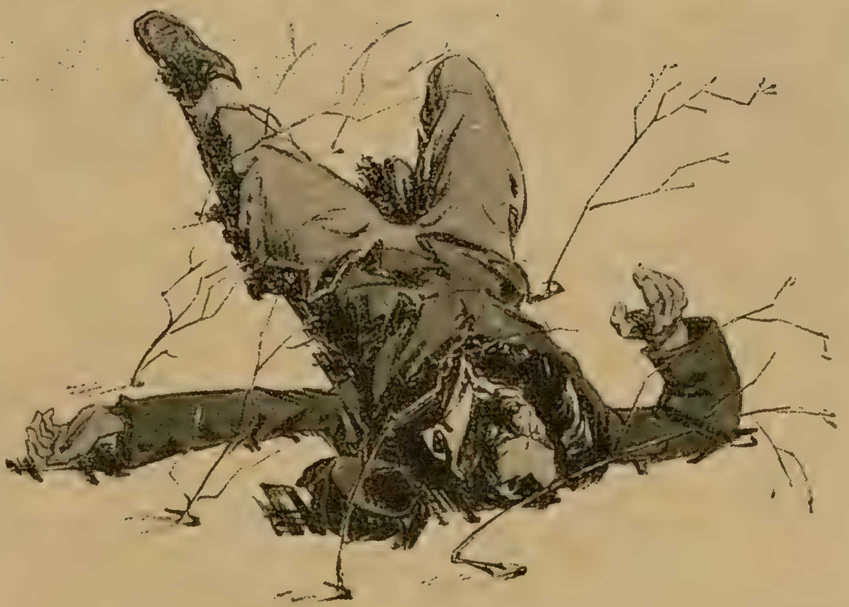
Even more sensational secrets that old Joe has kept for years—secrets anent the Dempsey-Tunney era and present-day champs—will be revealed in an early issue.

LOST CHRISTMAS

Liberty's Short Short

by VIRGINIA THOINE LANE

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



IT was one of Hollywood's "superspecials" in the way of a Christmas Eve party. Two orchestras alternated in the ballroom that had been transformed for the occasion into a toyland setting with an enormous Christmas tree revolving in silvered splendor in the middle. Oh, the Morrisons were doing it right! There were two ambassadors and a Bourbon prince among the guests—and Dana Torris.

You could set the stage for Christmas, she thought, but you couldn't make it live without the spirit. And she had lost that.

Some one said, "There's Dana Torris. Her new picture is cleaning up for Interallied, they say. Oh, well, she gets the breaks with that producer husband of hers. By the way, where *is* Jim tonight?"

Dana turned away, her heart sickening. She didn't know where Jim was, but it was easy enough to guess. With the Costair woman. Dana was seeing them as she had seen them at La Golondrina last night, looking deep into each other's eyes with a complete understanding and camaraderie that had left her shaken.

Yet Dana had to admit the break had come between herself and Jim before the Costair woman arrived.

"You're not leaving, my dear!" It was Mrs. Morrison, cool and suspecting and subtly gracious.

"Sorry." Dana heard herself offering some vague apology and then she was out in the misty night. The street, as she swung her car about, was as slippery as if it were coated with thin ice. Hollywood Boulevard was worse. A million lights danced on the wet pavement, reflections of the famous "Santa Claus Lane." From Vine Street a loud-speaker blared forth Silent Night, Holy Night.

A sob broke from Dana. A dry racking sob.

She was almost in Pasadena before she realized where she had been heading for subconsciously. The cabin at Lake Arrowhead. They had spent part of their honeymoon there, she and Jim. It would be quiet. No one could reach her. She jammed on the accelerator.

The drizzle had increased to a steady downpour now. And for the first time in her life Dana knew fear. Not for herself, not of the night. A nameless fear drove her into a cold, strangulating panic. The speedometer touched seventy, seventy-five.

The lights of San Bernardino were dim behind her when she pulled into a gas station at the foot of the broad highway leading up to the lake. A man came out yawning.

"How many?" he asked.

"Fill it up, please."

"Say." He stuck his head closer. "You're not figurin' on goin' clear up to the lake tonight?"

She nodded.

"Why, lady, there's a blizzard blowin' up there. Road won't be passable in another hour."

"I can make it in half an hour."

He stood looking after her, a crumpled five-dollar bill in his hand, while the flash of her taillight disappeared in the darkness.

Halfway up, the storm struck full blast. Through the blur of snow the trees were cabalistic shadows shaken in some weird dance. Dana drove on, her slim body rigid and covered with icy sweat.

At last she was there, slipping stiffly from under the wheel, head bowed against the blizzard. And as she plowed her way across the clearing she knew with sharp, quick agony why she had taken that ride. A human body was sprawled at the bottom of the little incline, half-buried under snow and the great rotted limb of a tree.

It was Jim. . . . .

Christmas morning lay white and clear and blue-lidded over the lake. Inside the cabin eucalyptus logs flamed high in the fireplace and there was the odor of roasting turkey. Old Dr. Winthrop had provided that on his second trip. And a sprig of mistletoe. "Just to keep the patient in good humor," he had chuckled as he hung it over the bed. "Now I've got to be getting back to my own dinner. Just keep him warm and quiet. Have to be pretty still with a concussion like that—and it won't hurt his broken arm any either."

Jim was going to live. There had been times during the night that were vague and sketchy with terror. . . . That drive for the doctor. . . . The wait while he worked over Jim. It didn't need his words to tell her how close a race she had won with death.

"DANA." She went swiftly to the bed and laid a hand softly against his cheek. He turned his face so that he could kiss the palm. His eyes were wet.

"Dana—" She stooped then and kissed him full on the lips, and his good arm closed around her.

"Can't we skip the last year, Dana? It's been so damned rotten. Couldn't seem to get near you. Crowds—and things always getting in the way. Came up here yesterday to try and think things out."

"I know." She rested her head beside his.

"Listen, Dana. I've got to tell you something. Did I ever mention that my mother's maiden name was Costair?" He felt her stiffen.

"She was a kid of seventeen when she married my dad. I don't know all the circumstances, but six months after I was born she left him. Sybil brought me up as best she could in theatrical boardinghouses. She used to make a great fuss over Christmas. Always managed to get me a little potted tree and find a piece of red ribbon to hang in the window. She did one-night stands and tent shows and God knows what to put me through school. And when I came out here the only thing she asked was—well, that I wouldn't tell any one she was my mother. Not even you. Old-trouper stuff, I suppose. She's never had a real break and that's what I'm planning for her."

"You—and me too!" said Dana. She rose abruptly and made for the door.

"Here! Where you going?"

"Down to the village to telephone Los Angeles." Her voice had a crystalline ring. "They say the road is clear up here now—and I think maybe it isn't too late for Sybil to bring that little potted tree and piece of red ribbon."

THE END

MARCHING MADMEN

A Saga of Desert Bayonets . . . The Inside Story, Never Told Before, of the Tigris Expedition Under General Townshend

by W. J. BLACKLEDGE

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

YOUNG Tiger Blackledge's agonizing struggle with himself as to whether to report Latifah's assertion that she knew and had used a secret passage out of Kut was interrupted when the Turks attacked on Christmas Day. Later he talked it over with Steve, who eventually concluded that there wasn't any passage; that the girl had been romancing about one; that their chance of escape would come, if ever, only on the day of the now inevitable surrender.

For meanwhile the siege had entered upon its dreadful last stage. The garrison was on short rations of black bread and horse or mule meat. Cholera and dysentery were rampant. More than once a British relief force fought its way within earshot of the town—and was compelled to retreat. A gunboat with food and medical supplies attempted to run the Turks' blockade and failed. Nevertheless General Townshend still strove to hold out hope to his men. Not until April 29, 1916, did he run up the white flag.

PART SIX—THROUGH HELL TO BAGDAD

WE were ready to surrender. The valiant stand of the starving madmen had been in vain. On April 29, 1916, the Union Jack came down and the white flag took its place.

Attempts had been made to secure our release on parole. An initial offer of a million pounds was increased to two millions, plus our forty-one guns. Furthermore, we proposed giving the conquering enemy an equal number of fit and healthy Turkish prisoners of war in exchange for our sick and wounded.

The Turks answered "No!" to the parole offer.

Thereupon we destroyed all our guns, most of the ammunition, the stores of equipment, harness and the like; made a bonfire of everything that could be burned, and sank what boats we had left. We had no food left.

Shortly after noon on the 29th a Turkish regiment marched on the fort to take over the guards in Kut. At one o'clock our radio signaled "Good-by!" to those who had tried to help us—who had fought for so long to relieve us—and then the wireless was destroyed.

We had 1,450 sick and wounded in hospital. Of these, 1,136—the more precarious cases—were at once exchanged for healthy Turkish prisoners of war.

On that day the Kut garrison started to march up the river to Shumran camp, about eight miles. The troops were moving out for three days and, though many were unfit to march eight yards, let alone eight miles, no food was issued to the starving men until the second day. Then each man was given a biscuit.

This article was about four inches in circumference and three quarters of an inch thick. Iron rations with a vengeance! These biscuits were so hard that it took several hours of soaking in water to render them fit for chewing by the strongest teeth.

It took the better part of four days to assemble the Kut prisoners at Shumran camp—and during that time three hundred men died!

The rank and file were separated from the officers. General Townshend left Kut by steamer for Bagdad en route for Constantinople on May 3, and reached his destination a month later.

On May 4 the first batch of British and Indian officers were sent up the river to Bagdad by steamer. They were followed a few hours later by the remainder of the officers.

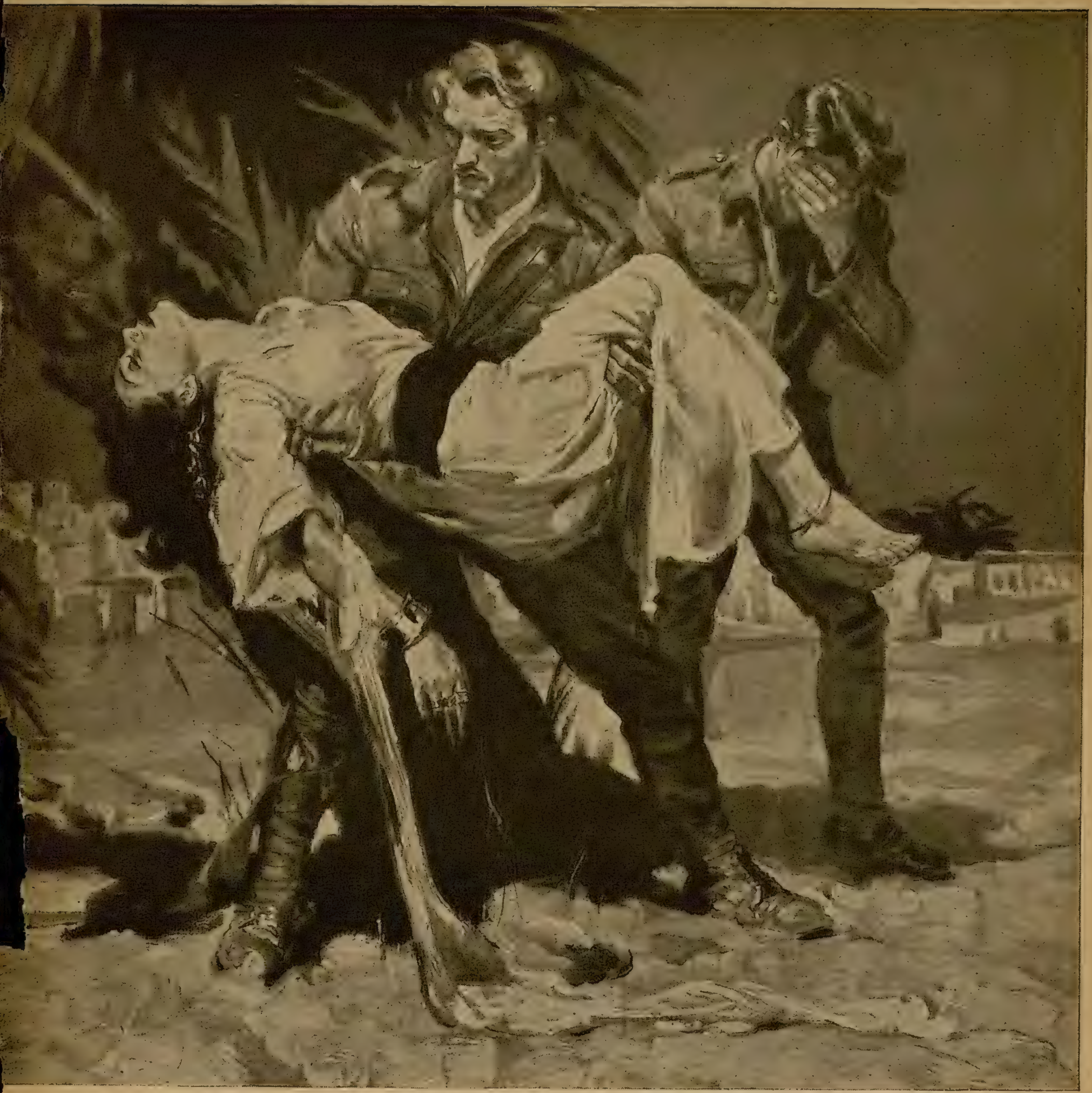
Our officers protested vigorously against this preferential treatment. The Turks merely shrugged their shoulders. They could not understand officers bothering about the rank and file.

Nevertheless, had the officers insisted on remaining with their men and marching with them to Bagdad, that trek would not have been the appallingly brutal thing that in fact it was. With their officers alongside them, the rank and file would not have suffered bestial treatment from Turk and Arab irregulars, and fewer dying men would have been left by the wayside to rot in the sun.

The men of Kut, weak and exhausted and starved by the long siege, had to march one hundred miles to Bagdad!

The hot season was just beginning. There were no tents for prisoners. Many were without kits or blankets. By the time the trek began many were without shoes to their feet—having traded them for a handful of dates, a bit of black bread, and a pair of Arab sandals. They did not want the sandals, but they did want the bread. Both Turkish and Arab troops went around peddling their own rations in order to get possession of a good pair of British boots or a greatcoat.

That ill-fated column started its terrible trek on May



"Satani," said Steve. We carried her to the hole into which I had stumbled.

6, 1916. Steve and I were among the missing.

Not twenty per cent of the nine thousand or more British and Indian soldiers taken captive at Kut lived to tell the tale when the war was all over. And of the survivors—some are still in Asia Minor!

Up to a few years ago they were still making their way home to India. Among the bandits that still infest northern Arabia are men of British and Indian blood.

Trekking north to the hills was one way of escaping, and more than a few attempted it. Steve and I thought of giving it a try.

Satani and Latifah served as the reasons we didn't.

Steve had been right. Latifah was still in Kut. We found her and Satani, Steve's campaign companion, at the hide-out, where we took refuge. If there was any way out of Kut, she had never been able to locate it.

It was no good berating the lovely creature for lying. Her yen for romancing probably took the place of a soul. I'll freely admit I was too glad, when I found her, to scold her.

There might have been a chance for us if we hadn't bothered with those two dames, as Steve put it. But, with Johnny Turk moving in and taking over, Steve and I decided the time had come to get out.

As soon as it grew pitch dark, we and the two girls made for the brickkilns. From there we hoped to go on along the river bank, then journey across the desert to the Persian border, where we planned to leave the girls with the Sabian family of whom Latifah had spoken. That much of her story apparently was true. After which Steve and I would make our way down to Basra.

The four of us reached the river bank. The water was subsiding, but was still too much for us indifferent swimmers. We had to move along the bank to the northeast until we came to the bend in the river, then go straight into the desert.

We must have been going along the edge of the stream for the better part of an hour when we pulled up suddenly. A figure loomed up out of the darkness.

There was a distant sound of voices. We could not hope to get away without running the gantlet somewhere. It looked as if we must pass a Turkish post or camp.

Crouching in the mud of that bank with a couple of women was not exactly thrilling. I'd rather have crouched there without them.

We dared not use the Mauser pistols we had. Steve suddenly leaped forward. We heard a stifled cry, a scuffle, and a thud.

Then silence. We lay there hardly daring to breathe, wondering how far that muffled cry had carried.

Steve came up on hands and knees. I remember his pushing his knife into the dirt to clean the blade of it.

"Come on!" he hoarsely whispered.

We went on, crouching low, stepping carefully over the body. The night was all in our favor, but how near the stream were the other guards?

The query was soon answered. There were two of them squatting by the water's edge. We sat down too — and perspired. If we were caught now, these Johnnies would have little mercy on us and less on the women.

Yet we had to barge past—to turn away from the river would be fatal. And those Johnnies were very much awake. It began to look as though we'd have to take our chances and slaughter our way out.

And then help—unsavory help—came from an unexpected quarter. Satani and Latifah! The girls' solution was a simple one and as old as the hills.

Steve and I were forced to crouch low while Satani and Latifah boldly approached the sentries.

The two dim figures of men got up and waited. . . .

Later they dropped their rifles.

Then Steve and I pounced upon them—and the girls helped us roll their bodies softly into the water.

I SUPPOSE we must have presented a weird sight. We were caked in mud. But we had taken the precaution to clothe ourselves well before we started out.

We had emerged from the hide-out looking like a couple of canteen wallahs—noncombatants who wore a sort of semiofficer's uniform. It was the girls who had procured the skirted tunics with patch pockets, the breeches and puttees. They were of course devoid of badges, epaulets, or any other insignia of rank.

After disposing of the two sentries we started forward again. We came into view of the Turkish post. There were five or six men there, and immediately beyond, a whole camp of troops. The post was far enough from the bank to make it possible to get by. Steve led the way as we crawled along near the edge of the stream.

All went well until Satani slipped in the mud and sat down with a resounding splash! We crouched and listened to the sounds of running feet comi[illegible]ard us.

"What the hell are we sitting here for?" snarled Steve. "Come on! Keep away from the water!"

We started to run—Steve in front, the two women next, while I tailed in the rear. A figure loomed up in front of our leader. His fist shot out and felled it.

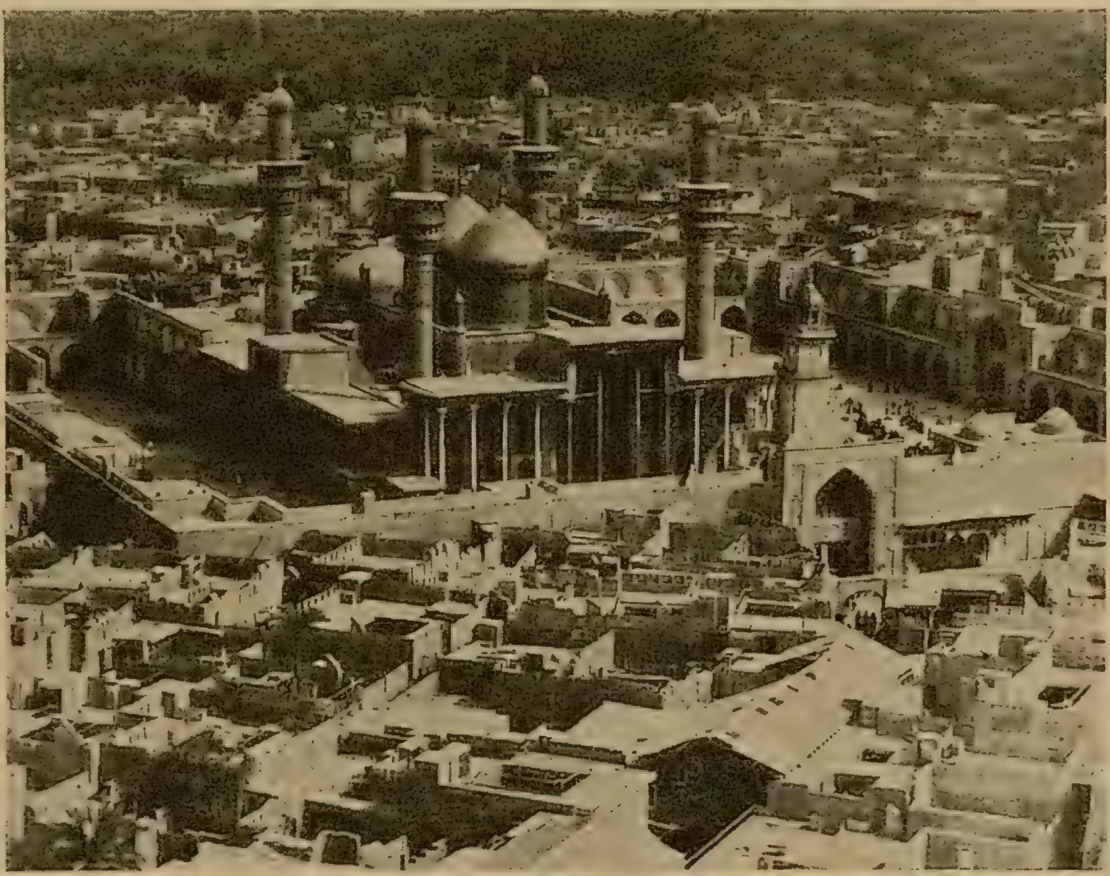
"Don't shoot!" he snapped as we raced along.

Other figures came out of the darkness. I saw Satani lunge with knife in hand. A Turk dropped to his knees. Again! And another went down. Latifah too!

I struck at the nearest Johnny with the Mauser butt. The night was suddenly filled with cries. It was imperative that we silence this handful of men before the rest of the camp was roused.

We all knew what it must mean if we were caught now!

Guards came up at the double. We clubbed with the rifles snatched from the men at our feet. How those two girls fought! Two wildcats!—gasping and snorting as if they had run many miles. But never a word to express the blazing hate in their hearts. Lunging with those dripping knives. No Johnny attempted to shoot. That would be too easy a death for us! They were intent on taking us alive, merely jabbing with their bayonets.



"Out of the dust of the plains a forest of minarets and domes rose up beside the river"— Bagdad as the Turks' prisoners first saw it.

THEN Latifah went down—went down with a choking sob, her skull cracked.

I have no clear recollection of what happened after the girl dropped, a dead thing, at my feet. I know only that she had leaped with her knife and taken a blow aimed at me.

How could I remember anything after that, except that I saw red—blood-red? Hot lust to kill swept me as I hope it never will again. When the last of the guards was down I went on beating at him where he lay—until Steve dragged me off.

"Come on, we gotta run for it!"

"Latifah!"

"She's finished. We can't do anything."

He dragged me to my feet. We broke into a run with Satani between us. I don't know how long we kept it up. It may have been an hour or three hours. I knew that we cleared the camp, left it well behind—left what was left of Latifah behind. We were running blindly into the desert and there didn't seem to be anything to stop us.

Once I pitched headlong into a hole. When I staggered to my feet the other two were yards ahead.

I ran on and on, sobbing like a kid. In that reaction I hadn't any guts left. I wanted to lie down and die.

"Tiger! For God's sake, pull yourself together!"

All this time Satani had not uttered a word. Now she tumbled headlong into the dirt and stayed there. We started to shake her, thinking she was just played out and demanding a rest.

"*Imshi!*" she said in a throaty sort of gurgle, using the Arabic imperative for "Go!"

It was all she ever did say. Steve's hand came away from her neck. He looked dumbly at his hand; it was smeared with blood.

"How in hell did she run like this—more dead than alive?"

There was no answer. It was inconceivable! Pure courage had kept her on her feet—with the lifeblood draining from her until even she could run no farther!

"Satani," said Steve, as if even he, with his hard-boiled make-up, could not trust himself to say more.

We carried her back to the hole into which I had stumbled, laid her down in it, and pushed the dirt over her with our hands. . . .

There wasn't anything more to the night, except an aimless, futile wandering. We trudged on—two of God's most wretched creatures—who had suddenly, tragically lost their women. When we could not plod any farther we lay down and slept like logs.

I awoke grabbing instinctively at something that was jabbing into my buttocks. It was a bayonet!—on a rifle in the hands of a powerful-looking Turk!

I leaped up. A jab from his rifle butt sent me staggering and brought full realization of where I was.

Steve was telling two more Johnnies what he thought of them. They did not understand, even though his language was colorful and descriptive.

The horrible truth slowly penetrated my dull wits. *We had caught up with the column of British prisoners being taken to Bagdad!*

OUR night's wandering had amounted to a detour. We must have drifted around for fifteen or twenty miles.

The long straggling column of men robbed of hope was drifting by. On they came, hundreds of them, in a column miles and miles long, with heavily armed Turkish and Arab soldiery marching alongside, and mounted Turkish and German officers riding up and down the ragged ranks.

Steve and I made no attempt to join them, but continued to argue with our bewildered captors—until an officer rode up and asked why we hadn't been driven back into the column. Then he noticed our mud-spattered uniforms and mistook us for officers. He asked why we had not gone up the river by steamer, and for what reason we had removed our badges of rank!

The guards drove us into line with their bludgeons and rifle butts. Thus we joined the march to Bagdad. We fell in at the rear of the column—the worst possible place to be in, for the sun came up and roasted the face of the desert until it was a foot deep in dust; dust that was kicked up by feet and hoofs into a huge cloud through which we marched all day long.

"Don't worry, Tiger," said Steve. "Bagdad's only a hundred miles away. I guess we can think up something before we get there!"

The situation looked impossible to me. We should never be able to break away from this mob. There were far more Turks and Arabs than Britishers.

Worn and exhausted as the men were, they were gibed and goaded beyond endurance. If a man fell out he was lashed unmercifully, jabbed with bayonets, kicked back into the column.

But it was not unbearable that first day. There were halts when we were allowed to lie down in our tracks. We were issued iron rations that had been sent upstream by our own people, the force that had tried to relieve us. Our captors had agreed that we should not be marched for more than eight hours a day—though how on earth the British authorities could agree to eight hours a day for men in such condition is beyond me.

That condition obtained for only one day, however, for as soon as Johnny got us away from any possible observation by our air force he marched us from daylight to dark every day for eight days. If those who dropped out could not be driven into the ranks again, they were left to rot or to fall into the hands of the brown women who tailed us like vultures.

The condition of the men, the forced marching, the iron rations, and the brutal treatment brought on the inevitable dysentery. Only those who have suffered dysentery on the march, or seen others suffering, can appreciate the hell of it.

When we reached Aziziyeh, it was dusk and we lay down in our tracks. The whole body refused to move another inch. We were given black bread and a few dates and allowed to fill our water bottles.

Aziziyeh lies about halfway between Kut and Bagdad. When morning came we refused to move. The guards

BROMO-SELTZER'S MY PAL...IT STOPS MORNING-AFTER TROUBLES FASTER

HAPPY NEW YEAR

and top o' the morning-after!

Celebrating New Year's Eve? Here's a tip . . . you NEEDN'T have trouble the morning after!

If you wake up with throbbing head, upset stomach—don't suffer. Take Bromo-Seltzer.

It works faster, doctors find, than any other remedy tested! Does more for you, too. Helps settle a touchy stomach, quiets frazzled nerves, reduces excess lactic acid in your blood. Brings you the TOP of every morning-after!

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

used their whips and sticks freely enough. But still we refused to rise.

I know that I was as stiff as a board, with a head like lead, incredibly dirty—for we were given no opportunity to clean ourselves. But I did not have dysentery, and, miraculously, the malaria did not return. The intolerable pains in my head were due to the strain of the past four days and exposure to the heat.

Steve and I were fortunate in that we had started out with good boots on our feet. Those poor devils who had traded their boots for bread were now suffering the tortures of the damned. The Arab sandals they wore were in shreds. Some had torn up their shirts in order to bind aching and blistered feet.

It was a strange mutiny that we put up. There had been no organization about it, no agreement among ourselves. We just hid our heads and cursed when the guards came with their whips—and remained lying on the ground.

At last a number of officers came up. They told us that we must march on to Bagdad, that there was no food for us in Aziziyeh.

We told them in uncertain French and bastard Arabic that we needed a day's rest; that proper provision must be made for the sick. We refused point-blank to move until the sick had been attended to, until we had an opportunity to clean ourselves, and until we rested at least one day.

The result was that we remained at Aziziyeh for the day. The sick were carted away to some dilapidated and insanitary buildings. We left scores of them there when we resumed the march next morning.

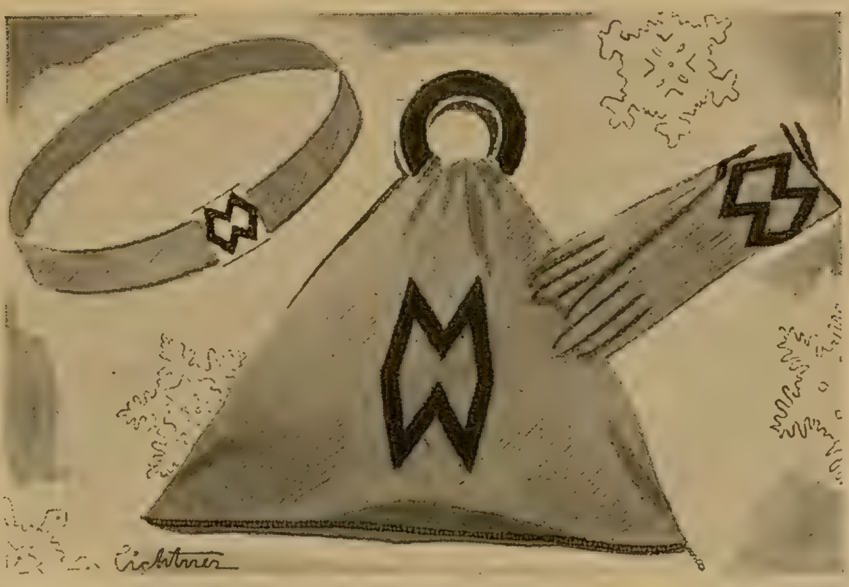
Crowds of Arabs arrived during the day from the outlying villages. They came to where we sat, leering at us, spitting in our faces, making lunatic gestures as they drew fingers across their throats. The Arab women were worse than the men. White men, exasperated beyond endurance, leaped and struck at the grinning hags—only to be beaten to their knees by the guards.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Skating fiends these days are proudly flaunting rubberized linen bags with bound all round handles and sporting big monograms in bright-colored leather. The bottom has a zipper opening for shoes. A matching belt and mittens—also swell for a snowballing costume—complete the ensemble.

Rumor has their success starting a revival of dancing-slipper bags for girls who drive their own cars. Maybe grandma had some good ideas, what?

DORAMILLER.



WHEN we set off again, the officers were evidently determined to make up for that one day lost. For the better part of a day we were driven along at a sort of jog trot. We halted on the outskirts of a village and lay down in the dust for the night. Those of us who still possessed blankets were comfortable enough.

The real trouble started next day when men began to show signs of breaking. From a stumbling jog trot we gradually fell into a crawl, and no amount of bull whip or bludgeon could increase the pace. The welcome darkness came after a day of unspeakable tortures. We had left a few more men to die by the roadside.

There was little rest for us that night, however. A Turkish officer was shot. Somebody had put a bullet in his ear. The sound of the shot woke us all somewhere around midnight. In the confusion that followed I was concerned only about one thing—hiding my gun. We knew that every man would be searched.

Most of the officers were easy enough. They were not actually brutal—leaving that to the guards. The cruelties and atrocities that went on all around them did not seem to register with their dull wits. The officer who had been shot, however, had been looking for trouble ever since we started.

"Let's bury our rods, Tiger," whispered Steve, as soon as he heard the shot. We buried them where we lay, scrabbling in the dirt feverishly with our hands.

There were shouts and yells from all quarters of the camp. The guards were flogging the men into line; clothes were torn open, blankets strewn around, kits scattered, in a desperate effort to find the man with the gun.

The search went on all night. The score or so of men who were unlucky enough to be near the dead officer were beaten insensible. But no man talked. It is doubtful if any knew, except the one who had fired the shot, for it would be simple in that covering darkness.

Dawn came and we buried the officer. A further search was made in the light of day. Anything might have been buried anywhere by that time. They had to give it up in the end.

THE last lap to Bagdad was begun. Eventually, out of the dun-colored dust of the plains, a forest of minarets and domes rose up beside the river—and not all the rottenness of war could spoil the thrill of that first glimpse. We passed through walled fruit gardens and on to groves of date palms through the leafy tops of which the peacock blue and old gold of the domes and minarets gleamed. And one pictured "the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid," the tales of the Arabian Nights, and all the romance and mournful beauty of the ancient city where the caliphs had reigned.

I soon learned, of course, that the only color in the architectural features of Bagdad is in the mosaic tiling of the mosques. For the rest, it is dun-colored, dust-laden, reeking with decay.

Even so, he would be a dull dog who could not find romance there. It was in the environs of the palace and the citadel, in the crowded bazaars, on the crumbling balconies where the women foregathered, at the coffee houses where the bearded patriarchs squatted on high benches and surveyed us meditatively, in the arched and vaulted thoroughfares, and especially in the eyes above veiled faces that stared at one through the lattices and portcullises of the harem windows.

In the seething sullen concourse that jeered at us in the streets there were masses of unveiled women and girls—Armenian, Assyrian, and Chaldean women whose big eyes were frank and friendly. It was the Arabs who spat and guffawed as we trudged by.

For us there was something reassuring and comforting about the silent attitude of the non-Moslem element. They, too, were suffering. Their possessions had been confiscated, their churches taken from them, their women molested. Jews, Chaldeans, Armenians, and Assyrians had fared ill at the hands of the Turkish despoilers.

We were marched through the city, up one street, down another, round the quadrangles, and back. Clearly we were on exhibition! The Turks were trying to impress the populace. The idea was to show the crowd just what abject wretches these British soldiers really were. It ought to have succeeded, for there never was a column of more miserable-looking wretches than we, the ill-fated men of Kut.

At long last we were allowed to rest. Some of us found ourselves herded like cattle into what had once been an Armenian church. There were others already established there when we arrived—a huddle of persecuted Christian civilians of both sexes and all ages. By the time the great doors were closed upon us the place was reminiscent of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Here were women and girls and children with fair skins and the plaintive eyes of beaten dogs. We were soon fraternizing. In that cramped space, cheek by jowl, it would have been a feat of the greatest difficulty not to fraternize!

We gazed upon the girls, round, sentient, warm in friendliness, fair of face—in such striking contrast to the brown women who had spat in our faces during the past eight unforgettable days. British soldiers, filthy beyond description, sat on the floor with children on their knees and talked in their own affectionate cuss-word fashion to the homeless mites.

"Hey, you little blighter, what's your name? Sassoo! That's a funny one. Which is your mother—you know, mother, mama? That one? That one over there—smiling? You know, smiling? Like this!" And Tommy would grin all over his jowl like a Cheshire cat.

"Blimey! The little un is just skin and bone! Johnny Turk no good, eh? Here! See what you can do with this." And Tommy parted with his last piece of dog biscuit.

Late evening, the church doors were suddenly thrust open and about a score of Turkish guards came in with buckets of watery stew and black bread. A number of Arabs came in too, peddling cigarettes, dates, oranges, pomegranates. They were still prepared to accept our rupees—provided we gave them enough.

About forty rupees would buy a box of twelve Turkish cigarettes, ten rupees an orange or a handful of dates. The rupee was at that time equivalent to a shilling and three or four coppers, or roughly a quarter of a dollar.

An old Arab sidled up to us and indicated in a whisper that he recognized Steve's American accent. His own broken English had a definite American twang!

"You have dollars, eh? I bring arrack!"

It transpired that he was an Arab seaman. He had come up the Tigris in a Turkish steamer and could not get down to the Persian Gulf again. He had shipped in cargo steamers all over the world; knew Galveston, New York, Boston, Montreal, Cardiff, the London river front.

He was a distinct find! He made it perfectly clear that he knew the world value of dollars. Besides, he had no time for the Turks. They had robbed him of his job and his possessions, and then had left him stranded.

"Ten bucks. I bring big bottle. So!"

BY the way h held his hands, one could only assume he meant about ten gallons. Possibly he was exaggerating a littl

"Five bucks," said Steve.

"Five bucks arrack you—five bucks arrack for guard. You give te bucks, eh?"

"All right, sailor! You bring arrack first!"

"You have ten bucks? Show me! I bring 'em rack!"

Steve fished two five-dollar bills out of his sh rustled them before the Arab, and stowed them b again.

The old man turned abruptly, and without a strode out of the building.

"Was that wise, Steve?"

"Showing him the dough? Oh, I guess the old on the level. If he ain't, I'll lose ten bucks, for he' tell the guards."

"All you have?"

"Not on your sweet life, Tiger. All I got in my There's plenty more. I ain't been able to spend a since I came with this outfit. First time I've see Arab who k what a was, an

"He does."

"A be u us tc awa

T
atte
way
after
terri
treks as
ers! W
attempt
successfi
Mr. Bla
answern
as Ma
Madmen
cluded.

$500 **IT'S NOT TOO LATE!** $500

You can still enter the contest and win one of the cash prizes. Read the rules below carefully, then send in your entry.

HOW CAN A MAN DISAPPEAR WITH $5,000,000 AND NOT BE TRACED?

This is the problem for a mystery story presented by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Six leading storytellers—Rupert Hughes, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Anthony Abbot, Rita Weiman, S. S. Van Dine, and John Erskine—have attempted an answer in six issues of Liberty, the last installment of which appeared in Liberty of December 21.

Do you think that these top-notch authors have been successful in their solution of a most difficult plot? If you feel they have failed, there is a first-rate chance for you to show them how and why. Get into the game and see how good you are. Here are the rules to guide you in entering your own solution to the problem posed by the President:

1. To compete, after you have read all of the story as the six famous authors have fashioned it, see if you can find a better way to solve the problem posed by President Roosevelt: "If you had five million dollars and wanted to disappear and take your money with you so that no one could ever trace you, how would you do it?"

2. All entries must be written on one side of the paper only. Typewritten, double spaced, is best, but pen-and-ink entries will be accepted. Use as many words as you require to state your solution clearly.

3. Solutions will be judged on the basis of plausibility, probability, and logic. On this basis Liberty will pay a first prize of $500 for the best entry, $250 for the next best, and $100 each for the five next best solutions. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. The judges will be the editorial staff of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final.

4. All prize-winning solutions will become the property of Liberty Magazine for publication whenever desired. No entries will be returned.

5. Write your name and address on the upper left-hand corner of the first page of your entry.

6. Send your entry flat by first-class mail to President's Mystery Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries must be received on or before Friday, January 3, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

7. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 21

1—Vice-President John Nance Garner.

2—No; in underworld parlance a "hot car" is a stolen automobile.

3—The chow, a native of northern China.

4—Robert Louis Stevenson; he was thus called by the natives of Samoa.

5—Its shell is lined with mother-of-pearl, used for buttons, etc.

6—Thomas Jefferson.

7—A glockenspiel, being a musical instrument, is played.

8—Eighty-four dollars; one painting was sold for eighty dollars, the other brought four dollars.

9—The Rev. L. K. Smith.

10—7.04 A.M.

11—Julia Marlowe (Mrs. Sothern).

12—To avoid interruptions to business and to give all a chance to vote.

13—A goofer is a voodoo doctor.

14—41.52 bushels in 80 minutes, held by Elmer Carlsom of Audubon, Iowa.

15—The correct spelling of the second word is Caribbean.

16—None; the corps was founded almost eight months before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, November 10, 1775; confirmed by Congress, June 25, 1776.

17—Adolf Hitler, in his autobiography.

18—Hockey.

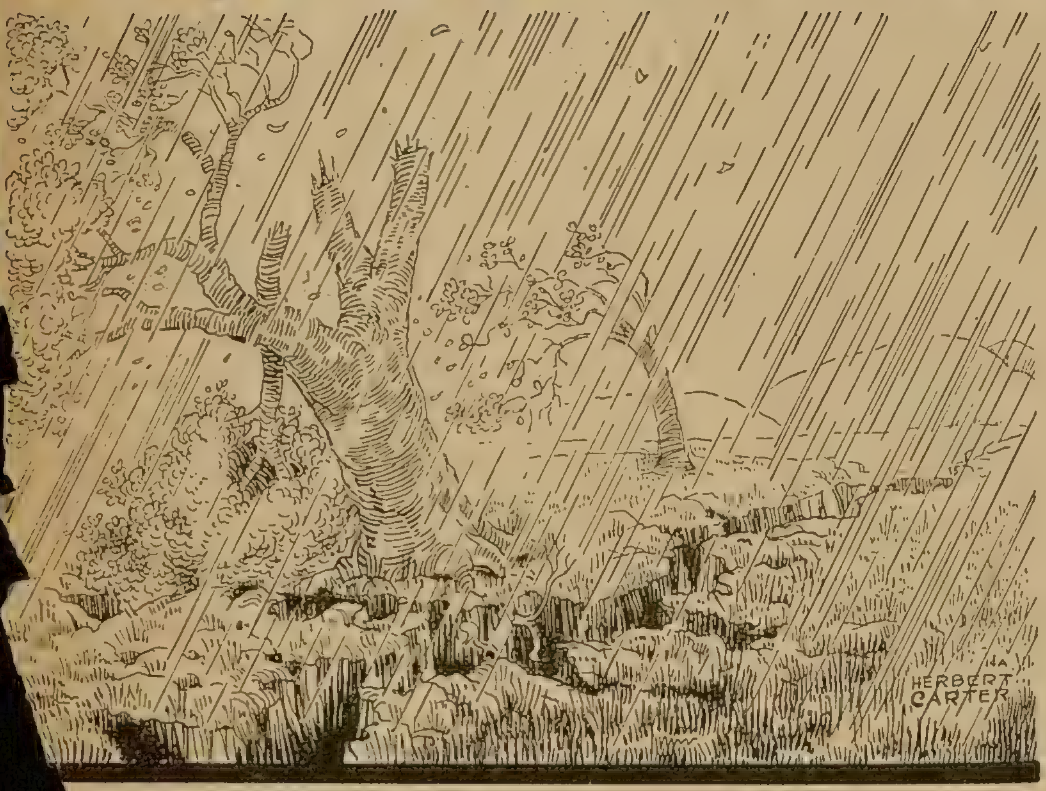
19—Absinthe.

20—Walt Whitman

HERE ARE PICTURES 13 AND 14 IN LIBERTY'S INSPIRING AND REMUNERATIVE

BIBLE GAME

$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES!

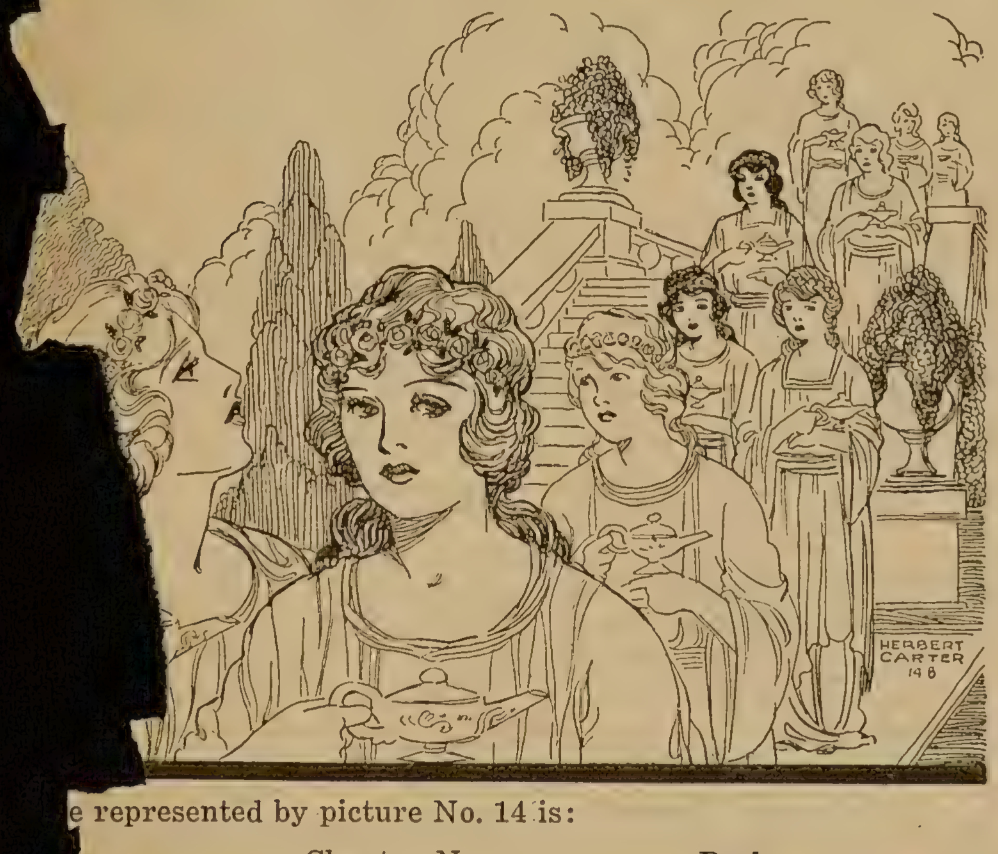


erse represented by picture No. 13 is:

se No. . . . . Chapter No. . . . . Book . . . .

Chosen from the King James section ☐ Douay section ☐ of

he Condensed Bible. Please check.



e represented by picture No. 14 is:

. . . . Chapter No. . . . . Book . . . .

en from the King James section ☐ Douay section ☐ of

Condensed Bible. Please check.

READ THIS SCHEDULE OF CASH AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
170 PRIZES, Each $5	850

IN ADDITION!
TO THE PASTOR OF ANY DENOMINATION NAMED BY THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER LIBERTY WILL AWARD $250

THE SIMPLE RULES

1. Liberty's Bible Game consists of sixteen pictures. Two will be published each week. Contestants are to choose the most appropriate verses for these pictures *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the King James Bible, or *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the Douay Bible (not from both), contained in a booklet entitled The Condensed Bible, and give the verse designations in the spaces on the answer blanks provided for this purpose. Verses in complete editions of the King James and Douay Bibles that do not appear in the Condensed Bible will not be considered. Copies of the Condensed Bible have been presented to public libraries throughout the United States, where they can be conveniently consulted. Entrants who want the Condensed Bible for home use can buy a copy through Liberty for 25 cents postpaid. Only United States money orders or currency are acceptable.

2. The prize schedule appears above. The entrant submitting the most appropriate verse-answers for the sixteen pictures accompanied by the best statement of 250 or less words telling "What religion means to me" will receive first prize. Statements will be judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness. The entrants submitting the next most appropriate verse-answers and next best statements will be given the remaining prizes in the order of their excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Elaborate entries are not desired.

3. The sixteen pictures and answer blanks, or reasonably traced or drawn facsimiles thereof, with solutions and statements must be submitted by first-class mail at one time, as a unit, with contestants' names and addresses, by Wednesday, January 22, 1936. All entries are to be addressed to Bible Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. Entrants may submit as many complete units of pictures, answer blanks, and solutions as they wish, but only one prize will be awarded any one person.

5. Every one is eligible except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

6. The members of Liberty's Contest Board will be the judges. Their decisions will be final and entrants take part with this understanding.

7. The Bible Game is nonsectarian. Hence Liberty will not interpret verses, publicize sectarian views, or engage in correspondence on these subjects or any other phase of the contest.

TCH FOR THE FINAL DRAWINGS NEXT WEEK!

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

I ASKED three famous ladies a Christmas question. Asked them what was the first Christmas present they remember getting. The famous ladies I asked are Shirley Temple, Gracie Allen, Emily Post.

Shirley's answer: "A red cart when I was three years old."

Gracie Allen's answer: "A little red bicycle when I was six." But Gracie was disappointed. She had asked her grandmother for a live clown. "Where would you keep him?" said grandma. "Tie him to the foot of your bed," said Gracie.

ALFRED J. McCOSKER

Emily Post's answer: "A tin engine when I was three." The engine ran by clockwork. Emily's folks wouldn't let her wind it up. They were afraid she might hurt her hands on the key.

That made her mad—so mad that she smashed her doll's tea set all to pieces on the kitchen floor.

Notice the mechanical nature of these first Christmas presents recalled by three famous ladies. A red cart, a red bicycle, a tin engine.

● Alfred J. McCosker, storyteller unparagoned, president of Station WOR, tells us this one with his best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year:

It occurred at a meeting of the board of directors of a large corporation. One of the board members was a woman. She had a lot to say. Finally an exasperated man cried out, "*Why are women so beautiful and yet so dumb?*" The lady director snapped back her reply.

"*Women are beautiful,*" she said, "*in order that men may love them. And women are dumb in order that they may love men.*"

Alfred McCosker doesn't claim the story is brand-new. But he thinks it's appropriate. So do I.

Some years ago he gave a series of radio talks describing the movies. At Christmas the matron of a home for the blind sent him word that her blind people were offering for him a devout prayer of thanks. He says that was the finest Christmas present he ever has received.

Mr. McCosker is known far and wide as an after-dinner speaker. He believes in the old custom of family storytelling at Christmastime. Always practices it in his own home.

One Christmas, after the family feast, he lingered long in verbal reminiscence—longer than his young nephew, named Jimmy, thought necessary. Jimmy was waiting politely—but impatiently—to get out and slide on his new sled.

"Well, then," Mr. McCosker approached the end of his narrative, "to make a long story short—"

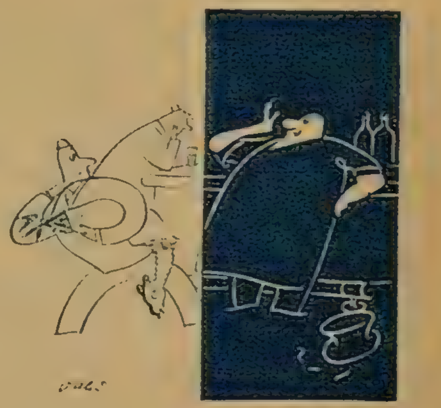
"You can't," chirped Jimmy. "It's too late now."

● Last Christmas Eve a small-town citizen won a fifteen-pound turkey in a raffle at a—well, at a saloon. His wife is militant against all alcoholic drink and she makes war on gambling in every form. How to get the bird home without telling her where it came from and why? The town was too small for him to make up a fancy yarn. She would have been sure to learn the truth. So what? At last came inspiration. Through a trusted friend he had the bird sent home to his wife by messenger boy, with a note cryptically signed, "From an old admirer."

It worked. I heard this from his daughter, a good sport whom he later took into his confidence.

● At some of the chain drugstores you now can buy a genuine rabbit's foot, either to carry as a good-luck charm or to use for make-up purposes, or both. I asked the drugstore man what most girls buy them for—luck or face fixing. He said about half and half. I bought one quick. It cost ten cents.

For toning down powder on your face there is nothing as good as a rabbit's foot. Theatrical people always use them. And they *may* be lucky. Who knows?



● Just before Christmas a lady I know sailed away to Europe with presents for American friends and relatives of hers who live over there. She took the following assortment of made-in-America specialties: a rowing machine, a spring-lidded garbage pail, an icebox, a combination radio and phonograph, a vacuum cleaner. You can see what home products are dear to the hearts of Americans dwelling abroad.

● Best of all Thatcher Colt detective mysteries is this newest one, About the Murder of a Startled Lady, by author Anthony Abbot. Here is a *perfect* Christmas present for your reader of crime books. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

● In good old days an oyster pie ranked importantly on the bill of Christmas fare. Try one for Christmas supper with cold turkey or chicken.

For a good fat pie use 3 dozen oysters. Drain and place in baking dish with 3 cups thick cream sauce (milk and the oyster liquor thickened), 3 tablespoons parsley, 1 grated onion, salt, pepper, pinch of thyme, 1 stalk cooked celery. Mix 2 cups flour to dough with ½ pound finely chopped suet, ½ cup cold water, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt. Use half the dough to cover pie. Bake 35 minutes in moderate oven. Cut rest of dough into 3-inch squares, bake until golden brown. Serve one square under each helping of pie.

The SECRET of the Rock

LIBERTY'S STAFF CORRESPONDENT PENETRATES AN ETHIOPIAN MYSTERY—AND HAILE SELASSIE PROMPTLY CLAMPS DOWN THE LID

by Kenneth Brown Collings

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I HURRIED up the rickety stairs and into the office of the *dejasmatch* (governor) of Harar in response to a summons. A European diplomat, several foreign journalists, and some photographers were there before me and evidently awaiting my arrival.

The governor had sent a package from the front; this package was the cause of all the turmoil. Wrapped in dirty brown paper, it sat in the center of the table. The crowd eyed it—from a respectful distance.

“ Ah—er—Capitan Caalingks,” said Ato Ambye, the governor's secretary, “ you are an aviator; you will know all about such things; you will please to open it.”

“ What's in it? ” I asked.

“ Bombs. The Italian aviators dropped them at Korahai. They didn't go off—yet.”

I lit a cigarette and sparred for time. That box contained the *first authentic information* about the war that any one had received. Fighting had been going on for weeks, but as yet no journalist had been nearer the front than Harar. The government wouldn't let them go; it was afraid that Ethiopian troops—mistaking all whites for Italians—might kill them.

This package contained *real* information—flying information at first hand. I certainly wanted to see the inside. The parcel was small; the bombs must be the new miniature type. I had heard about them; I had surmised many things about the Italian air tactics. The actual bombs would give me definite confirmation—if I could see them. But, aviator or plumber, any one who tinkers around a parcel of dud bombs is likely to find himself saying good morning to the angels at a split second's notice.

“ Oh, hell,” I said, to bolster my own courage, “ I guess we've got to die sometime.”

I reached for the box—and caused the worst traffic jam ever seen in Ethiopia. Seven reporters, three photographers, and a vice-consul all tried to get through the door at one time. (One of the reporters was Laurence Stallings, who wrote The Big Parade and What Price Glory. As I write, he is across the room from me, sick with dysentery. “ Tell Liberty it has a ——— ——— fool working for it,” he says. “ I wouldn't have opened that package for a million dollars.”)

When the rush was over I was alone except for Ato Ambye and my boy Bimono. The Ato knew his danger well enough—he was standing his ground deliberately; but I had a hunch that Bimono didn't understand. That offered me a chance to find out another of the many things which I needed to know: Are Ethiopians—as they claim—any less afraid of death than other peoples?

Bimono is an Amhara—the original fighting Abyssinian race. He wants to be a soldier. He has told me many times that dying means nothing to him.

“ Bimono,” I said as I slowly unfolded the paper and lifted one of the three cloth-wrapped parcels out of the lidless box—very gingerly, “ I just thought I'd warn you—you may get killed—any second now—”

Bimono bolted. Ato Ambye never batted an eye. Ethiopians are no different from any one else; some scare and some don't.

The box contained three fragmentation bombs—the smallest I have ever seen. There were no scales available, but they didn't weigh over three pounds each; a two-place infantry-attack plane could easily carry a hundred and fifty of them. The exterior wall was made of spiral steel like a coil spring; when the bomb exploded, the spring would—or should—break into bits and scatter.

They were different in form from the usual bomb. No attempt had been made to streamline them. When dropped, they would tumble end over end; that would prevent accurate aiming from high altitudes. Unmistakably, they were designed for use at such low altitudes that misses would be almost impossible; they were to be sprinkled on the ground like watering the grass.

That told me that the Ethiopians were either mistaken or deliberately untruthful in their statements about the bombing of Korahai. They reported the Italian planes as flying so high that the Ethiopian soldiers could hardly see them—much less hit them. The truth was now obvious: because the Ethiopians failed to hit low-flying planes, the authorities had moved them up a few thousand feet to make the box score sound better.

Dr. Robert Hockman, the American M.D. who runs the Red Cross unit at Jigjiga, confirmed that. He treated the survivors of Korahai. “ The planes were flying right on the treetops,” he said. “ After they dropped their bombs they opened up with machine guns. The guns did more damage than the bombs.”

I had plenty of evidence in support of it. Two of the bombs in the box had not exploded; the third had not fragmented properly—*which showed defective construction.* The ends had blown off, leaving the coil

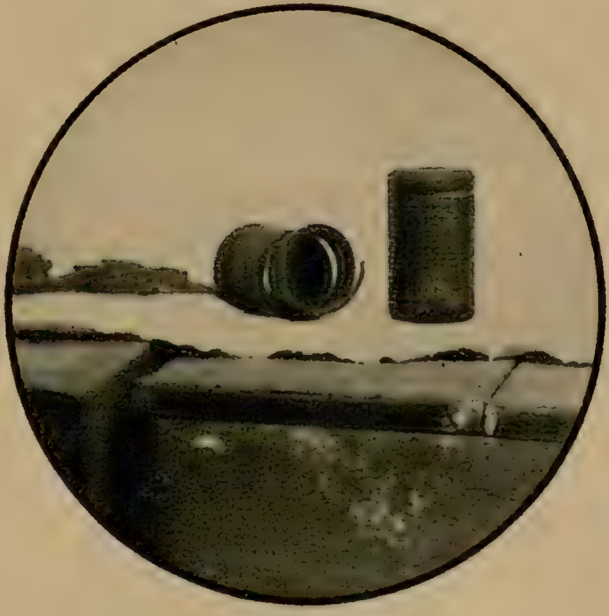
Harar is an easy mark for bombers, knows it—and has the jitters.

a-Bye BABY BOMBS

The Ethiopians got a terrifying eyeful of these Italian planes in their bombing raid on Adowa and Adigrat.

Above: Mr. Collings holding two bombs after opening the package.

Below: The Italian bombs. An exclusive snapshot taken for Liberty before the Emperor forbade it.



spring intact. Such defects are likely to appear in new types of munitions. It remains to be seen how quickly the Italians will correct them.

By the way, the photographs of these bombs that I am sending with this article are, as far as I can discover, the only ones in existence. No one else saw the bombs in Harar, and after they reached Addis Ababa the government changed its mind and wouldn't even let the reporters have as much as a look at them!

There are two aviation questions which this war should go a long way toward settling. Ethiopia has no air force. The Italian airplanes find the sky clear. If they fail to do certain things the failure will have no excuse; it will prove that aircraft can't accomplish these things which enthusiasts claim.

The first question is purely military: What can modern airplanes do to an opposing army? We already know the one glaring weakness of the airplane as a weapon: while it can attack and destroy, it cannot capture. We shall find out its strength before we have finished.

The second question is whether or not an air force can bend the will and break the heart of a nation. Can it harass a civilian population to the point of surrender while its army is still undefeated? We may find an answer to that in Ethiopia.

Until the advent of the airplane, a defending army stood as a stumbling block in an invader's path; to get at the population, he had first to defeat the army.

The airplane changes that. It can hop right over the army and go to work on the people immediately. The Italians have delayed in doing that literally; figuratively, it has been going on from the first day of the war. The Ethiopians' knowledge that they might be bombed any day has worked on their minds. The constant fear of impending air raids has demoralized them—perhaps more than any actual raids ever could. The Italians are undoubtedly counting on that. They have saved gasoline, conserved bombs, and accomplished the desired result. *The people of Harar haven't seen a single Italian airplane, but they couldn't have a worse case of jitters if they had been attacked by a million.*

Harar is an easily reached target for Italian bombers. The people know it. Seldom a night goes by but at least one sentry on a mountain crest sees a shadow or hears a strange noise. He gets the wind up; he fires his rifle; he rushes down the mountain shouting, "The airplanes are coming!"

That starts the stampede. Thirty thousand terror-stricken Ethiopians swarm out of their houses to spend the rest of a sleepless vigil on the heights.

In Addis Ababa, weeks before the war started, the Emperor decided to stage a mock bomb raid. He wanted to prepare the people's minds for real ones. Their minds were already prepared—so much so that the mere announcement of a mock raid threw them into a panic, and it had to be canceled!

The capture of Addis Ababa and the major towns of Ethiopia would not end hostilities but it would be the beginning of the end. Using the capital as a base, the Italians would spread out fanwise and mop up the rest of the country at their leisure. They could let the cleaning-up process go over until another dry season if necessary.

The best Ethiopian chance of winning seems to lie in night attacks. The Ethiopian troops will be invisible; the country is rough; the danger of crashing into the ground or against another plane will make infantry strafing impossible. At the same time the Italian column will be in camp and vulnerable to attack. The Ethiopians plan to make the most of that combination—and they are sure that sooner or later the Italians will blunder.

That is conceivable, of course.

None the less, it looks as though airplanes will make the conquest of Ethiopia possible for the first time in history.

More from Liberty's staff correspondent in Ethiopia will appear in early issues as received from him.

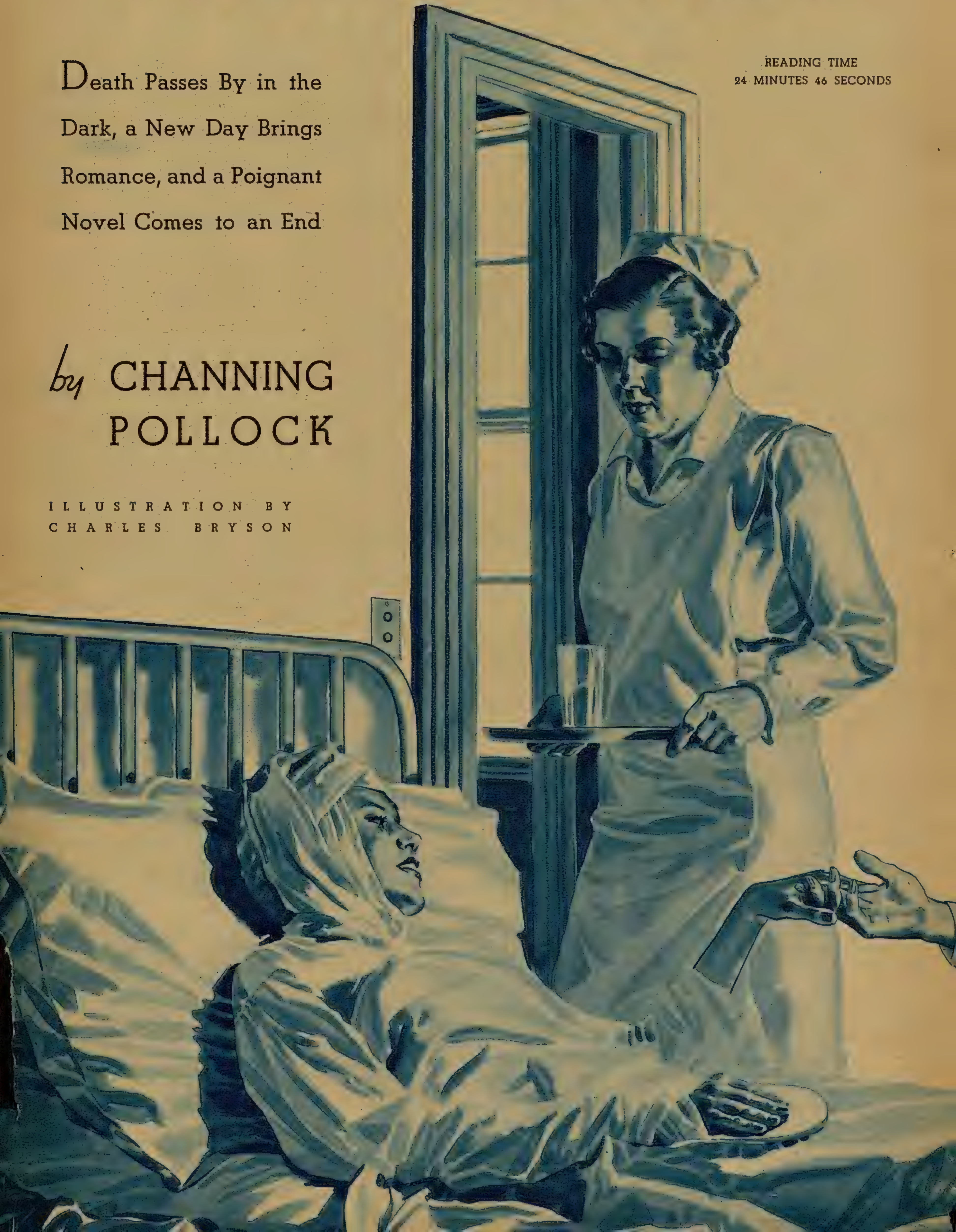
TINSEL LADY

Death Passes By in the Dark, a New Day Brings Romance, and a Poignant Novel Comes to an End

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

by CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON



PART TEN—CONCLUSION

ANN half rose, and narrowly escaped being flung from the car. Instinctively she seized Tony's arm. It was the grip of panic. Tony's hand was drawn violently toward her side of the road, and the spoke of the steering wheel with it. The car turned abruptly, and crashed into a tree.

BANG!

The impact was terrific. The whole front of the roadster crumpled. Ann, already on her feet, was catapulted over the folded canvas top of the car, struck the cement with her shoulder, and slid, face down, over its tarred and graveled edge into a grassy ditch. There she lay, bleeding so profusely that little pools formed under her arm and beneath her forehead. No one came. As Tony had said, their destination was off the beaten track; they hadn't seen another car since they had turned out of the main highway.

Slowly, very slowly, Ann regained consciousness. The pain roused her. It was in her hip, in her arm, most of all in her eyes. What had happened? The question flashed through her mind, and was succeeded instantly by a feeling of incredible lightness. Her body, and the pain in it, had been sloughed off; she was floating upward dizzily but rather delightfully. The blood filtering through her hair and down over her brow would have prevented her seeing anything, even if she had been cognizant. Somewhere a bird was singing. A great bird, it must have been, for the volume of its outpouring grew and grew until the song was the music of countless flutes, and then of an orchestra.

The orchestra at the Folies-Bergère—that's what that was. Their entrance music—hers and Roberta's. Time to go on now. The audience was waiting. " Come on. You're late. You mustn't keep our guests waiting." No; that wasn't it. *Crowds* waiting. Time to go on.

"Five minutes more," Ann pleaded. "Mr. Binns rests me. He makes me feel so safe and—and comfortable."

Ann struggled to rise. No good. Her hip hurt. But by an almost superhuman effort, at last she pushed and pulled herself into a sitting position.

What was it that covered her eyes? Something wet. No matter. The orchestra was still playing. Time to go on. Time to sing. Some one was rapping. The conductor, of course, with his baton. Mustn't keep the guests waiting. Mustn't—mustn't—

Suddenly the girl lurched forward and rolled over, unconscious again.

A passing driver in a motor truck found her lying that way ten minutes afterward.

Ann Cutler came back to life in Roberta White's former room in the American Hospital at Neuilly.

She came back to life slowly. She had been " partially scalped," her doctor said. The gravel at the side of the road had cut deeply into her face, and in her fall she had broken her arm and her hip. Worse still, the shock of the accident had left her a shaken whimpering creature.

Ann had regained consciousness a second time as she was being lifted into the rescuing motor truck—long enough to give Roberta's name and address. A frightened country physician in the next town had phoned Bobbie, who had gone at once, with a surgeon from Neuilly, and taken Ann straight to the American Hospital. There she had lain in a kind of coma for days, unaware that Madriguera was dead; blissfully ignorant of the extent of her own injuries.

The truck driver had found Tony's smashed body upright in the roadster. No use taking *that* with them. The steering wheel had crushed his chest and he had died instantly. All this the local medico had told Bobbie, several hours before the surgeon at Neuilly was able to report certainly on Ann's condition. " The arm will be all right, of course. I'm not so sure of the hip. Your friend may walk with a limp for the rest of her life."

" What about her face, doctor? Will she be permanently scarred? We're on the stage, you know, and anything like that would end her career."

The physician hesitated.

" Well, two of the cuts are rather deep, but plastic surgery has done wonders, especially since the war. And, of course, make-up covers a multitude of sins."

" YOU'RE going to be all right," Roberta told Ann. " For the stage, I mean. It'll take time and money, but we'll have you as good as new before long."

Ann said, " I don't want to go back on the stage, Bobbie. I don't know why, but I've lost interest. It wasn't what I meant by ' glamour '; nothing has been. I guess you'd better marry M. Cochin. He's a nice fellow. I wish I'd had sense enough to pick me a husband like that."

Ann's released intelligence spared her nothing. She understood perfectly well that her own husband had meant to kill her so that he could collect her insurance before she made it over to Bobbie. " He thought of it months ago," she realized—" when we made that forced landing. I mentioned the policy then, and he never forgot it. He needed money, as he said, ' desperately,' for that other woman, and figured that if he jammed that—whatever it was, and the car got out of control, he could make me jump, and then stop the engine. My grabbing his arm settled that. Queer that my fright, which was to finish me, finished *him*. Queer that Price's effort to protect me should have brought about my destruction."

Life *is* " queer," and theatrical managers are " queer " the world over, and Frenchmen are the queerest of all. Roberta White, with an understudy for Ann, wasn't much of an attraction. They kept her on at the Folies-Bergère for a while, but a new show was in preparation, and their contract was for what, in America, is called " the run of the play." The play had only a few weeks more to run, and Roberta was notified that she wouldn't be needed after that.

Meanwhile expenses were piling up. Roberta counted her savings, and realized that they wouldn't last long. She had cabled Ann's father, of course, and he came to Paris, and stayed two days, and left when he had been assured that Ann would survive. " Send her over to us," he bade Roberta pompously. " We're going to Scotland for the shooting, but we'll be back long before Ann gets out of the hospital. Here's twenty pounds; it's all I happen to have with me. If you need more, telegraph, and I'll see what I can do. The old lady isn't what you'd call generous, but I'm getting her loosened up a bit, and I'll probably be able to send you a check if you find yourself running low."

That was the end of that, of course, though Roberta always felt that if she ran low enough she might wire again. Ann positively forbade communication with Gordon. She'd cut that cord, and didn't want it retied. "Gordon *must* have seen the papers," Bobbie thought, "and if he cared to do anything, we'd hear from him." As a matter of fact, Gordon didn't read the papers. He had gone to China with Mrs. Gordon, partly to placate her, partly to forget Ann, and partly on business. So Roberta paid the hospital bills and a worrying number of other bills with her nest egg, and wondered what she should do when it came to settling with the surgeons and going on.

Cochin was a brick. Voluntarily he returned the capital Roberta had invested in his agency, and added whatever cash he could scrape together. "We're still partners," he told Bobbie. "This doesn't affect your interest in any way. As a matter of fact, I don't know what I should do without you, my friend."

"I don't know what I should do without you," Roberta said.

The conversation had taken place outside the railing that kept eager jugglers and magicians and saxophone players from swamping the agency. Jean Baptiste looked at Roberta thoughtfully.

"What shall you do when your friend is recovered?" he asked.

"I don't know. Take her back to America, I suppose."

"And then what?"

"Pick myself up a job in the chorus, I guess."

"In that event," Cochin remarked, "we shall *have* to do without one another—you and I and the boy I mean." He paused. "I have an idea," he declared, "one that I'm sure never occurred to you. It came to me when I spoke the word 'partners.' Why shouldn't we form a perpetual partnership?"

"You mean—marriage?"

"Yes. That's what I mean, Roberta."

Bobbie smiled a bit mistily.

"I'll marry you," she said, "on one condition."

"What's that?"

"If you'll kiss me. I won't marry any man who asks me exactly as he'd ask a couple of sidewalk comedians whether they were willing to try their act in the suburbs."

Jean Baptiste smiled too, very tenderly for him.

"Come into the office," he said. And then, to his secretary, "Don't interrupt us, Madeleine. I'm going to be very busy for a few moments."

FOR the first time in weeks, Ann laughed heartily when Roberta told her about it. "You're lucky. I wish it were I, Bobbie. I'd like to be settled down."

Roberta considered a moment.

"Why don't you, Ann?"

"Why don't I what?"

"Why don't you do what you've been thinking of doing ever since you've been able to think? Why don't you let me cable Charlie Binns?"

Ann shook her head slowly.

"I couldn't, Bobbie. Not after the way I've treated him. I turned Charlie down pretty hard when I was on top of the world. I can't go into reverse now that the world's on top of me."

"Don't be an ass, Ann. Or, rather, don't keep on being one. Charlie's in love with you."

"Charlie *was*. I haven't heard from him now in months. I can't marry Charlie, dear."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know that he still wants me. If he does, I'm even more certain he wouldn't if he knew about—everything."

Roberta said no more at the time, but on her way home she stopped in the Boulevard des Italiens and sent a message to Soudersburg:

ANN HURT MOTOR ACCIDENT DANGER OVER BUT CRIPPLED AND SCARRED STOP DOESNT KNOW OF THIS CABLE BUT WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU

That was on a Tuesday, and no answer arrived Wednesday or Thursday or Friday. Roberta was glad not to have told Ann what she had done. But Saturday, before the matinee, Roberta found the awaited message at the Folies-Bergère. A slip of blue paper with eleven words typed and pasted on it:

ROBERTA WHITE FOLIES BERGERE PARIS
SAILING TOMORROW WITH MY WIFE
CHARLIE

Well, that way out was closed, then. What next? And would Ann be bitterly disappointed? Roberta tried to make a joke of it. "You know the old saying, kid: If you miss the car, there'll be another one along in a minute."

Ann smiled. "No more cars for me, Bobbie. One transfer's all you're allowed. It's enough, too. If you're a damned fool, and get on the wrong car, that's *your* lookout."

"'Sailing tomorrow with my wife,'" Roberta quoted. "That's a crazy message. No name of the boat, or anything."

"I GUESS it's the first cablegram Charlie ever sent in his life," Ann said. "He was probably pretty excited. Poor Charlie! I suppose this is his honeymoon. I wonder what she's like."

"Some village maiden."

"I hope she's nice. I'm really glad, Bobbie. Now I shan't have to tell him anything. To Charlie my—my past would be a thunderclap. To him, there are only two kinds of women—good women and bad women—and any girl that's been teamed up without benefit of clergy is a very bad woman indeed. A couple of years ago I'd've agreed with him." She sighed. "I guess I do now."

The following Wednesday brought a wireless from Charlie:

DUE FRIDAY STOP RADIO AQUITANIA NAME AND ADDRESS ANN'S HOSPITAL.

Charlie was stepping out.

Except for her plaster casts and her bandages, Ann was almost herself now. She'd been prepared for Charlie's advent, so that was O. K. Charlie himself would see nothing but a thin figure in bed, with very little but her eyes and mouth visible through the yards of gauze that encircled her head. Writing her reply, Roberta hoped Charlie'd have the sense not to take his wife to the hospital on his first visit, and was about to include that hope in the message, when she asked herself, "What's the difference—now?" And decided there wasn't any.

Just after ten o'clock Friday evening Charlie Binns appeared at Neuilly. Roberta had almost given him up, and anyway, she had to go to the theater. She'd explained everything to the man at the desk. "Miss Cutler isn't used to going to sleep early, and this is a very particular friend who's come all the way from America. If he gets here before—say ten thirty—"

Charlie made it, with twenty-five minutes to spare. Charlie'd stopped at the Gare St. Lazare to buy flowers—rather a droopy bouquet, but "I've brought you a present from home," he said.

"Nothing expensive, I hope."

From the suitcase he still carried Charlie drew a paper sack, and from that, wrapped in cellophane, a sugar-and-cinnamon-covered coffee ring. "It's the kind you were going to get on your birthday," he explained. "I was in

Washington when Miss White's wire came. I guess we're going to buy the old Franklin Market. Anyway my stenographer relayed the message, and I bought the roll—at that same bakery—and went back home, and got my things together, and cabled."

Could this be Charlie Binns? Through the new moisture in her eyes Ann stared at him, standing under the ceiling light she had asked him to switch on. He was undeniably "small town." Undeniably commonplace. At a glance any one would have known that he was a Rotarian and went to the luncheons, and called the local butcher and banker "Jake" and "Ed." His clothing was obviously ready-made. But Charlie was no longer gauche, no longer awkward. There was decision and authority in his voice and manner. His freckles had disappeared. His large mouth had taken on firmness, and his light-brown hair was touched faintly with gray at the temples. "Early piety and late hours," he laughed, when she mentioned it. "I've been working until ten and eleven o'clock, weekdays and Sundays."

"How many stores now?"

"Only three, counting the Franklin Market. But they're making money, and we're going to expand slowly."

They discussed everything but Mrs. Binns. Somehow Ann shrank from that.

Commonplace or not, Charlie was a dear. If he had come back to her like this, at the height of her success, she would have married him. *Would* she have married him in preference to Gordon or Madriguera? "Probably not," Ann confessed to herself honestly, "but now that I know life—" Anyway, if she'd had the chance a month ago, she'd have taken it.

"I'm out of the theater for good," she informed him. "They've soft-pedaled the bad news, but I'll have a limp, and a couple of scars too deep for grease paint."

"So Miss White said in her wire."

"For goodness' sake, Charlie, please call her Roberta."

"Well, Roberta, then." He paused. "This looks like a funny old town. Seen any knights and troubadours?"

Ann shook her head.

"I'll give you a laugh, Ann. When you told me what troubadours were—back there in Washington, you know—what do you think I did?"

"What?"

"Took singing lessons. Well, I took one, anyway. Then I decided it was going to take more than running the scales to make *me* a troubadour, and I quit. But I still sing in the bathtub."

At eleven o'clock a nurse entered.

"I'm afraid our patient's got to rest now."

"Five minutes more," Ann pleaded. "Mr. Binns rests me. He makes me feel so safe and—and comfortable."

"Five minutes more, then."

"HOW long d'you think it'll be before we can take this girl home?"

The nurse said, "You mean to her home in Paris?"

"I do not. I mean to Soudersburg, Pennsylvania."

"Oh, five or six weeks, I'm afraid."

"Thank you."

When the door had been closed, Ann remarked, "I wish I *could* go to Soudersburg."

"You're going."

"To visit you—and your wife?"

"Me and my what, Ann?"

"Your wife."

Charlie Binns shook his head.

"We seem to be all mixed up somehow. Didn't Miss—Roberta show you my telegram?"

"Sure. It said, 'Sailing tomorrow with my wife.' Isn't that what you wrote?"

"Maybe. I was nuts enough to write *anything*. But what I meant to write was, 'Sailing tomorrow to *win* my wife.'"

Ann stiffened and almost lifted herself from the bed.

"What do you mean, Charlie?"

"I mean you, of course."

Ann sank back on her pillow and tried not to cry.

"You didn't think I'd marry anybody else, did you? Say, I rented that house months ago—the one I wrote you about, with the garden and everything. I was afraid somebody'd grab it. We're gonna buy it now. And we're gonna live in it, too. I never thought I was gonna get you, Ann, but I was willing to die trying."

"I'm not going to be pretty when I get out of these bandages."

"You're gonna be pretty to *me*."

"And I don't want you to think I said 'no' until I was smashed, and—"

"I don't think a darned thing, except you've said 'yes' now, and we're going home."

"Wait a minute, Charlie. I've got to tell you something—"

And just then the nurse returned.

"I'm afraid I shouldn't've let you stay. My patient looks feverish."

"Sure she's feverish," Charlie said. "I'm feverish too. I asked her to marry me, and she's going to."

"Wait till tomorrow," Ann demurred. "I've got something to tell you."

"O. K. Can I kiss you?"

"You can, if you can find a place between all these bandages."

Charlie Binns kissed her. And Ann lifted her sound arm and put it round his neck, and clung as though she'd never let go.

SOON after midnight Ann telephoned Roberta.

"Bobbie," she whispered, so that no one else should hear her. "Bobbie, he isn't married. That wire should have read, '*win* my wife.'"

"And you're going to marry him?"

"If he's willing after he hears about Gordon."

"Do you have to tell him?"

"Yes."

"I suppose so, but why don't you wait a while? After all, it's nobody's business but yours, Ann."

"Liar!" Ann whispered. "You said yourself, 'it's between you and the man you'll marry some day.'"

"And *you* said that idea was antique."

"I've changed my mind, Bobbie. Anyhow, he's got to know. I'd better ring off now. The nurse thinks I'm asleep. 'By, Bobbie, and don't come before noon, will you?"

Charlie was back before she'd had her face washed. He brought in fruit and flowers and a strong scent of lilac vegetal. "I wet my hair with it," he said.

"You shouldn't."

"O. K. You can put me right on all those things when we start housekeeping."

"Wait, Charlie."

"What for?"

"Till you've heard—"

"About you and Gordon?" he asked. "Oh, I heard *that* long ago. My partner—the Lancaster guy—has a daughter studying art in this town, and her teacher told her that a fellow named Dufresne told *him*, and she wrote it to papa."

"And you still want to—"

"Don't be silly, Ann. I'd want to marry you if you were old Mrs. Jezebel. Anything you do's all right with me, because I know you couldn't do anything that wasn't all right with you. Listen, Ann. How do you go about getting married in this crazy country?"

Ann protested about *that*. She didn't want the ceremony performed again by the consul. This had to be a fresh start. "Anyhow, I want to give you a chance to change your mind."

"I've had several years."

"Maybe it would be nicer to wait until you get back," Roberta suggested. "Then you could have a regular wedding."

"Gosh!" Charlie exclaimed. "I've got to take her home, haven't I? We can't travel together unless we've been spliced."

Poor old Charlie! He could say that, knowing her story in Paris. Good old Charlie!

"All right," Ann said throatily. "Send for the consul."

It was the simplest of weddings, with no witnesses, except Roberta and two nurses and Ann's doctor. Immediately afterward they put Charlie out of the room, because Ann was getting dangerously excited, so Bobbie and he had a wedding breakfast, without the bride, at a tiny hotel near the hospital. "It was swell of you to fix it for us," Charlie said.

"You fixed it for me," Roberta replied, and told him about her ex-acrobat.

That marriage took place the morning before Mr. and Mrs. Binns sailed for America. The trees in the boulevards were bare then. The nurse's "five or six weeks" had been a hospital promise. Charlie had moved to the hotel where he'd had his wedding breakfast, and Roberta had got through at the Folies-Bergère and sent most of her things to Jean Baptiste Cochin's. Charlie had met Cochin, and liked him and his suburban house. "You can be happy in a place like this," he told Ann.

The little home in Soudersburg wasn't unlike Cochin's—an eight-room gray stucco dwelling, with plenty of porches and fireplaces and lawn. Virginia creeper climbed over the walls, and there was a rose garden directly beneath their bedroom window. Ann drove from store to store with Charlie, selecting furniture, linen, and tableware. "Get anything you want," he said. "I've waited years to do this shopping with you."

Ann was still lovely, he thought, in spite of a broad red scar on her forehead and another on her right cheek. Both could be "fixed," the doctor insisted. Ann's limp had quite disappeared, and the surgeon they saw in New York almost made light of the facial disfigurements. "They're quite superficial," he declared. "Of course the Paris medicos make mountains of molehills, but with what we've learned over here—" Charlie was glad on Ann's account. As for him, Ann was Ann, and that was that.

You *could* "be happy in a place like this," and your happiness lasted. It was squarely built on a solid foundation. Everything about them was solid—even the big old-fashioned four-poster that had belonged to Charlie's grandmother. It wasn't as breath-taking as the Louis XVI bed under the canopy in the Avenue Elysée *reclus*, but somehow Ann knew she was going to like it much longer. There were no gilded chairs and no glittering curtains like the ones of gold tinsel behind the throne of Belshazzar at the Folies-Bergère. Everything Ann had found in her quest had been tinsel, and her own life the flimsiest, most worthless tinsel of all.

THERE was no tinsel about life in Soudersburg. Charlie's alarm clock went off at seven in the morning, and by half past eight he was at the store, saying, "Yes, Mrs. Wagner, two pounds of lean bacon, sliced thin, and how's the youngster this morning?" He came home to luncheon every day except Thursday, when "the boys" got together, wearing big buttons with their names on them.

"Charlie's old George W. Babbitt himself," the wife of one of his friends said to Ann. She was past president of the Soudersburg Woman's Club. "Charlie's old George W. Babbitt himself, but you don't have to wonder what he's doing nights, or whether the man that just rang the front-door bell came to shut off the gas because the bill wasn't paid."

That was a lot, Ann thought. She certainly had dropped into the commonplace and prosy, but what of it? She was happy, and grew happier as time went on. Late in September her first baby was born—a very fat, large-mouthed baby that would grow to manhood and join the Rotary. Ann cabled Mrs. Jean Baptiste Cochin, because Roberta was "expecting" too, and had written offering to bet that she would become a mother first. "Isn't life swell?" she had said in that letter. "My naturalist is all set for college, so we're starting a new family. I do miss you, Ann. When I told you I liked you better than any one I ever met, that was only the half of it, but our friendship and Jean are the only things I ever got out of show business and that's a fact."

Ann's father wrote too:

DEAR ANN: So I'm a grandpa. I may be over to see the boy almost any time now. To tell you the truth, I need a vacation. You've heard the saying, "A man who marries money, earns it." Well, there's something in that. Not that your stepmother isn't a very charming woman, but she has a mind of her own—and of my own, too. Mrs. Cutler's a little *near* about finances too, if you know what I mean. That's why I haven't sent you the small sums I borrowed from you last summer. I fancy you won't need them now, anyway.

WINTER passed—Ann's second winter in Soudersburg—and spring began to be summery. Baby and housekeeping gave Ann plenty to do, though she had a nurse and a maid of all work. Charlie himself required a good deal of time, contemplating new groceries and butcher shops. Ann had to hear all about them. "I ought to go down to Washington, Ann."

"I thought business was good there."

"It is. So good that somebody's taken the building on the next corner and is turning it into a regular market, and our manager's afraid it's going to cut into us badly."

Dear old George W. Babbitt. Commonplace and prosy, sitting back in his chair, wiggling his toes into the slippers Ann had left there for him. What had become of Ann's yearning for glamour? How was it possible for her to miss all this, and Charlie, as she did when he went off to Washington and stayed there three weeks? "That fellow's cut into us all right and then some," he told her. "I got to give him a good licking or take one myself. And if I do *that*, we're about back where we started."

Three weeks away. Ann's heart jumped for joy when she learned that he was returning tomorrow. It was late evening when his letter came, special delivery. Ann had been burrowing among some old things, and had found that precious book of her childhood—Heroes of the Middle Ages. It seemed a little bit funny now. But she went to bed reading about knights and troubadours, and then reread Charlie's letter:

SWEETHEART: I'll be home for breakfast! Isn't that swell? Can't get away from here till late afternoon, and I've got to be in Lancaster at eleven tomorrow morning, but I'll have a couple of hours with you and the youngster, and get freshened up, and be back for good by evening.

He was in her bedroom before seven o'clock. "Drove all night, Ann. I meant to wait downstairs till you were awake, but, darn it, I had to see you. Listen, Ann. What I did to that guy on the corner—"

"What did you do?"

"Put him out of business, that's all. Thought up things that made the old town sit up and take notice. I'll tell you at breakfast. Got to hop in the tub now. How about another kiss, Ann?"

They stood a moment longer at the open French window; then Charlie ducked into his tub. Still holding the book that had fallen from the bed when she rose, Ann glanced out at her roses and her trimly kept lawn. In the bathroom Charlie was singing. A dozen feet away, in its crib, the fat baby was making funny gurgling noises.

Ann took Charlie's letter out of her book, and her eye fell on a picture of Victorious Lancelot Returning from Battle. Charlie was returning from battle, too—returning, victorious, to his lady. All these years he'd waited for her. And all the years to come he'd go on loving her and fighting the whole world to make her safe and comfortable.

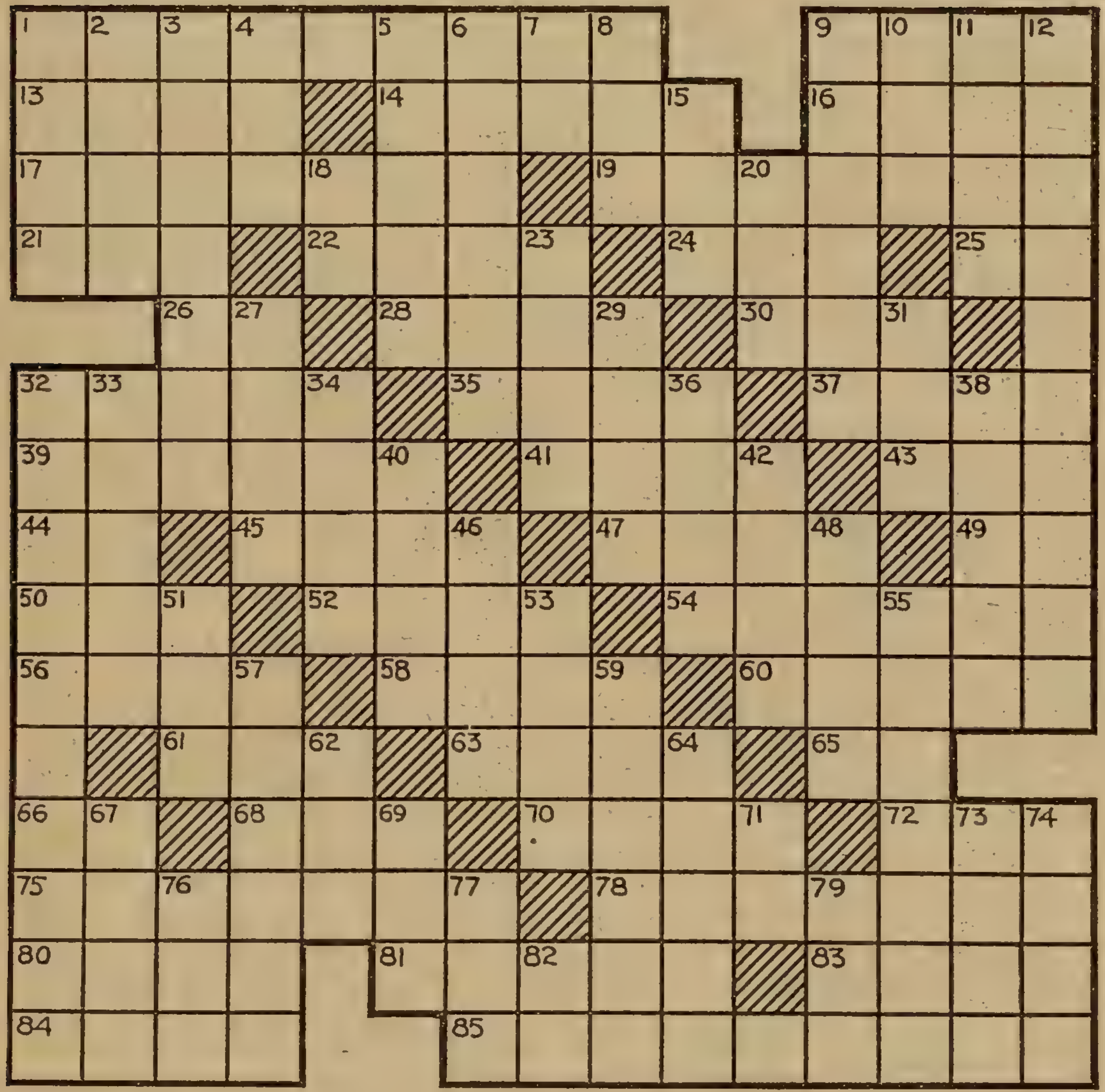
Ann tossed Heroes of the Middle Ages on the bed, and looked, through a mist, at the door behind which Charlie was roaring, "'Every morn I bring thee violets.'"

He was her hero.
He was her troubadour.
This was Romance.

THE END

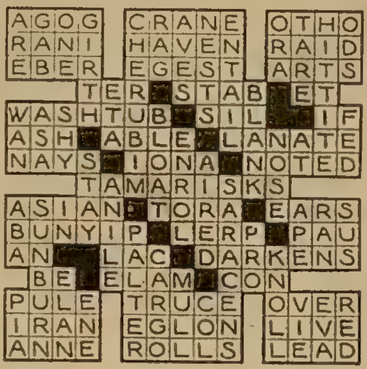
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Bull, native habitat Ireland; characteristics: red neck, large flat feet, and hasty temper
9 He's in a race running around Europe
13 Blowed
14 Gold diggers could eat it every meal
16 Colonial wallpaper
17 The only way they couldn't get Dutch Schultz
19 Basement polo
21 This and and and you have a message
22 The clink behind British bars
24 Scotch drives start here
25 George Russell (nom de plume)
26 Associated with, usually in some casual relation
28 No place for Reynard to pull a fox paw
30 Pansy face wash
32 Where Hawaiian maids take their morning dunk (plural)
35 An exchange for kids
37 The Supreme Court done her wrong
39 The heavy gilt that hung around Grammaw
41 One of the O'Briens
43 This sometimes goes with feathers
44 It's been flat for years (abbr.)
45 Embryonic kiss-and-make-up artist
47 It's the top
49 I've started divorce proceedings here
50 Oriental talkie-talkie juice
52 All wound up
54 Upside-down land
56 Two things Roosevelt sees through
58 Moving factors in the Great War on Pedestrians
60 Here's where the President throws out the first bull every season
61 Huh? in P.M. (Pure Mussolini)
63 Rattlers carried around in pants
65 What he added when Jr. was born



```
AGOG CRANE OTHO
RANI HAVEN RAID
EBER EGEST ARTS
   TER■STAB■ET 
WASHTUB■SIL■■IF
ASH■ABLE■LANATE
NAYS■IONA■NOTED
   TAMARISKS   
ASIAN■TORA■EARS
BUNYIP■LERP■PAU
AN■■LAC■DARKENS
 BE■ELAM■CON   
PULE TRUCE OVER
IRAN EGLON LIVE
ANNE ROLLS LEAD
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

66 This sounds like the longest note on record
68 'Ataboy! (Latin)
70 Gracie Allen calls this a Fountain-Pen Indian
72 Its members are great followers of the horse (abbr.)
75 Its black heart is blacker than the heart of an old-fashioned villain
78 Touchy
80 Mortal shuffleboard
81 A tale's tail
83 A burden for any man
84 Shakespeare didn't find it hard to get around them (ask Ohio State)
85 Send all government bills to them—they're settling for the New Deal

VERTICAL

1 Kind of face that can stand a coat of war paint
2 Some day he's going to have to pay and pay and pay
3 There's plenty of this in the new cars (two words)
4 There's no sun in her sky or Eddie's
5 Razzle-dazzle
6 City tops
7 Add this to certain words and make them like it
8 Nip (taken by policemen in a pinch)
9 Old-time seat of the emotions
10 Fifty-two (Roman)
11 The most feminine coin
12 A cow's best friend
15 Carnera once was a this
18 He isn't right and gets shoved around stadia (abbr.)
20 Hymenized
23 Don'ts
27 To whack
29 Male factor in the home, found growling in dens
31 Wag without a tail
32 Here's where the substitute finally got his letter (two words)
33 What waiters get, jailers keep, and large chargers do
34 This is intended to hook the eye to the skirt
36 What lions do after eating the hunter
38 Circular gadgets yet perfectly straight
40 Ye olde body acid
42 Vulcan may have been the world to Venus but he was just another this to Juno
46 Plumber's favorite vegetable
48 Cleo got her last bite out of one of these before leaving for the pyramids
51 Some leaders in the letter game
53 *Zwei und ein*
55 A whale, evidently shrunk by my laundry, to fit in a small can
57 Loose things about Grammaw
59 Gracie Allen says it's the price you pay for doing wrong, but it's one tax you can't blame on President Roosevelt
62 Shapely rib
64 What the Navajos used to do to cure dandruff
67 Pretty soon
69 Shady city
71 Juice poured in radios (abbr.)
73 Mudless mud bath
74 Tax (what, again!)
76 A goat getter
77 Abraham's nevvy
79 This caused dad's trip in the nursery
82 God of Miami and Los Angeles Chambers of Commerce

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Stop Baby's COUGH
The "Moist-Throat" Way

● Tender little throats should be healed the "moist-throat" way with Pertussin, which stimulates the flow of natural fluids, loosens phlegm and soothes the throat. Contains no harsh or injurious drugs. Will not upset the stomach or spoil the appetite. It checks coughs quickly and safely. Doctors have prescribed it for 30 years.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Association.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE
Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N.Y.C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!
Name________________________
Address LM-1-4

She Got $400.00 for a Half Dollar
I will pay **CASH** *for* **OLD COINS, BILLS** *and* **STAMPS**

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid $400.00 to Mrs. Dowty of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J.D. Martin of Virginia $200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, $2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY $100.00 FOR A DIME!
1894 S. Mint; $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

B. MAX MEHL, 127 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

Your Advertising Dollar
reaches more families per black and white page in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 131-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C.P.A.'s

★ WORK FOR UNCLE SAM ★

$1260 to $2100 year to start. Men, women Vacations. Common education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

Franklin Institute, Dept. F228, Rochester, N. Y

Vox Pop

"Kidnaping Not a One-Man Job"?

DETROIT, MICH.—The fantastic story written by Lieutenant James J. Finn's ghost writer has forced me into the defense of Bruno Hauptmann. In the October 19 issue of Liberty, Lieutenant Finn's ghost writer puts him on the spot as a copper who has fallen down on an assignment and who is willing to take the fantastic story of any one to make good that assignment.

In the October 26 issue the ghost writes nothing incriminating against Hauptmann, but he shows Finn's weakness in the Lindbergh case by the following:

Lieutenant Finn believes Mrs. Hauptmann knew nothing about the crime, and "as a matter of fact," he says, "investigation showed that Hauptmann had associated with blonde, brunette, and red-haired persons in the months prior to his arrest. And his automobile, the search of which I personally supervised, contained ten hairpins of different kinds. Perhaps, after all, he did do a little quiet strutting before the girls!"

The foregoing is police psychology written to turn Mrs. Hauptmann against her husband, hoping that she knows something—that she will dash to Finn and tell it all.

The November 2 issue has nothing but slush, but the ghost writer has a miracle happen as Finn and his buddies are quizzing Levatino, the clerk in the fruit store, as to the description of the man that gave him the ten-dollar bill. He is stumped; he cannot tell. The miracle is about to take place.

Levatino rushes to the window—points to a man standing outside, and says he had hair like that man; the man's hair tallies with the hair on Bruno Hauptmann's head, and also tallies with the description given by John Condon. Yet Condon goes to the jail the first day and he cannot identify Hauptmann. Condon goes the second time and fails to identify Bruno—and I have been informed Condon went to the jail the third time and failed to identify Bruno Hauptmann.

What Wilentz has made of Bruno Hauptmann is a magician who has a little bird tell him the Lindberghs are at their home in the Sourlands and now is the time for the kidnaping—a madman dashing through the countryside with a ladder lashed to his car, built out of flooring from his attic, inquiring of octogenarians the way to the Lindberghs' home; the superman with X-ray eyes that penetrate the walls of the Lindbergh home. Bruno sees Betty Gow put the child to bed; he sees Betty leave the room—the time for the kidnaping has arrived.

The "man on the flying trapeze," Wilentz, has Bruno balancing himself on the top round of the ladder that is three feet below the window sill, holding the child, replacing the articles on the window sill, and closing the shutters. (I would like to see Wilentz demonstrate this before a jury.)

The kidnaping was not a one-man job. And until Bruno tells it different I will believe the testimony given by him and his wife; for I have spent hours conversing with Mrs. Anna Hauptmann, and she is a symbol of loyalty and frankness—she took the lie test while in Chicago.

If Mrs. Hauptmann had told a lie the newspapers would have splashed across their front pages MRS. HAUPTMANN TRAPPED BY THE LIE DETECTOR.

I lived my greatest hour in the law offices of Chawke & Sloan, Ford Building, Detroit, Michigan, January 25, 1914, when I saw kneeling before me a mother holding in her arms for the first time in her life her five-year-old boy, who had been kidnaped at birth. I had brought them together.

I would like to solve the weird plot and restore Hauptmann to his child and to one of the truest and bravest wives in the universe. If I can do just that, Mr. Bruno Hauptmann will be the thirty-fourth man that I helped to free after they had been convicted by prosecutors, police, and private detectives.

Let's be fair. Neither you nor I would want to see any of our blood kin nor any of our friends sent to the electric chair on such flimsy evidence as produced by the prosecution in the courtroom at Flemington.—*James F. Coffey.*

ILLEGAL ALIENS . . . DEPRESSION

LAHOMA, OKLA.—R. P. Lynch's letter (November 23 Vox Pop) was the best thing I ever saw in Liberty. I am writing to congressmen asking them to read this letter. I have preached this for years.

The illegally entered alien is the worst cause of our depression. Next comes the entry of goods and farm, forest, and fishery products produced by the same class of people as these aliens.

I am told that we have over four millions of these illegal aliens in the United States today and more coming faster and faster.

To compete with them we must work for their wages or keep them and their stuff out.—*A. H. Burg.*

THE GREAT COMPOSITE NOVEL

ANACORTES, WASH.—The President Roosevelt detective story which the editor of Liberty planned with the collaboration of a number of writers brings back recollection of The Great Composite Novel, published as a serial many years ago—my impression is in the '90s.

One author started the story off and another took it up and carried the plot through the next installment, and so on until the story was completed.

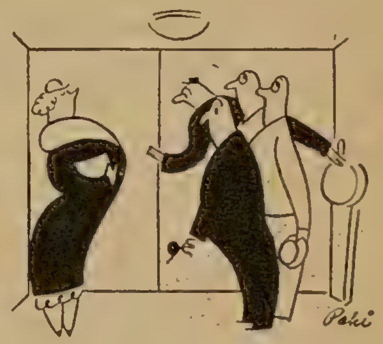
No author knew what the other was going to write. There was nothing like collaboration.

Recognized writers had a hand, but there were chapters or installments by P. T. Barnum, John L. Sullivan, and Bill Nye that I remember. Bill Nye wrote the final installment.

Each author of an installment had it illustrated by a different artist—the best of the times. My recollection is that Charles Dana Gibson was one. Bill Nye's final chapters were illustrated by cuts from ads, W. L. Douglas, the shoe man, appearing as the hero, and the housewife with Baker's Cocoa as one of the characters. You could imagine what fun that was in the '90s. And even now Ted Cook is pulling that stuff.—*J. O. McNary, Anacortes Daily Mercury.*

HATS OFF . . . UNDER THEIR THUMBS

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—"Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun"—and Americans remove their hats in elevators! Really! You could profitably take a leaf from the Australians. "Down under" we do not remove our hats in a lift. Efficiency and common sense demand that we keep them on.



Simply because a woman, or even a lady, enters a lift, does not entitle her to any especial attention. The car is certainly not a drawing room and it is presumed that she, like the men passengers, is there on business.

Turn to the scene in America. A lady enters the lift. Immediately there is a stir and a commotion. There is discomfort and jostling. Men reach for their hats and step on each other's toes. The hats move downward, compressing the remaining space. With the hats come elbows which bang into chests and chins and ribs.

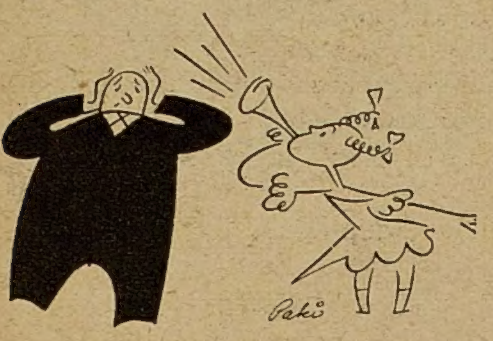
If two or more women enter, just multiply the discomfort by two or more—and let me off at the next floor. Bah! It was scenes like the above which convinced me that the women certainly have you American men under their thumbs.—*Efficient Australian.*

WHAT IS NOISE?

ANDERSON, IND.—Here's a question which I would like to have answered: What is noise?

My husband and I had an argument about noise. He said without ears there would be no noise, for there cannot be sound without ears to hear it.

I think it is there just the same, whether any one hears it or not. The vibrations of loud noises shake the earth, and even though a deaf person could not hear them he could feel them. The jarring would make him know something had made a noise, even though he could not hear it. Others near by who were not deaf could hear it, so there would be noise there just the same. Which is right?—*Mrs. H. P. C.*



PUBLISH THE ANSWERS

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Thanks to Nellie Mulcare for her letter in November 23 Vox Pop; for many times I have thought you were overlong in deciding the winners of contests.

Here is another matter concerning the contests on which I believe many of our readers feel as I do. After weeks and weeks of painstaking work and cash spent for the magazine, we send in our answers. Then you never publish the correct answers, but leave us to wait on the anxious seat until the list of winners comes out.

Whether I win or lose, I should like to know the correct answers, and am asking that henceforth you publish same immediately after the closing date of each contest.—*Millie Terry.*

[Many contest sponsors do not publish answers, and while we do not make it a practice to do so either, we do mimeograph the answers and mail them to any one sending self-addressed stamped envelope.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

SEED OF ALL WARS

WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—My hat is off to Mrs. Charles C. Thruston, contributor to November 16 Vox Pop. The burden of blame for the killing of so many mothers' sons in war should be laid directly at the door of those mothers who give birth to too many sons.

Overpopulation is the seed, already sown, which germinates all wars.

If the United States government, realizing as it should have fifty years ago that many nations had already reached the population saturation point, had appropriated $5,000,000 a year for the dissemination of birth-control propaganda abroad, and had kept at it incessantly, there would never have been a World War.

Incidentally, I hope Mrs. Thruston's husband likes her apple pies.—*E. J. Stump.*

ALWAYS TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Liberty's November 23 editorial, Soak Business—The Way to Prosperity, is very good and I heartily agree with Bernarr Macfadden in many of his statements.

But while it is true that big business is suffering from an overdose of governmental control, we must not lose sight of the fact that always there are two sides to a question.

Admitting it to be a fact that 90 per cent of employers of labor are willing to play a fair game with their employees through paying adequate wages, looking after old employees, etc., there always is the 10 per cent to take undue advantages in an effort to reduce production costs so they can undersell their competitors. Thus the 90 per cent must follow suit or go out of business.—*Fred B. Jacobs.*

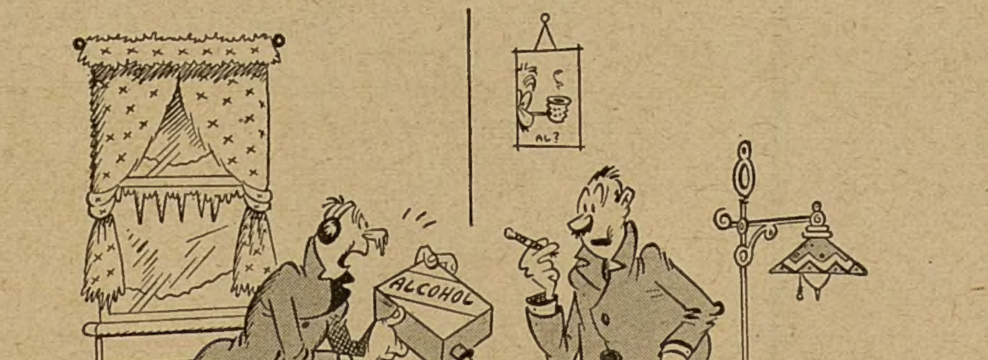
SAN GABRIEL, CALIF.—The editorial Soak Business—The Way to Prosperity gives credit where credit is not due. The United States has not become the world's wealthiest nation through the genius of our great business men. Business is not the source of all prosperity. Business has been the source of prosperity for a few.

The reasons for the great wealth of the United States are:

Its great natural resources.

Inventions, engineers, scientists, technicians, and the intelligent, energetic, and courageous laboring people.

Stupidity, ignorance, selfishness, greed, and the lack of genius are the outstanding characteristics of the average big-business man.—*Dan L. Thomas.*

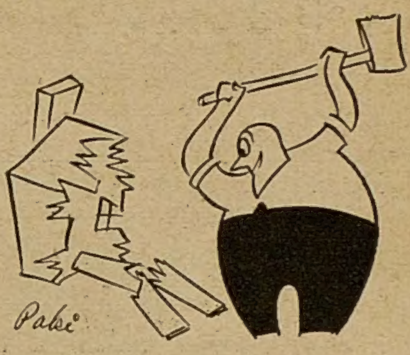


Boy! The fish won't freeze now!

WONDERFUL WRECKAGE PLAN

CHICAGO, ILL.—*Re* your Vox Popper R. J. Wilcox (November 16 issue)—what *is* this man doing in Oakland? Washington, D. C., is the place for him. What a wonderful plan he has evolved to stimulate the auto industry, which so sorely needs stimulating. Is it possible that the numerous auto accidents the Roosevelt boys have been in were due to their cars being of ancient vintage?

While Mr. Wilcox's plan takes into account only the auto industry, it really could be extended to all the rest of the industries catering to human requirements. Wreck the old house and build a new one every five or ten years; that will stimulate the building industry. Chuck out your furniture, rugs, etc., every other year and buy new stuff; that will stimulate the furniture business. Pass a law requiring all wearing apparel be destroyed after two months' use; this will stimulate the garment and shoe industries, not to mention the nudist colony industry.



If, after all this, you choose to defy the laws and yet do not want to go to jail, blow out your brains; *that* will stimulate the undertaking industry.—*M. E.*

HARD-EARNED PENNIES FOR TOWNSEND

PORTLAND, ORE.—This fellow Dr. Townsend is running one of the dirtiest political rackets imaginable, whether he knows it or not, by getting all the old and enfeebled people to believe in his wild senseless plan and giving *him* their hard-earned pennies to feed him and his tribe while they go out getting more suckers.

Anybody knows that this country is taxed to the limit now with a national debt of thirty billions, and how could we possibly be *taxed* twenty-five billions a year and stand up under it, as this is the amount it would take to pay this pension?

Any fool knows that you can't produce prosperity with a system of high taxes on the laboring man.

They say it would make work for the laboring man. You're damn right it would—and more than plenty!—*Arthur Smith.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.— In Superior Court, Mrs. Viola Gerard van Amring testified that she and her husband were happily married for fifteen years until last summer. Then Charles held a piece of Limburger cheese under her nose and forced her to smell it.

The Court gave her a divorce.

HAVANA, CUBA—Two hundred arrests are reported to have been made following a ban on sports shirts by the Havana police.

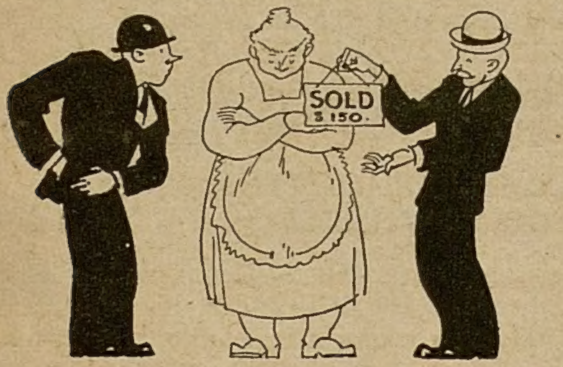
The offending shirts are those with "zip" fasteners instead of buttons. The new ruling, police officials explain, is designed "to safeguard public morals."

They allege that many youths expose too much of their chest when wearing this type of shirt.

GRANBURY, TEX.— Max Cash walked out of the Hood County Jail one night when he found the door open, but returned the next day.

"He said he wanted to get some watermelon," Sheriff O. J. Denton explained.

PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA— Joseph Berger, a post-office employee at Most, in Bohemia, sold his wife for $150 to pay the installments on his furniture.



●

Happy Happenings

Charles M. Schwab and his brother Joseph, two small-town boys—Loretto, Pennsylvania—went to Pittsburgh to look for work. They were wearing small-town low-crown derby hats, such as Weber and Fields made funnily famous.

The Schwab boys applied at a steel mill for a job. The superintendent laughed so heartily at them that he was afraid he had been rude, so he put them to work piling scrap iron at a dollar a day. He used to come around to laugh at their hats and noticed their painstaking industry. Promotion followed. Andrew Carnegie was told about their funny hats, and took an interest in the boys. In due time the Schwabs were Carnegie's favorite young steelmasters, and today the surviving Schwab brother is one of the wealthiest and most popular men in the world.—*Roy L. McCardell.*

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

The handout is quicker than the eye.
—*James A. Farley.*

CONTENTS

Short Stories

Ring Out the Old Love.......Seymour Winslow 8
Ether for Two....................Margaret Lee Runbeck 30
Lost Christmas—Liberty's Short Short...Virginia Thoine Lane 39

Serials

Snowed Under—Part II..............Lawrence Saunders 22
More Secrets I've Kept for Years..........Joe Humphreys 36
as told to Davis J. Walsh
The truth at last about some famous fights—A prize-ring veteran's surprising story
Marching Madmen—Part VI.............W. J. Blackledge 40
Tinsel Lady—Conclusion...............Channing Pollock 50

Articles

A Nurse's View of the Hidden Lives of the Quintuplets
Marguerite Mooers Marshall 5
They're PEOPLE now—growing up! Here's authentic news about them
Fifty Unanswered Questions in the Hauptmann Case
Lou Wedemar 15
A searching survey of the doubts and "sinister suggestions" that still shadow the famous crime
I Face the New Year.....................Arthur D. Gans 29
What price jobs today?—A citizen relates his experience and contemplates his future
The Secret of the Rock-a-Bye Baby Bombs
Kenneth Brown Collings 48
Liberty's staff correspondent penetrates an Ethiopian mystery—and Haile Selassie promptly clamps down the lid

Features

Editorial.......................Bernarr Macfadden 4
Lilting, Lifelike, Laughable—Movie reviews.....Beverly Hills 19
Twenty Questions.. 21
Not One in a Thousand Knows..............E. G. Conklin 26
Good Books.................................Oliver Swift 28
Fashion Flashes from Paris.....................Doramiller 44
$2,500 Bible Game.. 46
To the Ladies!..............Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 47
Cross Word Puzzle... 55
Vox Pop... 56
It Happened In—... 58

COVER CREATED BY GEORGE LARKIN—MACFADDEN STUDIO

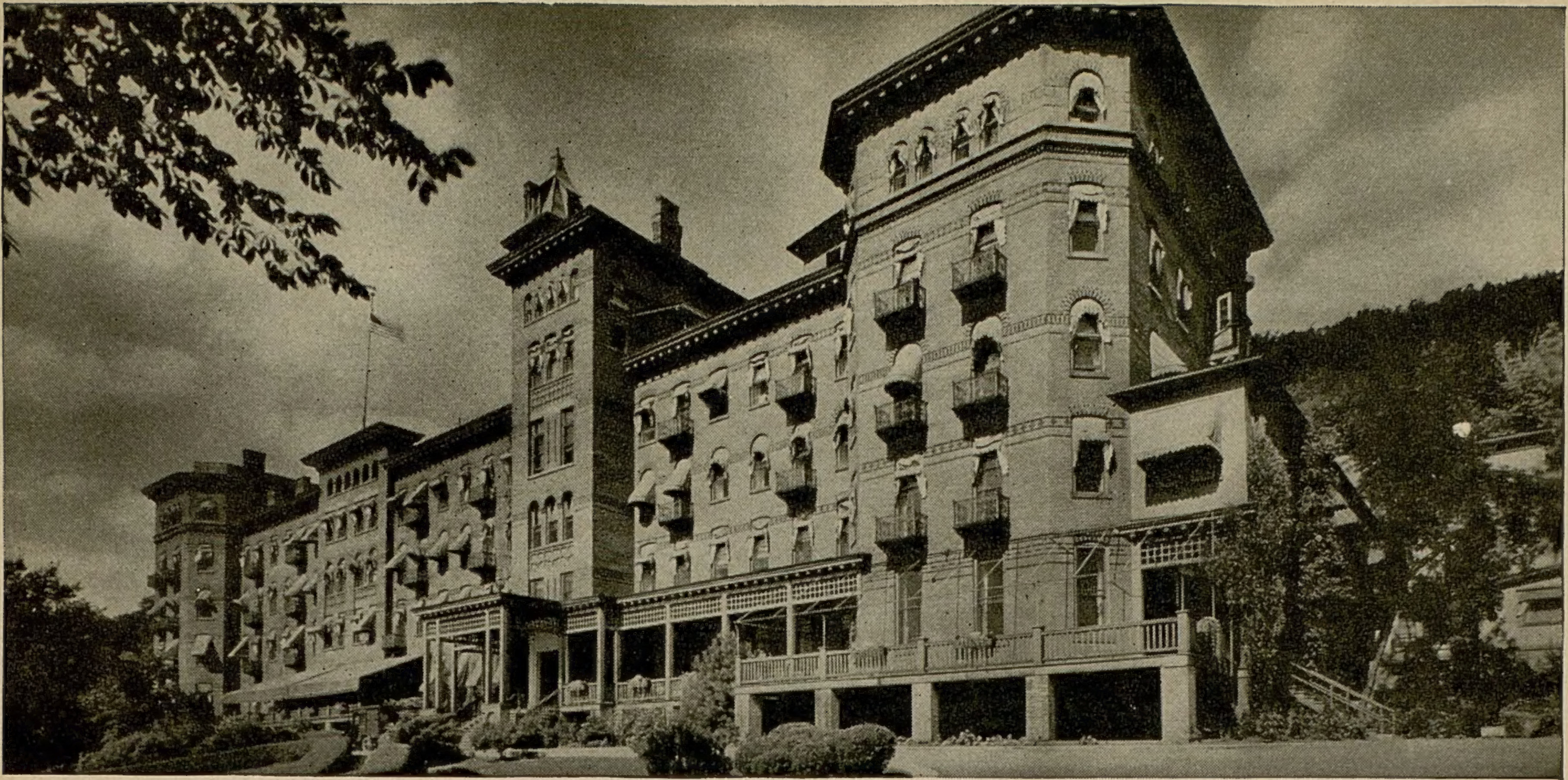
Next Week!

WHAT WOULD YOUR VERDICT HAVE BEEN?

The case of Edith Maxwell, convicted "Curfew Girl" who dared the traditions of the Virginia mountains by staying out after dark and became involved in a fatal scuffle when her irate father essayed to punish her, shocked the nation. Liberty sent Edward Doherty among the mountaineers to get the facts behind the tragedy. His sensational report of what he discovered back there in the hills will grip your attention and amaze you with its surprising revelations. It's yours in Liberty next week.

ALSO—HELL, YES! by Phyllis Duganne—THE BONUS—OR ELSE by Major General Smedley D. Butler—HE SAW THE EMDEN DIE GAME by Alan Rowland Lenthall—LITTLE GAL FROM HOME by Faith Ellen Smith—CAT'S CLAW by Opie Read—THE ELEPHANT LOOKS TO 1936 by Fulton Lewis—Lawrence Saunders—W. J. Blackledge—Beverly Hills—Norman Sper.

NEXT WEEK IN
Liberty
ON SALE TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31



PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

Thomas Dixon, Famous Author Says Regarding Physical Culture Hotel,

"I came to Dansville severely crippled with a long siege of arthritis which affected my foot. I could hardly walk. I took a two weeks' course of dieting and treatment and went home feeling fine and walking normally.

"I discovered that I did not need meat to live well and feel well. It was a revelation I will not forget.

"The air of the Genesee hills is a tonic and the spirit of the Physical Culture Hotel, an inspiration. I wish everyone in America could have the experience."

Sincerely,
THOMAS DIXON.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
INCORPORATED
DANSVILLE NEW YORK

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE!
Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York, January 1, 1936. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

---------MAIL COUPON TODAY---------

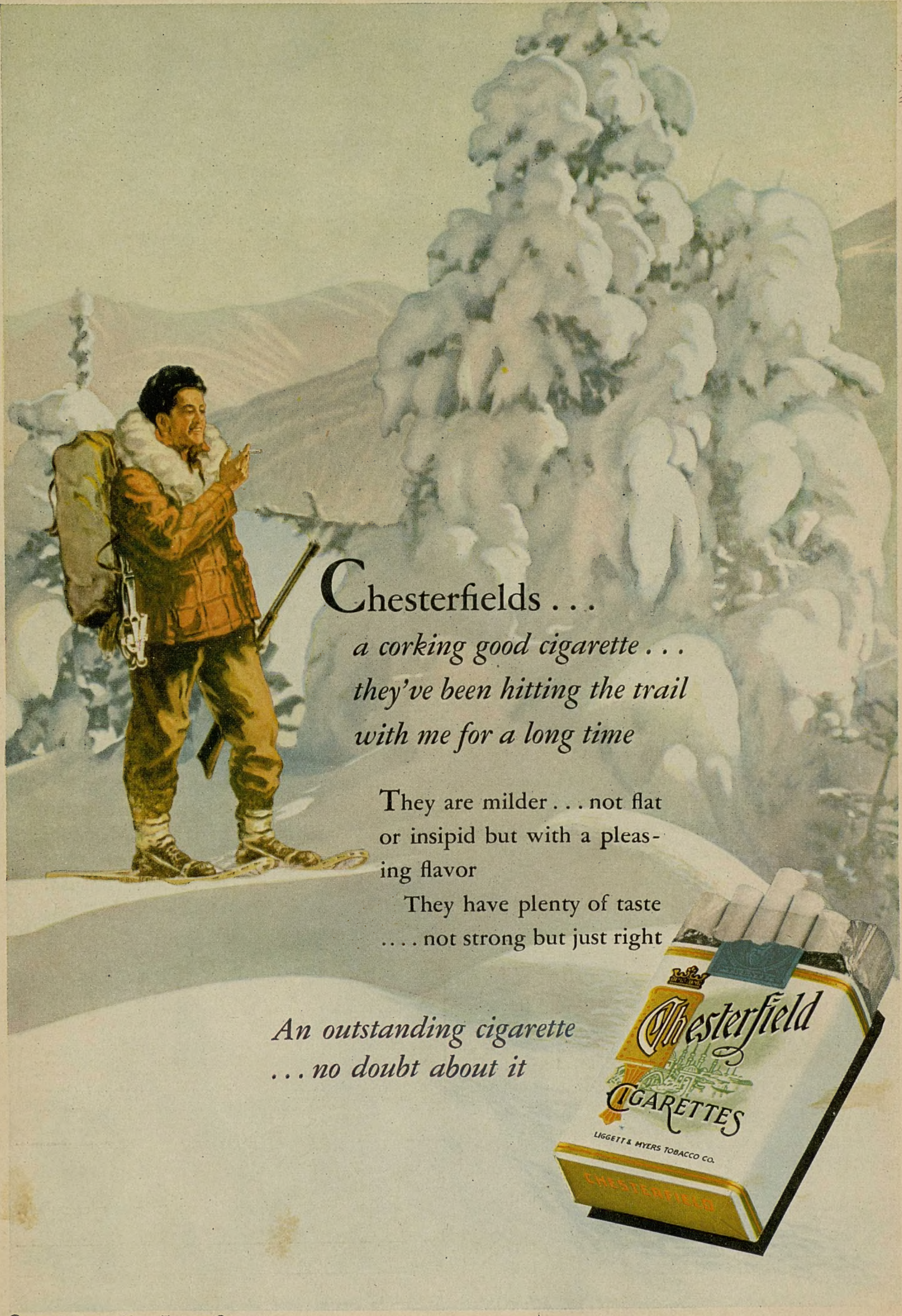
Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L1-4
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name________________________________

Street________________________________

Town______________________State__________



Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

Chesterfields . . .

a corking good cigarette . . . they've been hitting the trail with me for a long time

They are milder . . . not flat or insipid but with a pleasing flavor

They have plenty of taste . . . . not strong but just right

An outstanding cigarette . . . no doubt about it

© 1936, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.